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THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

NOVELS

THE GLORY OF THE CONQUERED
THE VISIONING
FIDELITY

PLAYS

INHERITORS
THE VERGE
BERNICE
TRIFLES AND OTHER PLAYS

VISITING OUR NEIGHBOR'S NEW-BORN GOATS AT DELPHI. TÓPUPPY IS WITH US. TAKEN A FEW WEEKS BEFORE JIG'S ILLNESS.

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

BY

SUSAN GLASPELL

WITH FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

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TO

NILLA AND HARL

FOREWORD

THIS is the romance of an American brought up on the Mississippi and buried beside the Temple of Apollo at Delphi. It is the story of a promised land that was entered.

Dreams of youth shaped the final years.

It was not alone the past of Greece he loved. It was the past of the Mississippi upon which he was brought up; the past of his own family, entering a wilderness in their covered wagon, the past of the Indians they drove from the land, of the earth which cooled and made us and became our home. A profound, often a disturbing, a tormented awareness of the long life behind him that had given him the mind to consider the life that would be when he was of the past. He was moved as by a thing that lived within him, as if the hinterland of his mind had a longer and clearer road back to first thinking than is there for most of us.

He loved all things that record time: the rocks of the earth, great trees enclosing their many rings, the books that hold the rings of thinking—an old tool, old words. "Flimsy thing—it won't last a year," he would say; or, "This will be here when all men now living are dead," and touch it with feeling because it would know the light when he would not.

His emotion about time molded his life. Because we have come from far, the spirit must be untrammeled. After he had gone to Harvard and Heidelberg he gave up University teaching to turn farmer on the Mississippi. He was writing, and he would make

his living in some other way than through the mind. The mind must be free. He cared enough about it to try it. Life was for experiment.

He studied Darwin and Haeckel while turning soil for the seed, and with an excited sense of long-ago stirrings saw the earth part because once more, as through the centuries, life was swelling from darkness to the light.

In the Mississippi Valley not many were reading Nietzsche in the 'nineties, and perhaps on no river was he personal salvation as to the market-gardener living in a log-cabin on the banks of the Indians' greatest river.

Here we have what young men talked about at Harvard in '93. Ruskin, Walter Pater, Browning, "The Tragic Muse" were realities—so real that a life was one thing and not another thing because of them.

Once his mind went out from what we call the three dimensions into a country from which few have ever returned to report. He has left his report of those terrors and beauties.

He was a great lover and a lusty enthusiastic drinker. He was too generous for his own good as artist. Beauty which came from another was as authentic as beauty which came from himself, as if his identification was with the whole—there his loyalties. What he wanted was to shape life itself into a form most hospitable to the creative thing in us all. That was why he loved the Athens and Delphi of long ago. That was what he meant by the Provincetown Players. A radiant moment which may come into being when friends meet is itself a creation, and more than any one of us. That is a creation with consciousness itself. It may reverberate far.

The life of George Cram Cook is a life of achieve-

ment which is most distinguished in its defeats. He did not pause for success, he did not wait to hold it. He was on his way. Yet because he was unhappy at not having written the book of himself he had always meant to write, there is one thing I would give much to say to him now. I want to say: "But you did write your book."

And where did he leave it? That is itself a story.

He left it on the piece of paper that was there at the moment; he left it after he had put down a telephone number, or before he made the note: "Write Fitzie" or "Spade flower-bed for Susan." He left it on the margins of books he was reading, on the back of the letter he had just received. All his life he had that way of putting down the thing he was thinking at the moment. It is straight from the mind. It has not lost heat or been distorted to serve something else.

"To do work that endures—to build a house, a bridge, a book that lasts—so only can one preserve one's past." The words are written on a wrinkled piece of paper, evidently crumpled to throw away, then smoothed out again. The other things on it are: "Buy seeds; return books; shave; systematize papers."

"My new desk, I hope, will be in my life what Plato was in Greek philosophy—the arrival of order and system where before was chaos."

Perhaps the new desk was not large enough; perhaps Greek philosophy fell more easily into order and system. I have pictures of him, papers piled around him, destroying a few, putting others in envelopes, but becoming so interested in them that he would try to bring the order out of chaos by making new combinations.

It was hard for him to throw things away. The past was from far, and yesterday our own touch with

the farthest days. When I returned alone from Greece, and began going through our Provincetown house—there they were in every drawer and box and book, these tracings about time, and already partly covered by time, a little as though it were a joke on us who were left—a game. Put it together if you can—if you want to. I soon found it was worth putting together.

"October, '98, Iowa City—Twenty-five! Half of life gone and nothing done. Friendships wither away—vanish like unsubstantial mist—in death, in distance."

"I paid for it this morning"—(reproaching himself for wasting time) "lying between sleep and waking. I felt the ages of struggling, agonized life of which I am product and result—a shameful thing to waste powers built up by the ages."

"Few men, out of the thousand million now on earth, have imagined, that is felt, more vividly than I the reality of the whole unbroken history of life on earth."

Names of people he has known. This was for recalling, but I suspect lists begun for writing reasons were consummated for themselves—both a pleasure in the design of lists, and an instinct against the past slipping away, a curious loyalty, as if some justice were done in thus recording. "They are nearly all in their graves now—these people of the 'eighties," he wrote on a margin, and I know sat there giving them a living moment in his feeling, and could not throw their names away.

The papers to which I returned—they were indeed like the little pieces of paper dropped along a way which one has gone. Torn, creased, too small, too faint, rubbed by the years. One intimate glowing mo-

ment in pages that were for their time alone, like a pure stone among wares that have not persisted. Dusty, smelling of the past, perhaps falling apart at a touch. One pauses, defeated, before the eloquence of them. They were hard to live with—finding him after he was gone. They became too strange in a lonely house. Resentments too, for they remain in place of the book he might have left. I would put them all away—feeling they were there to defeat me as it seemed they had defeated him. But I would wake in the night to such lines as: "I step outside. Stars. The northwest wind rushes steady and pure and cold over the world. Autumn came an hour ago." You cannot put that away. It is alive. Thus they commanded me, and soon I saw they were here to speak, not only for this one life, but for life itself.

And because they are of the very tissue of life itself, perhaps they tell his story better than the book into which they were to have been sublimated.

These intimations from living moments—these things not shaped, not exploited, give this book its form. Perhaps it is a form a little like life itself—rude breakings in, shattered coherence, the feeling of a thing long after it is lived, unexpected pausings and defeated climaxes. Life, too, is combinations that baffle classification. Life, too, valiantly faces great truths, retreats into little tasks.

Not because of his pioneer background, though I love the story of the first white men on the Mississippi; not because he fought in the great intellectual battles just behind us, and things fast passing are recorded here; not so much for his spirited spiritual adventures, or even for his rich and prodigal personality, did it seem to me his story should be told. Few of us have the faith, the energy, the play, to do with our

lives what we dream might be done with life. A fifteen-year-old boy on the Mississippi wrote: "In Greece one's eyes can still be glad." Under the elms at Harvard a nineteen-year-old boy said, "Let us follow Greek to Greece. Why, we could go up Parnassos and live with the shepherds!" In the hour of a hard-won New York success a man of forty-eight told me, "It is time to go to Greece." One night in the wine-shop at Delphi I saw this man as if I had not seen him before. Dressed as they were dressed, he sat before the big barrels with peasants and shepherds. I saw him in the moment his distinguished, intent face leaned into the light of a candle lantern as, in the Greek words he loved, the farmer from Iowa opened to men of Parnassos their own great past.

So I have not shielded or spared, proudly feeling I did not need to. Weakness—failures, they are here. But it is a man of vision of whom I write, and he was great because nothing could kill in him a sense of wonder.

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THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE

CHAPTER I

THE UNINTENDED BEAUTY

"TOO much American past dies with me. I should remain remembering. But I shall not remain. I must soon go where my Indian predecessors went. They left little record of their whole good way of life. I seem to be leaving not much more than they. And who then will remember or know or care anything about the deep-worn road of the Indian ponies there up-river from Buffalo through the Dodge farm—the deep old trail worn by a hundred years of Indian life—seen and felt by me and by no one else?

"The forgotten old Indian road—worn down eighteen inches through turf and limestone—covered with well-grazed blue-grass in a deep delicious curve, it was a road to walk on with fairies in your best boy's dream. It went through and under white-oak trees. There were short-lived black-jacks too—good while they lasted—dying like men when they were only seventy or eighty years old. To the left of the Indian road, as you went back from the Mississippi to the ancient gentle hills, my grandfather Leroy Dodge, the

old steamboat captain, had planted a nursery of bad apple-trees. A traveling salesman had beguiled his too-believing mind. Yet his too great faith in civilized human nature did accidentally create some vagrant unintended beauty there beside the forgotten Indian road, for his thousand deservedly neglected apple-trees, when he had lain thirty years in his grave, made a thicket of blossoms smelling and glowing beneath the great impartial moon in a magic loveliness which should have been shed only upon good apple-trees sold by an honest man."

This was written under the spruce-trees of Parnassos. We had been talking of Iowa. Jig twisted his forelock, then went up to his *kalyvi*—a *kalyvi* is a hut, or bower, we would say, made of spruce-boughs—sat himself on the big stone he had placed for a seat, and on the table he had made of boards hand-sawn from a great tree not far away, he wrote of trees in Iowa.

He came down to my *kalyvi* and read it to me; mine was a luxurious hut; when Jig made it he arranged boughs to leave a window, looking on the valley just below. Window-seat was trunk of a fallen giant over which my *kalyvi* was built, and we sat a long time on that log and talked about the Mississippi. Elias Scarmouches brought his flock into the valley, for this is the valley of the three cold springs; the moving sheep had a tender beauty in the light of late afternoon. We talked of the years, the centuries, it has been just so—that relation of sheep and dogs and men was a form that persisted while our Mississippi valley went from Indian hunting ground to traffic jams. Here son wears the kind of goat's hair cape his father wore, and holds the staff not differently; the calls to the dogs to turn the sheep were unmodified by battles that remade continents. It gives life its own kind of dignity—a

relation to the structure of the earth, the weight of a thing proved.

Seen from here our American society was as a thing always in the act of ceasing to be. Jig talked of his own family.

His great-grandfather, Ira Cook, came to Iowa from Whiteston, New York, in 1836—three years after the land was opened for settlement. "Backwoods sawmill owner and lumberman," Jig said of him. "Cut the timber leaving the land waste. Sawed the logs in his mills and rafted the lumber down to tide-water."

The two prairie schooners that brought the family from New York to Iowa brought a family Bible telling of Cooks of the early times; in the Bible was folded a continental fifty-dollar bill paid in 1776 to Ira's father Ebenezer, the minute man of Stockbridge, Massachusetts, for services as Captain in the revolutionary army about Boston.

The prairie schooners were ferried across the Mississippi in the spring of 'thirty-six, and that fall hauled corn to crib from virgin soil.

"Indians; coverts of wild turkeys; uplands whirring with the wings of prairie chickens; wild geese; ducks; rattlesnakes; new stone quarries"—this from one of Jig's lists. "Hogs, brought across the country, running wild began their war of extermination on the rattlesnakes."

His wife Rachel and four sons came with Ira in the covered wagon. But Rachel Faxon died after a year and a half in the new country. Eight years later Ira was buried in that part of his rail-fenced farm which became the first cemetery of Davenport.

But there were the four sons. Jig's grandfather, John P., who was ferried across the Father of Waters

when he was nineteen, was plowman, grocer's clerk who read law nights, lawyer, member of the territorial council, state senator, then representative of his district in the '33 Congress. With his brother Ebenezer he formed a banking-house through whose hands eventually passed title-deeds of half the farms in Iowa.

Ebenezer and John, whose first Iowa home was Ira's log-cabin, and who began life there in a society unconscious of social distinctions, built for themselves big square ugly expensive brick houses painted slate gray, with towers and mansard roofs, "small servants' rooms and big brick stables for their horses and carriages."

The rhythm was not the rhythm of Parnassos. Iowa went in fifteen years from settlement to statehood, and in about that time from primitive democracy to a class-conscious society with land speculator, banker, legislator at the top and the American farmer (disapprovingly remarks Jig) at the bottom.

Here is a queer thing: A man has a farm or an orchard or a mill in Massachusetts or New York. There is room enough for him where he is and he makes a comfortable living. But one day they get into a covered wagon, taking some of their things with them, but leaving many of them behind. The wife kisses her sisters good-by. She puts the children in the wagon—the whip is cracked, and they start down the hill, away from the house where she came the day she was married—past the house where she played as a child and in which her mother died. For a while friends come to the gates to wave at them—but soon they do not know the people any more, and after a time there are no people. They ride through wide lonely country on their way to country which has more days, weeks and months between it and the

known world. They go to Indians, rattlesnakes, the back-breaking work of turning wilderness into productive land. They go to loneliness and the fears born in loneliness. But across wide stretches they move slowly —the ax and the plow with them, the spinning-wheel, the family Bible.

And after they have worked for two years, or seven or eight, in the new country there is a fight with Indians or rattlesnakes, tree accident or gun accident, or there is cholera; a little while a lonely man or woman brings up children, then another white man's grave. A few stories and kindly feeling hold this life for a time, but other deaths take this, and soon little remains save names and dates. But there are young people to whom this is home, and their chance. And life is so full that imagination does not linger on the curious thing of a man and woman who hadn't too many years left one day putting out the fire, getting into a wagon and riding so far they could never come back.

"The life of Ira and Rachel, as it went by day after day was as long and slow and full as yours and mine, but has foreshortened in our eyes until it seems to have lasted but a swiftly-passing hour. Five minutes' talk would exhaust all that could be found out about them."

Old Christopher Rowe, the miller, and his wife, Elizabeth, also crossed the Mississippi in 1836. Elizabeth Look, Jig's great-grandmother, was from Nantucket Island, and in 1823, in the house by the mill in Bath, New York, she killed a rattlesnake under her pillow when she was nursing Eliza Ann, youngest of her six children. In the new country Eliza Ann married John Cook. She became a religious fanatic and her life ended disastrously.

Jig's ancestors entertained him. He made genealogy charts, for he loved a ruler, and writing tiny letters in little boxes. He would survey his chart and consider the lives there diagramed. He was alive to the meaning of the squares he had to leave blank, where nothing seemed to remain from a life that had fought its way and dreamed its dreams. It may have been a life of great courage, of a long silent beauty, perhaps a long silent hatred.

He could make some of his lines run back farther than his paper would reach, and as far as this country reaches, but he was ironic about genealogy. "George Hubbard, of Middletown, Connecticut, here appears as having the 512 part of my heredity in that generation, three hundred years ago. Twenty generations removed an individual would bear the 2,984,592 part. Thirty generations, enough to take us to William the Norman, would give William the 2,352,113,408 fraction of the heredity influence of his generation upon an individual of ours. My ancestor is the English-speaking people.

"Yet of the two hundred and fifty-five matings necessary in these nine generations, if a single one had not taken place, it would not be I who would be here.

"Watch the precision with which I can express the relation between me and the famous bourgeois philosopher Benjamin Franklin. He was my father's mother's mother's father's father's father's father's father's son's son. I run up the family tree two generations higher than necessary in order to land on Benjamin from above.

"Male ancestors still tend to become tribal gods about whom marvelous stories descend, and it is the

part of piety to believe them. Christopher Rowe's father could pick up a whiskey barrel and drink from the bung-hole. What Herculean thirst! Is it any wonder I drink?

"And Captain Ebenezer Cook, before he got to weigh three hundred (I must take more exercise), could tie a rope the height of his head, six feet one, jump over it, then turn around and jump back. I could believe in the jumping back, if only I had documents to prove the jumping over."

Yet he felt pride in these men from whom he came. Looking at pictures of his grandfathers he seemed to hear the ring of their bright axes in sound oak timber.

Once, writing of the death of a friend in Davenport, whom he had loved more than any friend up to that time, he said: "It isn't only that his father and mine were friends thirty years ago, but I like to think that of the seven log-houses of Plymouth built the same year in the seventeenth century, one was built by a Morton and one by a Cook. He was of the twelfth generation and I, my family having moved west earlier, and therefore marrying younger, of the thirteenth. Two hundred and fifty years had passed, a continent had been peopled, a world-power created from a wilderness since those two cabins stood hard by each in the savage woods where Neighbor Morton passed the time of day with Neighbor Cook. Both families fought in the revolution and at last, out here in mid-continent, the Cooks and Mortons drift together again. It is the obverse of Kentucky's family feuds—this inheritance of friendship, as poetic, and considerably pleasanter."

While we were talking of these things—that day in my spruce-bough hut on Parnassos, Elias Scar-

mouches' five hundred sheep had drunk at the spring; their bells were music through the twilight as they grazed in the valley below us while Neighbor Scarmouches drank wine and swapped stories with Neighbor Cook.

CHAPTER II

WHO IS AN HONEST MAN?

THERE are sheets of yellow paper, faded and torn at the edges, on which in fine pencil writing—some of it too interlined to be readable—Jig put down things remembered from his first years.

"In the spring of '86 she (our tutor) took us to the office of Superintendent of Schools Young to be examined by the old gentleman who looked like Uncle Sam. We passed with high grades and were entitled to enter the Davenport High School in the fall. There I went up to the desk to give my name and age to Miss Cleaves. When I said I was twelve she thought I must be mistaken; she said I looked fourteen or fifteen. I was proud of being so tall and large for my age. I do not know whether this is true of others, but I always had some particular thing that gave me a secret feeling of superiority. During the years of physical growth it was being 'ahead of my age' gave me this feeling and I was kept in knickerbockers, which my mother said were more artistic, until I was so big that boys on the street jeered. I remember one time on Second and Harrison streets; I hardly deigned to glance at the jeerers, they quite failed to shake the complacency which was based on the idea that though I was young enough to wear short pants, I was big enough to wear long. The mockers not being, like me, ahead of their ages (and not knowing knickerbockers

were 'more artistic'), I walked by them in silence, feeling that if necessary I could turn in and lick the stuffing out of two or three of them."

He never lost this pride in strength, but there is something else. My own grandfather remained humbly on his fruit-farm—sheltered by no mansard roof, and had my clothes been jeered at on the street, my feelings would have been hurt.

This life is one of wide swinging changes, as well as of deepening through the years. He was the aristocrat who was something of a snob; he was vegetable-man and revolutionist. But just as, though at one time the mystic, and again the passionate evolutionist, in it all was the poet richly aware of life, so, socially, through it all he was the democrat—at home with the real thing in old-fashioned American democracy. He loved the relation of neighbors, the justice that can prevail through the common sense of decent-minded people.

In Agorgiani, a village on the far side of Parnassos, which only donkey-trails connect with the world, we had a quarrel with our landlord. One day Jig and his friends were sitting in front of the café, and this Demos Letras and friends were at a table across the brook. "Words" were called across the swift mountain water. So, "Who is an honest man?" one of Jig's friends asked Demos. "Well, Thanasie the grocer." "Do you accept Thanasie the grocer, Kyrios Kouk?" Kyrios Kouk was pleased to accept Thanasie, our good friend and grocer. Both sides declared that the priest, too, was a fair man, and Lucas Arvennites. After certain rejections two others were chosen, and those five men, with Jig and Demos, went in Thanasie's grocery store and the door was locked. In vain women tried the handle, wanting macaroni or

thread. There was nothing for them to do but sit under the plane-tree by the waterfall until the grocery store had taken care of justice. The square resembled a village fête when finally the door opened, the seven came out, and seating themselves, all on one side of the brook, began ordering *oozo*. Demos was not to charge more rent than he had said in the beginning, but Kyrios Kouk was to buy his own water-barrel and pay for having it filled. Demos and his wife (who lived below in the house) were to go to the home of Demos's mother when they wished to quarrel, but Kyrios Kouk's daughter Nilla was not to dance and sing late at night. Everybody was happy; a large part of the village joined the celebration.

This delighted Jig. The thing had been weighed, humanly, with wit. He had seen the way men's minds work. A community could take care of itself that way, and let its troubles furnish its drama.

That night Thanasie the grocer, the priest and others came home with Jig and the party was continued on our balcony—Demos coming up from below for a drink or two. There where Parnassos turns its back on the world (village houses a little lighted place on the wild mountain) Jig talked about American democracy—how the life had made it, and how the life was changing it. Certain words came strangely out of the Greek language—O Abraham Lincoln—*Kallos—kallos;* the Greeks would agree that he was good, repeating *Kallos,* the light of a candle lantern moving on faces that bent from the darkness. A young shepherd came and sat on the top step, and only the hand on his crook was in the light.

The best democrat is he whom circumstances save from a feeling of inferiority. Others may be tense, suspicious democrats. The rather lazy, good-humored

democrat, who could be arrogant if he weren't too warm and too humorous for arrogance, proud of what is behind him, but ironic, the democrat with a big laugh, who likes to drink with all sorts of men, perhaps this old-fashioned American went out with the horse.

Jig's family did well by him, not only in going to the top of the wave, but in not staying there; while some of them were near the top there were others who were not far from the bottom. These were things to think about, a way of feeling life, not only from one place, but from its opposite. New country is a good place to look at society. When you see grandfather, father and son you see human society, with personal quality, luck and changing conditions making destiny. It is like a relief map; a concentration and acceleration, there to give you such understanding as drama can give. Jig, of course, made it into diagrams—his own family, other early settlers, considering the fluidity of American society, swiftness with which, in the dance of social circumstance, families may arrive and fade. They have not time, he felt, to acquire and fix in themselves the stable psychology of a definite class. The upward stream of the uncultivated newly rich is passed by a counter stream of newly poor, carrying down their wasted culture, backwater lost in sand. John P. Cook's bank failed (Jig's grandfather) and his sons, after having been born in a pretentious house, were not left rich men. Yet John's brother Ebenezer, childless, died with a fortune and his widow endowed a library, a church, and an old ladies' home.

"Swiftly forming, swiftly disintegrating social life! People and families momentarily conspicuous as white foam on the crest of a wave, then dropping redissolved in dark, unnoticed depths!

"Uncle Ebenezer and Aunt Clarissa, leading figures of their town and time, survive dimly in the memory of a few failing old folks of the generation that followed them."

But George Cram Cook grew up in a town that had a Cook Memorial Library, the Cook Home, and a Cook Memorial Church. I am constrained to say again—there having been no Glaspell Home for the Friendless—these things are relevant.

In 1863 young Edward, son of John P., and father of George Cram, came home from the Albany Law School—already they had begun sending their boys back across the country for learning. He entered his father's law firm. In Greece, when Jig heard from his brother or nephew, he might show that letter-head to whatever Greek he was with, explaining that in America too we had our antiquities, and that this "Established 1839" meant that here was a thing which began when that part of the country began, and had been continued by one family through what was nearing a century—"a long time for a thing to last in the middle-west of America."

Jig's father was a man of rectitude, a corporation lawyer whose integrity was a way of saying integrity. He had it in his hands to become a rich man, and still remain what we would call an honest one. He was attorney for the Chicago, Rock Island and Pacific railroad, and won a brilliant victory for them in rebate cases. He was attorney for other important corporations of the state. He took just what he thought fair pay for his time—old-fashioned, rigid honesty, in a time less rigid. But I have seen it happen many times —his name would be mentioned, and a change come over people—something in which to believe, security

in the thought of there being such a man. If he had been a Greek living in Agorgiani when warring factions sat across the brook and called, "Who is an honest man?" back over the clear mountain water would have come the name, "Ed Cook."

CHAPTER III

A LOG-CABIN

OUR friends saw to it that we did not sail for Greece untoasted. A charming Italian who had married into the family of Agnes O'Neill sought to leave such a memory of Italian food and wine as would plant a lasting dissatisfaction with all Greek cooks and vintners. The Italian threw across the board that Greece had not produced a lovable man in a hundred years. (Later, in Athens, whenever he met a Greek who appealed to him, Jig wanted to send Francesco a cable.) That night, not knowing modern Greeks, he spoke for their background. And then, with the agility of conversations at good parties, we were suddenly upon the Mississippi, and for a long time, while potent drinks gleamed in tiny glasses, Jig talked about the river of his boyhood. His friends remember him as never having been at a higher point in his gift for speaking from his richest feeling. Waiters moved chairs, advanced pretending to have been summoned, a few lights were put out, and still our party, all one now, sat there thrilling to words from a feeling itself like a great river—Jig's last glowing hour in America.

I think we got to the Mississippi by way of the Nile —a young river, scoffed Jig, a modern, fairly an upstart river. The Mississippi had antiquity when the Nile was young, its cataracts now worn down to mere rapids. History began and wore its way through the

centuries while the Father of Waters wore down its river bed.

Jig's mother's father was clerk, pilot and then captain and owner of a Mississippi steamboat. There is a story of how he used to stand and watch the waving of the wheat. He, too, came to Iowa in the first years. The land he took was on the river, nine miles below what is now Davenport. Before he died, he had a thousand acres of land as beautiful as any the Mississippi passes from source to Gulf. He it was whose too-believing mind bought the bad apple-trees, creating the vagrant, unintended beauty. He died before Jig was born; one hates to think of a Mississippi pilot who loved the waving of the wheat, dying of lock-jaw after his foot had been caught in a mowing-machine. Jig would study this grandfather's picture and speak of "the thwarted poetry of his eyes." He had the fine dark eyes, heavy eyebrows and hair growing to a point on the forehead, the "widow's peak," which he gave to his daughter Ellen, who gave them to her son George, who gave them to his daughter Nilla and his son Harl. His picture makes one wonder what he thought about as he piloted his steamboat down a moonlit river.

One suspects some of the things thought about, for the beautiful Caroline Hubbard, of Ashtabula, Ohio, died before they had been married five years. There was cholera in Iowa that year. She left a little girl whom she had named Ellen Katherine.

Ellen had a nice place to play: river bank, and even more intriguing than river, the wooded creek bubbling downward through the fertile hills. Back in the woods was the log-cabin built the first years in Iowa. She herself lived in "the low brick farm-house on the shore." Jig wrote a boyish poem about his mother:

Fleet as the fleetest of the village boys
Who watched their cattle on the river bank—

how she loved the horses who wandered the wide green pastureland, wintering in the stable long and low. The little girl must have been much alone, perhaps that is one reason she loved to read and learned to make realities of things which touched her imagination. There were early enthusiasms for the initiative of men of vision, always fervor for the spirit not daunted by circumstance. I feel sure, for later I knew her well, that often in her earliest years she sat alone on the wooded bank of the creek, heard the water and the birds, and inner voices, old and beautiful as water and birds. She was very small, quick movements like a bird's, a clipped way of speaking. She was ill-nourished by the life of that place in those days; one feels that a richer personality would have resulted from richer soil—a little too much energy burned up in just keeping alive. She had quick, alive brown eyes. She would go alone and think, which was thought queer. She was capable of impersonal delights; some one on the other side of the world would score a point against complacency, and she would gloat as over a bright saying of one of her own children. A keen, perhaps too long-lasting pleasure from an idea that intrigued her. Words come when I think of her: Brave; thin; pure; inviolate; brittle; timid; thwarted; unconquered. She was one of that gallant company who through the ages have kept alive a fire of faith in life as a thing given us to be formed. She had a certain hard insistence on individuality, held herself inviolate and did not violate another. Indeed the failure was in projection, and in fear of invasion. I suspect her of timidities so great that her courage in self-assertion was far more than we

had any idea. Of all these people behind Jig, she was the significant pioneer, for she broke a trail of self out of the life around her.

It was when she was twenty she married Ed Cook. There was a son Ruel, and on October seventh, 1873, a second son, George Cram.

The boys called their mother Ma-Mie. (Later she was Ma-Mie to the Provincetown Players, where she was for a time assistant stage manager.) When her little boy George was eight years old Ma-Mie did a thing which, if the cultural history of the region were written, would be an event of many radiations. She had the log-cabin back in the woods moved to a beautiful place on the river, and there—"freshly chinked" —the massive white-oak logs, squared and silvery, have a place of honor under oaks and hickories, on the bank of the creek valley, where delicate fern-like walnut leaves, five-cleft maple leaves, dark oval elm and the larger leaves of intertwining wild grape-vine blend into a thick roof, supported by black trunks of elm and walnut. The Cabin looks through bordering willows, across the gleaming Mississippi to willowed islands and the opulent peaceful hills of Illinois. Easy enough now to say, "Of course, that was the thing to do," but in 1881 Iowa people with money for new houses were not bothering about log-cabins.

Long before there was reason to consider this book I would think of the novel that could be written about the Cabin, the drama of taking Plato or Ruskin from shelves beside the wide fireplace in the pioneer house —a good old tapestry on logs which grew where no white man saw, Greek urns in a cabin on the Mississippi. But more interesting than this is the thing that happened to people when they came there. Part of Ma-Mie's queerness was that when you visited her she

might not pay much attention to you, so permitting whatever adventure—in book, or walk, might await. The result was, people felt about that place as about no other; they were different there, even different for having been there. Hungarian refugees of '48, who had come to Scott County bringing a European culture, early discovered Ma-Mie. The Cabin knew Beethoven, the mysticism of India, old rites and beginnings of art. None of these things perhaps realized, yet there as a presence, as a thing that was in the world.

There were always colored servants around, and this made the low rambling old house, in its open place on the river, not unlike a Southern plantation. There was that kind of hospitality—big plates of fried chicken, hot breads, cream from the cows back in the pasture, sweet butter and eggs clucked over not two hours before. People came unexpectedly and always there was a welcome and food.

In the 'eighties and 'nineties people either lived in the country or lived in town; it was "the thing" to live in town. But the Cooks would go to the Cabin as soon as the birds came back, and stay until sent home by the cold. The railroad, surveyed in 1880, made it possible for Mr. Cook to go back and forth to his law office. Many Davenport families got their first sense of the country at the Cabin. A community is today somewhat different because forty-five years ago one woman—very small, dark, quick, "queer"—had a sense of values better than those of her time and place.

CHAPTER IV

CALENDARS

"SHEER walls of reddish rock narrowing down ledge below sandstone ledge to a narrow stream rushing among boulders that looked like pebbles —with this image I emerge from the unremembered.

"Later I learned it was the canyon of the Arkansas I leaned over. I was three years old, and being unobserved by my elders, curiosity took me to the edge of the abyss. Then an exclamation of dismay and one of the men, using poor judgment, it would seem, sprang toward me. I was still there when he arrived, so he got me by the heels, my checked gingham kilts turning up in front as I was pulled up the slope, saved from the precipice."

The first image of consciousness went deep, later to be considered as "an abyss of space, picture of an abyss of time. Those descending ledges formed leaves of a calendar of stone which such a God as we used to think of might sometimes glance at to remind himself of days before the earth's crust wrinkled into mountains. Some millions of years being here made visible to a single plunge of the eye, a memory like our own, save that in it a thousand years are as one day, could here look back and realize a score or so of years of such days, refreshing dimmed images of strange old times when the stream now called Texas Creek ran level with the tops of the canyon walls and

the skins of men had not yet begun to put off their simian coats.

"On a man's small scale of time one's first remembered moment of mental existence, after a lapse of even thirty-three years, seems remote and strange enough."

Typing this from one of Jig's notebooks, I am seeing us at lunch on the little Greek steamer that goes between the Piræus, port of Athens, and Itea, port of Delphi. Someone calls, "We're coming to the canal!" We rush on deck to find ourselves entering what seems a canyon, for when you go through the very narrow Canal of Corinth, which cuts the Peloponnesos from the mainland, you bend your head back to look far up another calendar of stone. In Jig's excitement there, the boy of the canyon lived again.

"I remember four horses drawing a load of hay in the streets of Denver. I fell off the crossing into a ditch full of water and had to be pulled out all wet. A dead horse on the street in Denver."

The third clear recollection: "Woodstock, Vermont, with little river and bridge across the main street; old man Hatch and his one-horse rig; the four stone trout-pools for trout of different ages at Silver Lake."

"At Rye Beach (probably six now) in the cottage was a family named Smith. I knew, or thought I did, of the Smith girl and the farm boy going up in the hayloft together. Remember a dead mare. I was afraid to go into the beautiful pine-woods because there was the smell of skunk there. One day, in front of the porch of that house, I put my hand on the top of my head and a bee stung my scalp. My astonishment, unbelief, that anything could hurt so."

He was a traveled little boy, for there are memories of the St. Lawrence, of Washington—the Supreme

Court where his father argued a case. There were several summers at Nantucket.

Once Lucy Huffaker and I thought of going to Nantucket and Jig told us of the black wharves, the railed look-outs, crooked old streets and lanes, gray houses and the windmill out on the downs. The bath-houses, he said, were fifteen minutes' walk from the town, by a path over the cliff and down across the black loam of the cranberry marshes. He spoke tenderly of delightful mud in the harbor when the tide was out; it oozed between the toes.

Something about the van we would take caused Lucy to ask, "How old were you when you last visited Nantucket, Jig?" "Seven," he replied, but he did not laugh as we did. The gray town was there in his memory.

Though Jig and I lived in Provincetown eleven years, we never went over to Nantucket. He wanted to, but delayed, perhaps in an instinct to hold inviolate the Nantucket of his childhood. He often spoke of how glad he was to have known the sea when he was a boy, of how, far away in the central states, sea-pictures would come, growing ever dearer, interwoven with the time that had gone forever.

Most of this traveling was before he was eight; after the Cabin was moved the family spent the summers there, and he came to know the river and the woods.

"I built the city of Troy in the sand on the shore of the island while Dad and his friends fished from the boat or along shore. They seldom caught anything."

He did so good a job of damming the creek that farmers back in the country came running to demand the dam be torn out, their fields were flooding. Of

course he had a boat—"The Mayflower." He would become the prince of Bohemia, with bow and arrow shooting wild boars in his hunting-ground—to the astonishment and annoyance of the pigs.

He made a little money in the summer. ". . . an unfenced road winds up through this wood, skirts it for a little way (beyond is a seventeen-acre strawberry-patch), passes through a gate in the rail fence and away between hay and cornfields. In midsummer golden loads moved majestically across the sunny fields, down through the deep cool woods, towards the mile-wide river. Every few minutes the silence is broken as the empty 'racks' move up the hill and rattle away to the pitchers. Cattle are pastured in the wood and to avoid closing the gate a barefoot boy with broad-brimmed straw hat is stationed to 'watch gate.' I was once this boy and under the oaks and hickories built a hay-chinked house of old rails I had gathered, a 'corn-cob' house with opening at the top."

In Jig's lists: "Goose Hollow. Duck Creek. The coal-miners from Cross Roads, three miles back in the clay hills. Wild Cat Glen up Pine Creek. There were wolves there. (Only timber wolves.) Raising strawberries. Barges to New Orleans."

During the months spent in town there was more variety of encounter, experiences which do not close with themselves, but pattern distant experiences. More than one old score was settled on Parnassos, and more than one old moment of beauty realized.

"Two little negro boys who did not get enough to eat in their alley shanty back of the Sixth-street house, used to sit on our back step and eat a plateful handed out from the kitchen. Once I went out and bullied them about something. The back kitchen floor

was eight inches higher because it was farther up the hill, which rose from the Mississippi, six blocks below. Our big square wooden house was on Main Street, but the principal street was Brady, one block east. John P. Cook's brick house was there, the Cook Library, and Aunt Clarissa's Trinity Church.

"Party at Sid Krammer's. I had cut my eyebrows with scissors and was much ashamed. Squire Krammer drew me into the middle of the floor saying, 'You're a good-looking fellow, what do you want to hide for?' Played Post-office—Clap-in, Clap-out.

"Remember meeting a well-dressed boy who showed curiosity about me and asking him, just on general principles, if he wanted to fight. I didn't want to fight myself, but wanted him to know I wasn't afraid to. I do not yet know anything about his ideas and feelings. He seemed to regard fighting as irrelevant, which of course it was.

"Once I fought with a boy smaller than I, justifying it on the ground he was older. His whole gang was there to help, but were kept off by Butch Eggers. The kid knew a lot more about fighting than I did. He was a game little mick and pasted me hard. I did not know how to hit him as he was hitting me, so it being necessary to do something I threw him down and sat on him. This did not damage him enough to make him give up, yet in that position, which repeated itself, his boxing was rather ineffective. The deadlock resulted in both sides claiming victory. Was only four or five then. Have always been ashamed of fighting him at all.

"Maggie Cullivan, my nurse, took me to visit her old mother, down on Iowa Street, near the river. She taught me to say:

My little coffin shall be red,
Six little angels at my head,
Two to sing and two to pray.
And two to carry my soul away.

"Sat on the three steps between front and back parlors. Someone was calling on Ma-Mie. Had told a lie. Awful time with conscience.

"When I heard about hell I tried to get used to very hot water in the bath-tub. But I could not force myself to hold my hand under the spigot when the water steamed.

"My mother taught me to spell G-e-o-r-g-e at the round table in the front parlor.

"Learned to read about seven. Read 'Swiss Family Robinson' on floor, bothering everybody to tell me meaning of words and bumping my head on the floor when there were too many big ones. Before that Dad every Sunday read to me from a big 'Paradise Lost,' with Doré illustrations. Suppose that is what started me trying to get used to hell in the bath-tub.

"Also read 'Sandford and Merton.' The name Stephen was divided by hyphen, so I called the boy Step-hen." (This was useful when Jig and I, some thirty years later, came to write "Suppressed Desires.") "I spoke of the Book of Job, rhyming with cob; they did not tell me my mistake, and I was humiliated when I found the family had been enjoying my pronunciation. The Bible-reading must have been a couple of years later—about nine—and I already hunted for the passages dealing with things sexual. Of these things I had learned in the alley—underhand and guilty knowledge, and even concealed my knowledge by asking questions I would not be supposed to ask if I knew.

"At the kindergarten my hero and guide in life was Pop-eye Wilson. We gave a show in the shed, inviting the girls. The chief feature of this performance was Pop-eye and I lying on the floor, he in the rôle of some spasmodic beast, kicking me in the top of the head.

"Pop-eye and I went in the candy business in his barn, he furnishing the barn and I the candy. I wonder if he is a rich man. A lady who afterwards married a Secretary of the Treasury once stopped and bought five cents' worth. I do not remember other sales.

"After this I had my own candy-store at the front fence. I waited all afternoon, but nobody bought till my father came from the office and bought ten cents' worth. That evening, when some of this was given to me, business and pleasure warred within—whether to eat the candy or sell it again next day. Think I ate. Hope so.

"I met my first love at kindergarten, beautiful little Margery L. I at once endowed her with all wisdom and virtue and supposed she lived among people and surroundings greatly superior to any I had known. Would lie abed holding my hand and pretending it was hers. The scene of the hand-holding was a wooded island down the river, reached by a float of barges with golden masts and silken sails. There was a palace there—Margery and I were king and queen while all the other boys and girls at the kindergarten were our devoted retainers.

"There were two bad boys in the kindergarten. Jim, with assured worldliness, informed me one day, on the brick semicircular sidewalk in front of our house, that there was no Santa Claus. 'Why, of course there is,' I said, but his scorn shook me. My mother re-

gretfully confessed there was not. I was resentful. This gave added weight to other things the 'bad boy' had told me.

"But the bad boys were not leaders like Pop-eye. They were too critical.

"Cob fights. I organized throwing society in our front yard.

"Laura Painter cried all one morning because her doll had been decapitated with a hatchet. Felt masculine superiority in the clear knowledge the doll was not alive.

"Eva was brought up from the pasture for me to ride. One Saturday I rode to Buffalo, behind Dad and Ma-Mie, who were in the basket-phaeton, driving Puck. Watched the gold hands of the black clock, and suddenly thought with a pang of my dog Jumbo, who was sick when we left home. I had forgotten him for a while. Woke in the dawn very hungry—the roosters woke me. Hours of lying there waiting for breakfast. When I tumbled off my horse at home that night, tired from the long ride, Butch Eggers told me Jumbo was dead. He had been poisoned. Remorse at having left him. This was my first sorrow."

CHAPTER V

POP-EYE WILSON

ONE day in Delphi Jig had been long at Andreas's. This Andreas Korylss had the wine-shop across from our house. Jig had a seat of honor before the great barrel; one villager and another would come in, and he and Andreas would drink with all of them.

Then he and I sat on our balcony as across the Gulf of Corinth the sun went behind the mountains of the Peloponnesos. With a light that went back over his life with something of that floating radiance, unexpected illuminations, glow sustained on one place while all around a dimming, Jig talked as we waited for dinner.

He was looking at something almost too far away to see—farther than the olive-trees, two thousand feet below us. "Pop-eye Wilson," he said, as if in wonder at a feeling that could glow across so wide a dimness.

"I should have done it," he muttered intensely.

"Done what?"

He looked at me in surprise. "I owed it to him."

"Owed what?"

Again he looked at me, now rather annoyed.

"I owed him my truth. I should have said the words I have not said. If for no one else, God damn it, I should have done it for Pop-eye Wilson!"

Jig knew Pop-eye, not only in kindergarten, but at the "prep" school of Griswold College in Davenport.

There was a young English teacher here, a sissy, the boys thought, and Jig never forgot Pop-eye having told him this teacher's feet weren't mates. That may have been why Jig decided to shoot him between the eyes from a putty-blower. "Bring that here," the teacher commanded, but instead Jig got up and marched out of school. Somehow or other he was back next day, and he was always proud of not having surrendered the blower.

Jig was sent to this school because "the public schools were thought too tough. I don't know."

He did not do well there. He remembered the blackboard arithmetic, and Professor Kellog having him by the ear, rubbing his nose against the chalked problem he was too scared to understand. After that he had private teaching from an intelligent German woman. "First decent teaching. She made me ashamed of my dirty hands. Sharp pencils. Look of the slate on which I learned short and long division. Multiplication table on left side of book. Ahrns' German Reader. What are the natural resources of Allegheny, Pennsylvania?"

He was now reading Scott's "Lady of the Lake." He joined the Turner Gymnasium and was proud of the number of times he could chin himself. "Built mysterious structure with ladders and trap-doors in stall of our old stone barn."

He was hit in the head with one of these stones and carried the scar always. He and his brother were surreptitiously tearing out part of the barn to make an opening for pigeons. "There were no pigeons," Jig interpolates.

"Gave a party to eight or ten of the boys and girls, driving down to the Cabin in two carriages."

After several years of not having seen Margery,

his kindergarten love, he was in love with another girl, and then another. He never dared speak to these girls but would look at their houses as he walked by.

A girl of sixteen, "a little beauty," came to visit them and he used to put his arm around her, but she laughed, as he was only eleven. "Think it was the year after this I had the measles. Remember writing to her about it, and she wrote back, a nice letter."

One of the girls gave a masquerade party. "I went in beautiful silver armor, with breastplate and scales, a cloak hanging from one shoulder, a plumed pasteboard helmet. It had a visor that lowered and raised. Spent most of the evening in towering consciousness of being beautiful. Came home alone in the moonlight, down Main street. Supposed the few people I met would think I was King Arthur. I walked the part."

In the high school, when he was twelve and thirteen, "the first baseball games; I played left field in the street, over the red picket fence."

Baseball at Griswold College, to which he returned after a year at high school. At Griswold he had the feeling of the outsider, because he was a day scholar, inferior to big insiders. But later he boarded here, and remembers just where he sat at table. "What did we use to talk about?"

"The first baseball day of this year I ran out on the field under a fly and knocked out the middle finger of my right hand. At the end of this year I caught for 'The Sheldons.' Old-fashioned glove with leather tips. Then put out left fore-finger. Interfered with violin playing."

The violin lessons began when Jig was twelve. "Remember the day I discovered the secret of reading notes. It was in the front hall. I saw all music open before me—mine."

"About this time I went on a cold bob-ride to Black Hawk's Watch Tower. This was before I learned to dance. Had a wretched time. Remember saying I didn't care for dancing."

After this his brother taught him to waltz—"in the front parlor."

"Believe I won high jump in field day. May have been only second. Had nickel medal for it. Believe I won all tennis, singles and doubles. Gertrude S—— watched the high jump."

Griswold was a military school: the boys were "cussed" by the Major for shivering in the cold. Jig was captain of B company. "We had competitive drill. Competitive exams. in tactics. My grade was given as less than Percy Dick's, who was rightfully made Senior Captain, by seniority. But they must have done queer markings on those papers. I had tactics pretty nearly by heart."

In later moments of self-distrust he would wonder what it was about him kept him from that promotion he should have had.

He was valedictorian of his class. "Essay on Enthusiasm. Had not committed it to memory. Read part of it."

All these summers were spent at the Cabin. He was much with his brother Ruel, for whose boating and duck-shooting he had younger-brother adoration. They slept in a tent. "Kept up baseball diamond in the pasture with rake and lawnmower. Built backstop there. Saw bull and cow. Kept fielding and batting record."

"Buffalo played Montpelier early in summer. I caught Mandy Ord. Score thirty-nine to forty. Ten innings."

"Montpelier and Buffalo combined against Blue

Grass. The Cross Roads formed a team. Did they play Andalusia?"

But while Buffalo and Blue Grass were playing Cross Roads and Andalusia, Jig was also reading Emerson. His mother was at this time interested in theosophy. Jig responded to these ideas, and would eat no meat. This was the summer before he entered the State University at Iowa City as a sophomore. He was fifteen.

CHAPTER VI

THE SILENCE OF NOON

"Athens,

"November 9, 1922.

"My dear Grace Partridge Smith:

"Your hope that I 'have not forgotten all my old friends in Iowa City' comes into so vivid a memory of those friends that your letter must be answered again. The secretary of the Provincetown Players forwards it marked 'answered,' but how can any one else answer for me a letter from the Iowa City of 1889-1899?

"There happened to me there a mystic youth—the only youth I shall have had, an ecstasy of athletic joy in being perfectly young, and another ecstasy of the opening mind. I find that what I felt in Iowa City then is felt by others about the place—that strange little wooded river-valley which has not yet lost its Indian character. I read of a Scots scholar who writes: 'I know no place in the world where the mystery of existence is felt so deeply as in this rustic university.'

"I myself felt that mystery there.

"Now, after my beautiful adventures—I could complete a great circle in Iowa City.

"This is written from a room that looks on the Parthenon—one of the great fulfilled dreams of men. This is a return to one's lost youth when one is no longer young."

Three years as a student, and then, after Harvard and Europe, he was back there as instructor. And there was one moment at Iowa City after which all the years were different. He himself wrote of it this way:

"A boy with thoughtful eyes sat among the book-stacks in a secluded corner of the University Library. The bell in the dome of the Central Building struck the first note of twelve and tolled the death of morning. A heavy volume closed somewhere with a thick-sounding slap suggestive of its reader's relief. A falling pencil danced a brief tattoo on the uncarpeted floor; chair legs scraped; voices rose into laughter; footsteps echoed; the leather-covered doors that led toward lunch thumped back and forth on stiff springs. The student crowd trooped out; the high-piled books stood row on row, holding their millions of printed words pressed together in the darkness of closed pages. Each particle of ink in which the words were written vibrated infinitesimally in the slow tick-tock of the library clock. The printed thoughts remained, not thoughts, but mere black marks, there being no eyes to carry them to brains in which they could glow anew.

"One book, however, lay open, the meaning on one of its pages naked to one mind. The boy in the secluded corner had not heard the bell toll noon, nor marked the scurry of departing feet. His eyes were fixed on a page of Plotinus—descriptive of a state of mind called ecstasy, a state known to the mystics of every age. Plotinus called it 'the flight of the alone to the Alone.'

"The mind of the sixteen-year-old boy was just opening with deep sense of its own marvel to the fact of its existence as a mind. Slowly, through infancy and childhood, unreflectingly as a flower, the complex thought he called 'I' had grown within him. One day,

in the awakening of his nature which came when his voice startled him with its new baritone, his vision turned upon this complex thought, he saw for the first time, and the wonder of it blazed upon him with insane intensity of realization. 'I—George Cook—what is he—what am I? George Cook—George Cook!' The very name of this strange thing within him—his own name—was suddenly more miraculous to him than any far-off story of Judea. So the Sphinx riddle 'What is man?' first put itself to this new mind, and put itself with such blazing force that some sort of answer he must have.

"The answers of his Sunday-school catechism fell away as mere unfeeling restatements, or misstatements, of the wonderful fact which he, George Cook, had seen with his own eyes.

"Another hour of vision, in a cool wood on a hill, had made the delicate life of a white anemone as marvelous to him as his own. So he understood what Tennyson meant by his flower in the crannied wall, and knew indeed that if he could understand the flower he should know what God and man is.

"But in the library, in the silence of noon, came the most dramatic moment of his sixteen years. From the page of Plotinus rose words he drank as the lover's mind drinks through his eyes the beauty of the beloved. For the moment the riddle of the Sphinx was answered here. His thought went out, not to 'the flaming walls of the world,' but to the Unlimited, and strove to form within his mind a true image of the starry universe. For an instant, and with a gasp, he saw what infinite space was. Then, like a flash with which the electric current transforms a tube of hydrogen and oxygen gases into a little water, came the solving vision of, or rather contact with, the conscious soul in the wide-

spread world around him. It, the Macrocosm, was of one stuff with his own conscious self. He, the microcosm, was not different in kind from the great self of which earth and stars were but the multiform shadow. It was no mere algebraic perception of an abstraction this—it was vision. As truly as Plotinus, as truly as Jesus, this modern boy saw God—saw and loved and felt himself beloved. With sudden impulse to embrace this being he loved—this Big Brother whose body was all space, yet who was closer to him than any human soul could ever be, he rose to his feet, eyes glowing, lungs breathing deep, and with unutterable tenderness spread wide his arms. Through him passed a shuddering rapture."

These were the days of his solitary room. He took care of it himself and when he left it he locked the door. His friends he saw at the Phi Psi house, and brought no one home with him to the room of his thoughts. He read here what he soon came to call the crude American theosophists—he read "Hours with the Mystics," the "Light of Asia," Swedenborg, and Plato, first in Jowett, later in the original. The room looked upon the Iowa River and its wooded valley.

"Mystic religious raptures. Plato—Emerson. Solemn silent sunsets. Tree. Joy of life in spring morning solitude. Birds. God."

Then he would lock the door and go running to the baseball field. Jig had one of these convenient older brothers who prepare the way at college. The summer before, when Jig played on the Buffalo team, Ruel kept his record, and this he sent to Iowa City—Batting average .311; fielding .843. Jig has his own copy of this by games, on a Buffalo letter-head: "J. A. Prignitz, Wines, Liquors and Cigars, Opera House in Connection."

But there was a certain Chantland who Jig felt tried to keep him off the team. "In the second Grinnell game, at Iowa City, the score being four to four in the second half of the ninth, there was one out when Chantland came to bat. I followed, next to the bottom of the batting list, though I had made two hits that brought in four of our seven runs at Grinnell. Chantland struck out, making two down. I put a two-bagger in right center, and Mills one into left center, scoring me and winning the game."

After that he made the team and when, some twenty-seven years later, Jig wrote his play "The Spring" he named the obtuse professor Chantland, and killed him in the last act.

"Remember planning to live as hermit half of each year. Had wonderful pantheistic spiritual illuminations. Thought of becoming a University president merely because that position would give influence to the religious teaching whereby I expected to transform the souls of men.

"I used to sound people as to their capacity to understand theosophical ideas and when they failed I set them down as people of no inner light, which was usually the case.

"The ecstatic joy in running upstairs, skipping steps. Cold shower after baseball practise.

"The repugnance to death. I would wake in the morning and know I had to die. I would look at my body, and I could not accept the idea that this body —so wonderful, so full of joy in strength, must cease to be."

He was now a tall, slim, dark boy—strong and beautiful, his fine dark eyes sensitive to all he felt, his smile shy, but when free of self-consciousness a big laugh for the many things that amused him. The boy

who came from his solitary room to the Phi Psi fraternity house had been feeling things those others were not feeling. He was with them, and happy to be with them, and yet he was alone. And always it was something like that. And always, in one form or other, there were those elements: Baseball, fraternity house, solitary room.

CHAPTER VII

WORDSWORTH ON THE MISSISSIPPI

"I WAS sixteen and had really never kissed a girl." But that fall, when he was a Junior, the Phi Psis began rushing a fellow against the Betas. Jig brought him to the Cabin for a week-end. "His confidential stories about kissing girls gave me the idea this should be done." Several of the girls were invited down to the Cabin in the interests of this struggle against the Betas. "When I was leaving for Iowa City, saying good-by to Edith, I kissed her. She seemed surprised, but did not object.

"We wrote to each other. I went to see her next time I was in from school. On October 7, 1890, I was seventeen. On November 29, I was engaged to be married.

"Along toward spring she wrote breaking our engagement. Got on a freight train at Iowa City, working myself into passionate sorrow. Suggested, not spontaneous emotion, those days. We were playing Cornell, and in the sixth inning I had to leave to catch the freight. Schneltzer tried to talk me out of it. Cornell had a famous pitcher. Hardly anybody hitting him but me. I remember one stinger over short and Hal Myers gloating on the side-lines, 'Gee, you're a dandy batter!' Was playing third. When Schneltzer saw I was going—it was the only chance of getting to Davenport and my girl that night—he said, 'Well, if you make love as well as you play ball, you'll be all right.'"

The engagement continued for several years.

The next summer was a happy one at the Cabin. Jig would go to Davenport for a party, and five or six of them would come home with him for Sunday, taking the afternoon local, "the Firefly," which jolted along the fertile strip between the river and the low bordering hills. Here and there the river gleamed through elms and willows, until suddenly "the whole wide sheet of silver rippled in the afternoon sunshine, the Father of Waters lying peacefully between his rich hills, low willow-covered islands like emeralds on his shining breast."

There is the usual laugh when the jolly brakesman calls "Buffalo—Buffalo!" and the crowd piles off at a sleepy German village. They are met by a fat little old darkey with shining face and broad-brimmed straw hat. "Hello, General! Got apple-dumpling for supper, General?"

He is told that never was such dumpling, and complacently agrees, "Dat's what dey all says, sho 'nough," while getting bags in a red hand-cart—then trudges off up the wagon-road between the railway and a cornfield, warningly chanting: "Put yo foot in my way, put yo foot in trouble, trouble!" leaving the party to walk the track for the quarter-mile from village to the gravel walk that leads to the low log-house under oaks and hickories.

Some lounge in hammocks, others play tennis. The boys tease the girls by throwing twigs in their hair. One lively girl gets back by throwing water on the boys. It starts a race in and out of the house—girls screaming, dogs barking, a calf bleating astonishment, and two excited pet blue-jays screeching encouragement.

But after supper, as the last light of day falls

through west and north windows, glorifying rooms and faces, Edith goes to the piano and Jig gets his violin. They play Chopin—"solemn and passionate as a prayer."

Then all stroll down to the river, and getting into boats pull up along the shore for a mile or so, to float back in the moonlight. From two of the boats which gleam against the black trees come the rich old negro songs young folks used to sing on moonlight nights—"Old Black Joe," "My Old Kentucky Home." Jig had seen to it he got the little boat, so he is alone with Edith. He says, "When I think of all I have to do, and how I have no money, it seems to me I can't marry for years. But when I look at you, it seems none of that matters." After talk that is both serious and foolish, they decide to flip a penny for it. Heads they marry, tails they lose. It is tails. "Well, we'll make it two out of three," says Jig. Still it is tails. "Foolish penny," says the girl softly—"it didn't know how important it was."

They do not marry, but this first love deepens. She is standing on one side of the creek he has crossed. She holds out her hand to be helped over the water gurgling at their feet. Leaning far over he can touch her hand. Her body seemed to float across the stepping-stones. The moon-lighted water bubbled down through the deep cool silence of the woods.

A girl and Wordsworth made him a poet. Through a number of these summers there were trips on a Mississippi raft-boat, the "Eclipse." One of the boys whose father had timber in the North could take friends with him when the logs were floated down from Minneapolis. This year it was a jolly party—swimming, rowing and log-walking. The boat stopped at

Winona, on the Wisconsin side. Jig, wandering around by himself, went into a book-store. He pulled down a red book marked "Wordsworth's Poems," dipped into it, and when he found "She dwelt among the untrodden ways," bought the book. Three or four years later, himself a teacher, he told his class: "I found in that red and black volume a new language, a new music, a new heaven and a new earth. It was more than reading; it was birth. Not merely the pine-trees and the heather seemed alive—it was all alive. Sunset blazing o'er the world's black brim, the rosy river underneath the dark green domes of pine hills, ripples lapping the floating logs—the changing light, a light my eyes had never seen before. All that harmony of form and color became one vast Being, and the soul of it was like my soul, and the soul was God. This green star of earth with its cone of night on one side and its blaze of day on the other was become a live thing, a thing to love, a thing that loved."

In his notebook he said of that evening on the raft-boat: "As the clouds passed over and away from the moon, light would shine over the waves below and fade away again in mystery. I said to the crowd: 'Now look. It's like a dream fading,' and as it returned I thought: 'The light steals over the water like love over the heart.'

"Sometimes I have felt that we are all the same soul, the soul making believe, like a child, to be different persons. This person and that seem like different windows in a church wall. To one not knowing there would seem to be as many lights as there are windows, yet the light is one. When this thought really fills me (I am merely remembering the thought now) there is a glow, and until the perfect thought becomes a memory of itself, I myself seem to be that beautiful

thing within me which cannot be touched or heard or seen, but only known."

He plans a culture that shall occupy the next fifty years.

"I want to understand the language of all great souls. I love these mighty souls as I do the stars. I would receive into myself all Germany, all Greece, all Palestine. In their art lies their history. This" (the plan he formulates) "takes me back three thousand years. But what of creation? Once for all I dedicate my life to study. O human intellect, so great, mysterious, profound, and yet so insignificant, you are one, and to a sympathetic mind the thoughts of every other mind are open! I must know that I may enjoy the harmony in all things, mounting at last to Plato's absolute Beauty.

"Begin in the present. What of to-day? To-morrow? A stricter method, governed by a will almost ascetic. Five o'clock rising. Bathe, walk, study, good breakfast, solid morning's work. Here is the first, last and only chance of bringing down the Ideal. It can only be done by concentrating will-power to overcome laziness. The staying quality I lack must be developed *now*. Don't talk about it. Learn to be silent. In the silence the dogged perseverance will grow, and the great purpose mature."

It was the next year, senior at Iowa, Jig sat before "the man who first awoke in me the love of letters and thereby shaped my life." In one of his Harvard themes he recounts spiritual adventures, and after telling of his pantheistic mysticism, "A fortunate change was gradually brought about by the teaching of Professor Melville B. Anderson. The beauty of the life that dawned for me in his classroom still seems worthy all the sacrifices I can make for it. Whether or no I

am ever able to make his profession mine, I owe him a debt I can never repay."

As Dante searched his Virgil "with love," this young student searched his Chaucer and Spenser, his Shakespeare and Milton. It was now he learned to read Chaucer, and ever after those old lines could be set singing in his memory. His zest for noble beauty in English was as keen-edged and athletic as his zest for boxing, another enthusiasm of that final year.

All this time he had been a vegetarian, but now began eating meat again, partly because love of letters was more lusty than mysticism, partly because one went hungry at the boarding-house if one passed the meat. Jig always felt his bones would have been bigger if he had not been a vegetarian from fifteen to seventeen, but no one ever got much excited about this, for they were not bones to inspire sympathy.

There were other invasions of mysticism. He smoked his first cigarette and drank his first glass of beer.

"Going upstairs, touching every other step, swept up with such easy wing-like thrusts of leg muscles as seeming to move by pure volition."

Scientific reading began at this time. "Beethoven-like emotion on first reading of germ and sperm."

"Awful visions of death lying in that room on Dubuque street."

He determined to go to Harvard "at all costs." Poetry, philosophy, science and religion had opened before his new mind as one great spiritual country into which he had power to go. He read "Richard Feverel," a book upon which he often dwelt in his dreams and endeavors for forcing into existence a life better than the world around us. He wanted to become a man of intellect, to acquire a subtle and beauti-

ful culture, through intellectual and esthetic interests, to know great friendships. Perhaps the greatest thing his teacher of English, and that literature itself, did for him was this: There are men to whom beauty and the life of the mind are important. There are men who talk of these things.

He was class poet.

> They blur and darken, and in vain I gaze;
> The fleeting power of phantasy prolongs
> No more than vision of Homeric days;
> The bastions are but clouds, the silent throngs,
> Whose armour glittered in the morning rays
> Are gone where go the notes of ended songs.

But while delivering this he was worried as to whether he really had his degree, on account of the second term of Freshman Algebra.

"Commencement hop in soft shirt. Terribly hot." Then this, marked with a star: "North steps of Historical Building." Evidently some golden hour, remaining now only as dim jotting on crumpled paper. His girl had come for Commencement with his mother, and across the years one feels the fragrance of a June night.

CHAPTER VIII

HARVARD, '93

THE Iowa boy who, a few days before his nineteenth birthday, enters Harvard as Senior, has some lonely days waiting for him. Out of the West he comes on spiritual adventure bent; he seeks a life in which things of the mind are ties, where fellowship kindles one's deepest self. For the first time he is out of the region where he is known. Friendships among his class-mates were formed in the three years he was not there. It would seem Jig wrote letters a little home-sick to Ma-Mie, for she writes encouragement from the Cabin:

"The season for Opera must have come in Boston; enclosed is the rest of your birthday present for a ticket or two. Might even make it three, if you don't insist on the most expensive seats. As soon as you are settled you will realize what a wonderful place you are in."

She recalls some one she knew when she was ten years old—now organist in a Boston church. "Perhaps he would not remember me, but I think he would. I passed the exams. and entered the high school when ten years old, and being small, was among girls and boys twice my size." To this gentleman she writes: "You may not like to be reminded of the flight of time by my telling you that I, who went to school with you at Woodstock, in the old school-house on the hill,

have a son at Harvard, who finds himself rather lonely in your New England. . . . He is fond of music, plays the violin, and any little kindness you can show him without putting yourself out will be gratefully received by the little western girl who in the days of our youth was regarded curiously as coming from a region remote and wild to the beautiful little town in Vermont."

"Have you visited the Art Museum?" she asks Jig. "Trinity church is near, with decorations by La Farge. Can you find your way about Boston? It is puzzling to strangers. Boston is a musical city. Not so good for plays and operas as New York. The mine is said to be very promising. I am waiting for it to pay before coming East." (A mine in the Black Hills of Dakota, in which Jig's father was interested.)

"It is hard for a western fellow to get acquainted with the eastern people. You will miss the warm hearts and ready sympathy of our West. But don't mind, or make too many advances. Those who are best for you will come to you at last."

Soon Ma-Mie is saying, "Of course I knew you would bob up serenely. You always do. Better not see too much of young fellows with more money than they know what to do with. But don't worry about money. There is plenty for what you need—and for good times too.

"Good for Barrett Wendell, and better for you. John Alden is a very Puritan name. But I think America is a good place to metamorphose Greeks. Emerson was about that."

What a young man writes in his diary is not what he writes to his mother, and if you had seen him, either the hour before or the hour after either of these writings, doubtless you would say of what you read: "Oh, but that isn't the real person at all." Yet the "real

person" is guarding, sending out feelers of pretense, making adjustments that distort self, seeming gay when unhappy, affecting an interest, concealing a desire. To his mother he speaks from his loneliness, in something of bewilderment, resentment, that there should be loneliness in the world. When one was little one's mother did not let one be lonely. He makes up for this by becoming, rather self-consciously, even a little pompously, the young man at Harvard, and on secret pages writes about dissatisfactions with self. Diaries are queer things; one usually feels foolish while writing in them, and escapes this half-desire to make a face, or kick something, by a certain masterful, noble manner even in the proddings of self out of feebleness. They are out of focus; yet at times one may look through them to that reality which rarely finds its way into either writing or deed.

"October 6, '92: I am discouraged to-day. I have done no good work since I have been here and the college year has been under way four days. I seem unable to write anything good in English 12. If I cannot write, why throw my life away in fruitless effort? My literary taste is not good. It is merely chance whether I like a thing which Barrett Wendell says is good. I am nineteen years old to-morrow, and for all I can see I am not doing as good work as I was doing a year ago. I will shut my teeth and go on patiently. I *will* succeed.

"I am at work on history methods and slowly bringing notes into shape. If I live method and effort may bring me peace before I die."

With some of his birthday money he saw Mrs. Potter as Juliet. "The two souls, whom passion drives on to death, how much greater are they than the prudent ones! As I sat there and watched the divine art

of the play unfold, the spirit's immortality became for a moment a passionate conviction.

"Now for iron self-control and ardor directed into spiritual channels!"

He deplores having made a fool of himself before Charles Eliot Norton in Fine Arts 3. "Talked wildly and incoherently about 'theories of composition.' The Lord only knows what I meant to say."

"October 30: I want, not a mere inventoried knowledge, but the transfigured knowledge which is Culture. Read last night until one o'clock—Sidney's 'Defence of Poesie.'"

"I am far from fearless. I fear the exams. and Gothic this afternoon. Most of all I fear . . . And lastly I fear death.

"To-night I played pretty well at the Perian. I believe I shall make it—second violin this year and first next. Walking home I scarcely touched the earth, though I don't know why—Anglo-Saxon exam. very poor, work generally backward. But heart light as a bird's in spring!

"Religious poem. Don't attack the old dogmatism. It will fall of itself. But the new spiritual basis of life.

"Power is coming in place of the old desire for power. I will make life glorious for myself and others before I die! I am learning to write.

"Mr. Joseph Jefferson in Rip Van Winkle. When Rip's wife fell in the lightning flash and Rip disappeared in the night I seemed as by magic to change back into the boy I was when I saw it before with Ma-Mie, years ago when I was *her* boy, sat beside her and watched Jefferson's marvelous face. The play ought to be a tragedy, I think.

"Cleveland is President-elect. Now for tariff reform.

"I am happy over my work in English. Barrett Wendell wrote: 'On the whole this is decidedly the best theme I have received this year.' Now to work. Oh, do it.

"Endeavor to get sharp clear impressions of things.

"November 23: Thanksgiving Day, the most social in the year, the day of family reunions, and I am to be alone. I will try to make it a perfect day. I will begin to-night and live for thirty or forty hours as deeply as I can. I will write—poetry, I hope. Read —play the violin. I will spend several hours in the Art Museum. I will forget the future and the past and throw my whole life into one perfect day. The purity of solitude. It will make better all my other days."

"November 25: My day was far from perfect. Harvey came down and we tried to play duets, that is I tried and he succeeded, though not a duet. Lost an hour by going to the closed Art Museum. Read Chaucer and my classical dictionary. After supper more Chaucer, then three hours' good study of Gothic and German."

Often the diary entries grew into themes. One tells of Thanksgiving Day, and then: "To-day, on the other hand, though it occurred to me only now, has been as nearly ideal as a day of mine can be. As I walked to breakfast my feet scarcely touched the ground, my lungs filled with the clear air. I was conscious of the blue sky and sunshine. Before the bright morning was over I did a bit of work I had tried for a month to do. This afternoon Periott and Chipiez' Assyrian art took me back to Nineveh. There before

her sculptured palaces soaring from flat Mesopotamia, I forgot library, college, almost self. And now, before my fire, not Assyria only, but America, Cambridge, my own life, grow a shade more real than ever before. For this one day, at least, I have known the beauty of the concentrated spirit."

Bright days in which there is satisfaction, days that fail. "I have wasted Friday, Saturday and Sunday, approaching no whit nearer the great ends of my life. I paid for it this morning lying between sleep and waking. The world grew somber. I felt the ages of struggling agonized life of which I am product and result. I felt it was a shameful thing to waste powers built up by the ages. I do not yet know the name of the Power, but I know that a Power outside of me exists which makes it harder to do ill than to do well.

"As I lie in the twilight and hear the earth waken, these early hours have peculiar charm and value; they are full of hopes and memories—the links that bind the days together. It is the hour which keeps alive the sense of mystery.

"There are two men in the yard below getting ready to put up a waterspout on the next house. A ladder leans against the wall, a fire is burning in a pot, and the soldering tools lie scattered about. The younger fellow, wearing a flower in his button-hole, takes off his coat, heats the iron in the fire and gives it to a spare man with dirty face and blue shirt with white polka dots, who is sitting on the doorstep. Then he carelessly throws a silvery stick of solder on the ground beside the older man who places two pieces of water-pipe together, touches the silver stick to the hot iron and runs it rapidly about the juncture. The two pieces are one. Easy enough, but on a Greek island this same easy trick brought joy to a workman's heart

twenty-five hundred years ago when Glaukias of Chios performed it for the first time on this planet.

"I was very hungry at breakfast and ordered accordingly. The waiter asked me to say it again—then walked off to the cook, gazing at the floor in a meditative way. The room was quiet and the ordering loud: 'Steak medium and bacon, lamb chops, eggs boiled three and a half minutes, etc. etc.—for *one*.' There were few people in the room, and it was painfully evident who the 'one' was. A waiter gazed at me admiringly, a Senior looked up with a startled expression.

"About a year ago some mysterious harmony of spiritual and material forces, or as they would have said two hundred years ago, some sweet influence from the stars, produced in me a reliance in my own power that for a while brought me success in almost anything I touched. After a few weeks this confident strength seemed to subside. I began to doubt and look back and wonder whether I could write or act like that again. And ever since I have felt that could I only trust myself with that same unreflecting trust, the old power would come back."

A theme wildly written and never handed in: "The mystery of it all blazes across me as of old. Here am I, naked as my mother brought me forth, half drunken, but seeing truth. The rain patters against the shutters—the city sleeps. And I? To-night I am a part of Nature, conscious of the miracle of Life, unblinded by the commonplace, writing from my deepest self. Here I sit, vital essence, vibrating to the touch of the Soul of things—the Soul that speaks to me in the voice of the rain, the Soul that is one with bacchante and with saint.

"Naked I stand before the window with the electric

light (softened by its passage through the rain) falling upon my white and supple body. I know what grandeur lies with me and all men, making 'broken gleams and a stifled splendor and gloom' for the great God. O Body and Soul of me, you are infinite in Life and Love and Knowledge! Other men may think you slight, but to-night I know you for what you are. To-morrow I shall not know—I shall bow to the world's opinion.

"The other day I stood watching a potter at his wheel. Beneath his fingers a lump of clay grew into a flower-pot. It was marked with concentric rings and at the rim fell over gracefully like the corolla of a flower. Then he took a stick, pressed it against the curving side of a pot, and the curve was a straight line. Twenty lumps of clay grew into twenty ugly pots precisely alike.

" 'Why do you press the stick against it?' I asked. 'It's so much nicer as your fingers make it.'

" 'Yes,' said he, 'but you leave it that way and they wouldn't burn it.'

"The lump before him grew into a pot like the others. He drew it together at the top and there was a vase—a magic one, for it grew tall and slender or round and low as the potter's fancy willed. Sometimes the shifting shapes were beautiful, sometimes not. But suppose the potter were free to vary the flower-pots as he wished? Would they not all be beautiful after a while? Would not the life of the one who made the pots, and the lives of those who used them, grow more beautiful?"

Sometimes Jig would come from the Museum of Fine Arts discouraged by the world into which he stepped. "The few hours in the Art Museum, where I have tried to etch Greek lines into my memory can-

not prevail against the hideous lines and colors that attack me from wall-paper, carpet, stove, all those things machinery and unloving labor bring forth. Is beauty only an impossible dream? Will it ever be real with us as it has been in the far-off sun-lands?"

Then other days it is like this: "The people in the street seem more human after an hour in the Museum. A barren sensation usually comes over me in a crowd. But now I feel that here are hands and brains like those that shaped the Parthenon. For all their ugly modern costumes, here are men essentially the same as the marble Crusader who sleeps in yonder building with his sword across his mailed breast. What would a thoughtful man six centuries hence not give to stand for a moment where I now stand?"

CHAPTER IX

JOHN ALDEN

JIG entered the inner Harvard through Greece; and the Greek language gave him the first of those friendships of great hours, when words come for thoughts that had never quite emerged from dream. His life is lighted by these talks to which he brought offerings from his solitude and where, perhaps more than in any other sense, he had the power and the glory.

John Alden, the Puritan from Maine, who loved Latin and Greek and looked at the world through eighteenth-century eyes, found that this new fellow from the West felt Greek as he felt it. They visited the Museum together, in connection with Charles Eliot Norton's Fine Arts 3; he took Jig for his first walk around old Boston. They repeopled Salem street with Puritan and Cavalier. Almost run over by an electric car while fighting in the Boston Massacre, they looked up to see the twelve-story building looming against the sunset.

"Then we walked back together, with the sunset in our eyes, and we talked. His experience seems to have been the opposite of mine. He began by looking for style in Art and Literature; I for feeling, and style secondary. Emerson would put it that I am the student of the one, he of the many. Well, I was all wound up, had forgotten supper and everything, except that I was close to a keen, incisive, perfectly

definite mind that was stimulating my own . . . And then all the men at the club grew a great deal more distinct. I saw the differences between them. I understood Harvard better after seeing beneath the surface of these Harvard men. Alden and Hill made me profoundly ashamed of my shallow scholarship. I propose to go to work and learn something about Old English, Gothic, Old Saxon—English Literature. 'Get wisdom. Get understanding.'

"I started a mustache.

" 'Poetic interpretation of the world.' Those words move me like some great strain of music.

"After the concert Saturday—(it is April now)—John Alden and I went to Billy Park's where we talked for several hours. Walking to Bowdoin Square we leaned against the iron railing, the electric light from the drug-store lighting our faces, and waited for the one o'clock car. Jack was quoting Horace by the yard when we saw standing before us a battered man who listened wistfully. We asked him—a beggar, and drunk—if he could understand. 'Not now,' he said. But he could once, at Queen's College, Cork." At 37 Thayer, Jig sleeps on the couch, to be awakened next morning by a low murmuring and goes into the next room to find Hill half-way through Æschylus' "Seven Against Thebes." "I slipped on Dick's dressing-gown and lay on the couch with a copy in my hand, listening to his translation. After breakfast John joined us and we finished the play.

"A feeling that the creative faculty is there, would I only trust myself to its leading and through use let it grow and strengthen.

"My vision was unsealed and I saw into things and men, into the hopelessness of my own life, and intense sadness follows the exaltation of an hour ago. The

life of the infinite world in space and time is too vast and awful for man to gaze upon undaunted. I saw intensely whatever my imagination turned to, but I did not see healthily, did not restrain myself, felt too much. And at dinner, with every faculty keen, and with great truths blazing on me, I sat silently eating. Men of quick wit around me, and they all seemed so wrong to me—great souls turned wrong. Bobbie's courteous answer was a pleasant thing. Is that beautiful tone and manner the ultimate thing to learn, more than this sadness of mine—sadness from sight too wide and deep, and expression too frail?"

Evening of the next day: "The old story. When will I learn not to cheapen my deepest thoughts by senseless talking of them? Have been drooling to Lucas, disgusting him and myself. Learn the value of silence."

The high point of Jig's Harvard year was a certain night with John Alden. After walking about in the twilight, they went to the room of one of their friends and played Old English Ballads. Then upstairs, and Jack read aloud from Henry Esmond. "Then we turned out the light. Jack lay on the window-ledge, I sat on the couch, while the moonlight fell through the broad window, upon floor and couch, upon him and me. Outside the budding trees were silhouetted against the moonlit sky. Looking at the elms we talked of flowers, of their nature—a sexual nature. John said, 'Oh, let me believe the flowers at least are pure!' I thought that instead of transferring a feeling of impurity about human sex to the flowers we should transfer that feeling of purity from the lilies of the field to man. If there were beings who looked at us from a plane as high above ours as ours above the flowers, what would they think of men's

way of looking at the creating of new human beings? I told of the day I read the real story of human conception. A flash-light of realization so illumined the whole nature of this life of ours that I came perilously near knowing what God and man is. Talking of it I felt again a cosmic emotion, spiritual excitement as from a Beethoven symphony. As those creatures of the ancient sea and shore and forest changed there in their dark abyss of time, so we change to-day in our mother's womb!

"We talked of ways in which we are more than that ancient life, more than the flowers.

" 'There is consciousness in the flower's life, adaptation of means to end; yet the flower does not think—it is something back of the flower. Now the something back of the flower, has somehow got *into* the man. That's why I believe man is a divine being.'

" 'Then God is everything in nature,' mused John; 'all things are God. Life is God.'

" 'Yes! And that is the open secret of the universe. To feel this is to pass out of the cave where shadows fall upon the gloomy wall and to see the sun upon the seas and rivers, the meadows and mountains of the earth. Now perhaps I can tell you of that quiet noon in the Iowa City Library.' "

He found that he could tell it, and the world was different because this ecstasy could be shared. The moon crossed half the heavens, and they were still talking—what mysticism was, of how Plato was right—the world for an aristocracy, for men who could think; of how the expression itself is a part of nature, not less than the thing expressed. These two young men—students, lovers of beauty, met and modified one another, what came into being between them was a thing in itself, and that thing their creation. They

talked the night away—for Jig the first of those great nights of talk in which his mind flowered.

"As I look back to college life hours like these will be the ones in which I was being educated. English 12—the Cave—all of it exists merely for the sake of these hours."

The exaltation persists. "Always I will remember it. All around us the sounds of the city, we on the spiritual heights in Thayer 37, the still white moonlight flooding the floor. All of it pure life, activity, change, conquest of the new and living truth, abandonment of things that once were true, but are for us no longer.

"There is no holier place than this. The Parthenon is a thing of yesterday, I am an eternal thing. I need not go out to seek knowledge, culture, wisdom —these things are within me. The consciousness that was back of the flower is back of me, and it is infinite. Some of that consciousness has passed into me. More of it is passing into me. More of it is passing into the race.

"I just took a drink in the bathroom before the glass. My face is pure and strong. It is twenty minutes past one, Monday morning, April twenty-fourth, 1893."

Underneath, in brackets: "And now it's twenty minutes to eleven, Saturday morning, August 30, 1913."

(And now it is seven minutes to twelve, Wednesday morning, April fourteenth, 1925. For Jig time is no more. And I search old days for the truth that made them.)

Strange to read in an old notebook resolutions made at the beginning of a term, and in the same hour learn what happened instead of the thing planned. Yet perhaps in the very making of it what was to be had

from the resolution was had, and the deviation which would seem failure held the gift not in the straight path of seeking. Jig was full of resolutions for that final term. He was not going to drink, or waste any time. But when, ten years later, he made notes for an autobiographical novel, this is the offering from that spring at Harvard:

"Read the 'Anthologia Lyrica' with Alden, a classical monomanic who talked Latin and looked at the rich-minded Greeks through eighteenth-century eyes. With a young man of insight named Loomis, a dreamer of infinite possibilities who 'amounted to nothing,' studied the various schools of Greek sculpture in the casts of the Museum. Cook and Loomis, with his poetic power, would see things in Greek sculpture that nobody else had seen, but instead of getting their vision into legible form, they would go to Young's or the Adams', Billy Park's, or the Boston Athletic Club and celebrate their discoveries by eating unnecessary birds and drinking a couple of quarts of champagne apiece. As the champagne vanished the discoveries grew more gleamingly beautiful to them, the long-dead chiselers of stone acquired more and more distinctness as living men, their qualities became more valuably related to the opening minds of the ardent investigators. But in the morning their seraphic discourses were all mixed up with strange adventures with Boston cabbies and confused memories of jolting pursuits down cobblestoned and crooked Boston streets."

CHAPTER X

BLACK HAWK'S WATCH TOWER

JOHN ALDEN was going to Greece. Jig was eager to go with him, wanting this more than to come back to Harvard for another year and his M.A. They would learn modern Greek, and talking with one another in Greek alone (while they sailed her seas and climbed her templed heights) the whole great language would become living to them. Jig wrote of it to his father: "All this year Greek has been unfolding its beauty. The country is becoming for me, as for so many others, as a lost Fatherland. I could sail with John. Such another chance may never come." He speaks of the spiritual treasures he could bring back. "And then, with the intimate knowledge of the most stirring life the world has known, to unfold what powers I have in the Homeric West—perhaps in Chicago, the center of it all, to leave what mark I can upon the life of the world where the world's life is to-day most active. This is perhaps the first impulse I have had to identify myself with the actual world. Mighty things from without would give my mind the objectivity it lacks. I could deal with things afterwards with unconsciousness of self. I want to engage my berth on the steamer leaving August thirtieth."

It was the Black Hills of Dakota would give the answer. Ma-Mie writes: "Of course your father cannot see what any one wants outside of Iowa, but he says you may use your own judgment, if the mine

develops as they hope. The tunnel is being pushed through the hill, and they are hoping soon to begin taking out ore. I would like to get behind and push."

While Ma-Mie is hopeful the Black Hills will yield the gold to send her son to Athens the violet-crowned, she does not neglect to prepare for disappointment: "But if you cannot go, you will find beauty and art everywhere—under your feet and over your head. You wish you had not been born away from the centers of civilization, but if you were in it perhaps you would feel it less than now. I also have always longed for the art of the world, and wondered sometimes why I was held here, but that very fact has forced my spirit to find its own beauty. If only we could do without a kitchen, live as they did in Greece, mostly on fruits and nuts, cultivating trees and vines rather than corn and pork, life with us might regain and surpass the beauty of Greece."

They were good letters Jig had from his mother while he was at Harvard. "The ice moved majestically out on Monday. Already we have had one day of Spring—that feel in the air that suggests youth and hope and joy—finer rays of sunlight seem to penetrate our dull atmosphere and tell of something outside and afar.

"Is it because you have shaved your mustache that you are Jig again, or perhaps you are thinking about getting back to the old Mississippi—its slow-moving water and peaceful hills? The Cabin is beautiful these moonlight nights—dreamy shadows on the grass." She talks of meeting Jig in Chicago for the World's Fair, of how the Art Building draws all one's thoughts to Greece. "Founded on commercial basis though this Fair is, in showing the people the things it does it must change their ideas of beauty forever."

At Cambridge, while he waits for Dakota to speak, Jig writes as one a little home-sick for both Greece and the Mississippi. On his wall is this picture of the creek which flows through the woods to the river: "The leafy beauty of late June. Beneath the branches of the trees a glimpse of the sunlit Mississippi—a sultry sky above the islands, which appear through the slight haze. The June rise is here—the backwater spreads into the creek basin. The deep green roof, the black elm and walnut trunks, lie in the cool mirror—magic mirror whose loving wizardry softens and enriches the beauty of tree and grassy bank and bits of sultry sky. There in the center of it all lies the 'Mayflower,' oars and thole-pins and graceful curving lines just as they were when the old boat was my playmate ten years ago.

"I sit here and dream of Greece. I hear—see—the blue waves of the Ægean beating on the shore."

The Black Hills said no. "I sympathize with all my heart," writes Ma-Mie; it is eighteen-ninety-three, the year of the panic—"this silly money scare.

"Rue has the tennis court ready to be rolled. Please buy yourself a good racket before leaving Boston. I am arranging your tents. I have put your bed in the larger one, so you can have the other for a study."

It was in this tent he had a talk with Edith. Life had been doing different things with them, and he confesses his fear that his love is not of the deepest, even wondering whether he will ever be capable of love. From this frankness comes new emotion, but a little later it is she who breaks the engagement. "Jig is only a boy," she tells another suitor, with whom she goes boat-riding.

Jig resolves to devote himself to the scholar's life—

"To scorn delights and live laborious days." He hopes to go to Europe in another year; meanwhile he will prepare for University teaching. "I find that I must write. I cannot read and think without writing." He is reading Ruskin and Pater, is studying the Elizabethans; studying French and Italian, Latin in connection with them. German he studied with his friend Rob, who will inherit a fortune through a local steelworks, but who went into the shops to learn the business, so real in this that he was respected by his fellow-workers. In his self-criticism Jig is always comparing himself with this friend, who is the same always, actuated by nobility from within. They would drink beer together at Turnhalle, or wine at his friend's house, and talk of their ideas and hopes. Rob suggested that if Jig were disappointed in just now carrying out his great dreams, and had to work at any common thing, he would soon find more satisfaction in this than in the dreams, whose nonfulfilment would make them less important than the actual work. Jig argued that he would not find joy in work which did not have a great end. It was weak, Rob felt, not to compel one's self resolutely into the task of the hour. "Perhaps it is weak, but for me, joy and delight in what I do are necessary to well-doing. Rob is fine and strong, yet with labor I think I can justify my own character.

"But if he can take a dinner-pail and work in a factory from seven in the morning until six at night, surely I can serve an apprenticeship in work I love, in order to come into the inheritance I feel to be mine." There would follow a sterner program, and days of work.

It was a social year. This land on the Mississippi to which white men came only sixty years before was

now "The Tri-Cities," Davenport on the Iowa side, Rock Island and Moline across the river. Between lay the long rich island the Indians had loved. "It was our garden," said Black Hawk, chief of the Sacs, "such as the white people have near their great villages. It supplied us with strawberries, blackberries, gooseberries, plums, apples and nuts, and being at the foot of the rapids its waters gave us the finest fish. We would go there for our games, and in my early life I spent many happy days on this Island. A good spirit had charge of it, living in the cave right under the place where the fort now stands. The spirit was white, with wings like a swan's, only ten times larger. We never made much noise in that part of the Island, for fear of disturbing the good spirit, but the noise of the fort has since driven it away, and no doubt a bad spirit has taken its place."

The fort that drove away the good spirit became the Rock Island Arsenal, and again young men go to the Island for games, but now the game is golf.

There were steel-works and other big plants in the old cornfields of the Indians, and a social life more sophisticated than one might have expected in the Mississippi Valley at that time. Jig became a part of this life and wanted to be a success in it. He was shy with people who did not share his enthusiasms, often he seemed to feel inept, and might fortify himself with meditations on family, recalling the old-time banquets in his grandfather's great house, the silk hat and long black coat and white stock of his Uncle Ebenezer, "the good blood of the Cooks and Dodges, the Faxons and Hubbards." He seems less mature here than the year before at Harvard. There life was a formed thing, and he knew it for his own. He felt that he too much took on the values of people around

him. Within himself he would fight for his own thing.

Mr. Paget, an Oxford man who was rector at Muscatine, was also lonely in his town on the Mississippi, and would come up to the Cabin. "How like an answer to what I just resolved (I must think and talk of greater things) his visit was—a scholar who had just read 'Prometheus Vinctus' in the Greek, a lover of letters, come to save me from my empty society and fire me anew with the love of learning! I showed him my Beaumont and Fletcher, with the scheme for critical reading. 'That is very thorough,' he said. This has encouraged me, for lack of thoroughness is my besetting sin.

"I wish that I could attain to an intense and perfect purity of spirit. Were my life pure, finer powers of the soul would unfold and grow." Once when he had been writing about a party from which he was just home, he added: "Wonder how I'll look at this when I'm fifty—if I ever am. Oh, George Cook at fifty, I salute you! What have you made of me, George Cook at twenty? I must speak respectfully to you because of your gray hairs. I hope that were I with you I would find myself compelled to speak respectfully because you have made yourself venerable, because you have built this good and evil into a strong harmonious soul.

"That will startle me some day, I believe, after I have forgotten it—that voice of my dead self." (July 1, 1903: "It startles me now," he has interlined, "at twenty-nine. Who am I? I will be dead in thirty years—I, the youth. I will be young now, by and by I am to be wise.)

"An encouraging thing about the frog poem I just wrote. The incident occurred three or four years ago, and the feeling is one that has largely passed

away. Yet it seems living. If experiences will wait like that, and then come fresh and true—may I not hope to write poetry before I die?"

At a dance at Black Hawk's Watch Tower he renewed acquaintance with Margery, his love of kindergarten days. In the opening years of the century which was then closing, the place had indeed been the Watch Tower of the great chief Black Hawk. It was the waltz Jig and Margery danced at Black Hawk's Watch Tower. Earlier dancers danced the crane dance, which celebrated the planting of the corn. At this feast the young braves selected the girls they wanted for wives.

Now those young braves knew the summer nights no more—but the summer nights knew romance, as of old. Margery was the princess with whom Jig, the Prince, reigned on an island in the Mississippi. She is just home from a young ladies' school in Washington—a beautiful, fascinating girl, "the belle of the Tri-Cities." Jig claimed a fifteen-year acquaintance, had they not matched blocks and cut out paper cows together? They walked out to the edge of the cliff to listen for the violin. Black Hawk's Watch Tower is haunted. One moonlight night a Frenchman who lived with the Indians, playing his violin and dancing for them, became too absorbed and fell backward over the cliff into Rock River. Now, when the moon is just right, music of a distant violin comes up the bluff.

The revival of this childish romance made him think more about money, for his rivals had money. There were times of chafing against a lack of independence, a feeling that he should not go on taking money from his father. "Just rose full of that morbid insight of sleep. I laid my hand upon my warm breast

with the bone-work beneath—a man's breast at last, yet I am playing no man's part in the world."

At Cambridge he almost ran away to sea. He would earn his bread as a common sailor, see the world, and know men. A source of irritation between this father and son was that Jig would not acknowledge receipt of money. His letter-writing habits did not have his father's approbation. "Yours, undated, at hand." "Yours, dated the sixteenth, postmarked the twenty-first, at hand." "Draft enclosed, of which please acknowledge receipt immediately." Jig's thoughts turned to the sailor's life when his father sharply told him that if he could not take the trouble to acknowledge money he could not expect other people to take the trouble to send it to him. Ma-Mie had this smoothed out before Jig found himself upon the high seas, but now rather than study law, as his father proposes, he will go up in the pineries and get a job in one of the logging-camps. Jig's father was perhaps more aggressively the "practical man" because Ma-Mie and her younger son were, in their separate ways, at war with the practical world. Rigid Dad Cook was in his ideas of right and wrong, exacting about method, but few boys have had better fathers. Indulgent even against his own instinct for economy or the fitness of things, quietly humorous, stubborn at times, but a simple man, patient and kind and just. He was good to the restive boy who felt he was at war with an alien society, felt himself threatened by indolence and incertitudes within, and sometimes needed conflicts in order to keep alive the courage that would save him from compliance.

The month he renewed acquaintance with Margery at the Watch Tower of Black Hawk, he had a letter from John Alden, in Crete.

"Dear Cookie:

"Two months I stayed in Athens, with your name often in my memory, sometimes on my lips, for Hill is there and we recalled that inspired twelve hours when all of us were, in the truest sense, alive—alive as I have been but few times in my life. Athens is all that your fancy makes it—a glorious relic framed in the loveliest natural beauties. I have climbed the Parthenon and been silent."

John is now excavating at Candia,—"this quaint, Venetian walled city of the Levant. I am beginning to speak and understand Greek. My life over there in America seems part of a dream past. I am become a creature of the seasons, of horseback rides and encounters with wild and dirty peasantry, of sweet tawny wine. One blue night in the Ægean, as our little ship rolled under the lee of Melos and the wise constellations shone from a pale violet sky on a sea that was blue and was black—I wished for you then."

Not hard to imagine what this letter from Crete did to the George Cook going to card-parties and dances in Davenport, Iowa. But the yearning for far seas and old cities did not shut him out from the beauty to be had from his doorstep. "Last night, after I left Rob, I stood before the door in the stillness. The magic of deep moonlight was on all things —on pavement, and dirty snow was glorified; on buildings, and grimy bricks had a mellowed beauty. Dingy windows were rich with shadow. Main Street was a way between romantic houses, to the right in shade, to the left in light. Beyond the snowy plain of the frozen river the dark town on the southern bank lay like a land one looks at in a dream. Thin veils of vapor floated in the sky; the earth was quiet as the stars that gleamed above it."

CHAPTER XI

HEIDELBERG

WHEN he did go to Europe, just a year after he had hoped to sail with John Alden, it was not to Greece he went. He was preparing for teaching in an American university, and the place for that was Germany. Yet it was not that the practical world shut out the romantic dream; the dream found satisfactions in Heidelberg, in Florence, as if, in the pattern of his life, Greece is held for the last—the promised land.

"Who are you, George Cook?" he wrote twelve or thirteen years later, when things were dark for him. "Are you the boy of Heidelberg whom Elsa Ritter loved? Did you hear those sweet old fountains splash and tinkle through the fragrant long May nights? Did you fall asleep on the stone bench beneath the tree among the ivy, near the Cyclopean castle wall that holds the mountain back? And did you wake alone that moonlit night and see the big slow fire-flies float? If was God's world, and God was love. You loved the beauty you saw, and the deeper beauty you could not see, and from the faintest star, as from the leaf at your foot, the all-pervading spirit flowed back in love upon your heart, and body and soul were one rapture."

Before leaving Davenport he bought a notebook and wrote on the opening page: "In this I will write

for the George Cook of 1923." And in 1923, the final year of his life, one day on Parnassos, recalling moments, that George Cook wrote:

"Alt Heidelberg: Wonderful walk up mountain near dawn, in mist—after a *Kneipabend* prolonged by a few of us until it was too late to go to bed. Saw prehistoric fortifications and great ferns. Looked down upon the castle in the wan dawn. Saw prisoners chained, silent, sitting on bench alongside the road.

"Those cold baths in the Neckar. Floating down the Neckar at night. Stars through ruined arches on the hills.

"I have just come from a meal that cost forty-five *pfennig,*" he wrote soon after reaching Heidelberg; "good meat and potatoes, a piece of coarse wholesome bread without butter, and a big glass of beer. I was very hungry, having had only a European breakfast of rolls and coffee. I liked the plain food, and the men and women enjoying their meat and drink, talking and laughing in easy good-fellowship." He plans to live for a while as the German working-people live. The contentment he felt among them made him feel he had adopted false values in social distinctions. "I will not be ashamed of the russet coat." On the steamer coming over he met George de Forest Brush, the American painter who was a Socialist, and was stirred by this artist's attitude toward work.

But he is found by students; soon it is *Bruderschaft,* and students who go out and empty their stomachs in order to go in and drink more beer. "Painful drinking," Jig called it. "Helped put some of them to bed."

Through part of his Heidelberg year he lived with a German family of culture. "As father used to read

me 'Paradise Lost' on Sunday afternoons, so we can read and enjoy together again, forgetting the conflict about 'practicality' and 'something higher.' We have all been too much guided by theories. In Germany parents and children and their friends have pleasures in common, reading and walking together—even going to parties together; each does his own work, but each with the sympathy of all the others. Their family realizes the ideal of our constitution, *E pluribus unum*."

It was a year of hard study, fired by German scholarship. He would work sixteen hours a day at philology, and had brilliant results in it.

In a vacation: "All the long days I give to German poetry. Goethe is giving me back the sense of human greatness I had a little lost in the last year or two.

"Cast away ignoble fear of failure in life. The intuitive faculty of the sixteen-year-old boy that penetrated the secrets of nature and saw the inmost mysteries of the world, saw eternity face to face, that faculty will not fail in the earthly struggle. Trust it.

"November 21, '94: Quarter of seven, A.M. Now to work. Learn to work patiently and thoroughly, as the Germans do. Remember that these dark winter mornings Bob is getting up at a quarter of six, to start for the steel-works in Moline. Shall he work as he does in uninspiring iron, and I fail to work in master thoughts? I have many things to learn and do to-day, to-morrow."

Jig loved the German language for its will to grow. When a new thing happens in German life, a new thing happens in the language. He felt the sap always rising in it, so that now, as through its long past, it had an apparently inexhaustible power to create. A new bird flies into our world. In English we strike the bird dead with a long technical name. The Germans call

it "tooth-bird," and the bird is more a reality because of his name.

His life with words was not from books alone. There was Elsa. They played Beethoven together, read Heine. There were boat-rides on the Neckar, moonlight in the castle, though always a brother or aunt not far away, for "there is not our freedom in Germany."

But when he played the violin with the German girl he saw the face of the girl with whom he listened for the phantom violin at Black Hawk's Watch Tower above Rock River. Elsa wrote poetry to him, but his poems were to Margery, the American girl, even though he suspected she had neither the beauty of mind nor the power for love he felt in Elsa.

"Good-by to Heidelberg. All is packed, to-morrow I leave for Frankfurt. This candle will light me fifteen minutes more, after that the dark, and I shall sit no more in this room writing. One should wait till one's position in life is secure before proposing marriage. But she acted on no such caution—the sweet idealist! No such love awaits me in America. It may be only the rich wine and the emotion of parting from this lovely spot where my heart has found a second home. How would Bobbie feel if I came back with a European wife, as he teasingly predicted? The light is flickering. I hear the water bubbling. The darkness comes for the last time in Heidelberg. It is dark."

CHAPTER XII

HIS FRIEND MRS. Y——

WHEN Jig spoke of "brilliant esthetic worldliness" he meant an American woman he met in Geneva on his twenty-first birthday. She had lived in Europe a number of years, but they had common friends in America. Through her he became part of the English-American colony in Geneva. Mrs. Y—— had gone through unhappy things and she was not only more sophisticated but emotionally deeper than the women he had known. Through her he saw the life of people sure of themselves, some of them people of graceful culture, but for whom all things existed to make more pleasing this life they lived. Jig was a little dazzled by it, at times unpleasantly aware of having been brought up in Iowa, and coveted for himself the ease of a certain Englishman he met in the *salon* of his friend.

He was working in the University of Geneva; there, and at his *pension,* he met young revolutionists of many countries, Russian, Greek, Egyptian, Indian. It was a time of contrasts, of seeing clearly-marked differences in societies. "The Greeks were worldly" he once assured himself, after self-reproaches for frivolity. "They got all they could out of life, and the best people of to-day do the same." But again, "I saw in a half-dream this morning the emptiness of the lives of all people who do not work."

His fashionable friends might leave him uncertain

through circumspect days, but all his life this man had a habit of occasionally getting drunk and seeing truth from a new place. He was far from ashamed of this. He valued it in himself. He saw then, saw what was pretending, in himself, in others. It would begin in good times with friends—self-consciousness and timidities going down in the warmth of sympathetic drinking. There was a sublimated playfulness, ideas became a great game, and in play with them something that had not been before came into being.

Sometimes when he came home from these talks he would write. One night in Geneva, when he says he is a drunken angel "if the last word means anything to modern men," from the time he touched the outer door until reaching his room, he lived again every period of his life. "As I came up the steps each instant was allegorical. The future and the past grew present for me. At this instant I live again whatever scenes I think of." He thought of Margery, in Davenport, and thought of killing a certain young man who "took her away from me one April day on the shore of the Mississippi. My dearest ones will die and I shall follow them, yet I am not mad. The men I know here are wrong, all wrong. And I am wrong. Only Dante and a few others—Homer, Shakespeare and perhaps Goethe are right. I have bitten off the end of my pen. Weak enough this physical strength of teeth. It is a longer-lasting, terrific, gentle strength I want." Then it becomes lines, and one cannot see what was there, until out of the lines come the two words, "Profound study."

Following these blotted pages, not to be deciphered by sober intelligence, is small beautifully-controlled writing which says: "A lie is an ugly and hateful thing to us because one of the primal objects of our life is

to form true ideas of things. Now a man who lies dulls his perception of the difference between truth and falsehood, and the great function of his reason cannot be fulfilled. Most truthful persons do not seek a reason for being truthful. It is instinctive. False speaking ruins true seeing. A lie is brutalizing."

One evening he heard the "Requiem of Berlioz." "The words were from medieval hymns and from the Bible, but there was a greater religion in the music. When it brooded and mourned and became the voice of the King of Terrors it awakened in my mind all that I have felt of death and of the dead. Through a gap I saw the man who played the kettle-drum, the knobbed white drum-sticks crossed against his black waistcoat. In that music they seemed to me like cross-bones dancing the dance of death upon the drum. I watched them until there came the thought that if the drummer were only alive a few decades hence he might use the white bones of his legs for drum-sticks. And in this weird tangle of thought the two great facts of love and death, like the positive and negative poles of an arc light, came together."

The last evening he spent with Mrs. Y—— Jig had one of his moments of singular clarity. They called upon some friends and had been playing cards. In an intimate conversation that followed Mrs. Y—— told of her fears about her young son, whose nature she could not understand. "Mrs. Y—— was standing by the whist table; Mr. and Mrs. Wallace were before her. In speaking of Lewis she leaned forward slightly, and the three stood there, all their thoughts concentrated on the forming of this future man—the mother knowing the lack of love better than love, and weary with the task of two; the two who listened, knowing

no lack of love, telling her how they fulfilled their task. Something had come among us. Every movement, every look, had a meaning. Outward forms were symbols. For the first time I saw Mrs. Y—— and Mrs. Wallace."

Jig was taught finger-wrestling by a Japanese student, and sprained a finger. He was told exercise would do it good, and what better exercise for the finger than playing the violin? He made it a game, which resulted in his having more skill with the injured finger than with the unmaimed. Once before he had played this game, when he noted that the muscles of his right arm were much more developed than his left, because in baseball he threw with his right alone. So he decided to do something for his left arm. Though able to do almost as well with the left as the right, the real satisfaction in left-handedness was relief in returning to the right.

His sprained finger having improved his violin-playing, and again chafing about not earning his own living, resenting, even while he admired, the life of his Geneva friends, he hit upon the idea of joining an Italian band. It would keep him in Europe, he would study, perhaps write music, learn Italian, live with the people. Yet he worries, fearing he may get dirty and lose the habits of a gentleman.

Inquiries were started, but there is no evidence that Jig ever appeared in an Italian band. The last day he was in Geneva he had a letter telling that Rudyard of Iowa City, loved dog of one of his professors, had been poisoned. He stopped packing to write to his teacher, for the loss of a dog was a thing to command response, even across the Atlantic. His condolence went into verse:

His mind imbued from early age
With western Athens' classic lore,
He passed, empoisoned, through Death's door
Serenely, like the antique sage.

Calm drainer of the fatal cup,
Who taughtest men to die unmoved,

'Midst thy disciples, pure and proved,
Receive this philosophic pup.

Then he bought a bicycle and started for Florence.

CHAPTER XIII

INSTRUCTOR COOK

"IS there any hope for the unimaginative mind?"

A farmer's daughter put the question to Instructor Cook, after that young man, just home from Florence, had been teaching English in the University of Iowa about two weeks.

He held out hope for the unimaginative mind, though it would seem he got the hope by dodging the question. A dull lifeless education had stiffened where there should be supple freedom. Iowa was not civilized. It knew nothing about success in life itself as apart from success in profession or business.

"The early settlers developed valuable primitive virtues and became almost Homeric in their simple adventurous life. But they merged into the commercial and agricultural people we have now, who have lost the rough virtues and not yet acquired those of civilization. A most undesirable half-baked condition."

He told them of centers of culture. "The Florentines changed the name of a section of their city to *Borgo Allegro,* because the Cimabue Madonna had come to live there. Would the Board of Aldermen of Iowa City call the Fifth Ward 'The Joyous Quarter' because one of the citizens had painted a beautiful, happy picture?

"Capacity for thought and feeling is the test of man or woman. The production and appreciation of noble beauty is the test of civilization." So, in the year 1896,

spoke Instructor Cook, aged twenty-three, to the boys and girls of the cornfields.

He soon saw what he was up against at Iowa City. "Students poor. They come from farmers and retail tradespeople, children of lawyers, physicians, in country towns. They come determined to make their education 'practical'—that is, worth money. Puritanic distrust of pleasure and beauty.

"The town stood among vast pastures and cornfields fenced with barbed wire. Looking from the tower of the college building the monotony of flat plain was broken only by the willows which lined a sluggish river, and by an occasional row of poplars, planted to protect some barren farmhouse from the winds. In the town the wide streets were always either muddy or dusty, ashes and refuse were dumped by the wooden sidewalks. The low brick business buildings came to have a repugnant vitality, suggesting lines of dwarfed and dirty soldiers. One avenue of green yards, elms and maples, good frame-houses of the colonial type. The older men talked shop; the women, babies and cake. The younger men were unattractively pious or unattractively wicked. A dismal Puritanism waged war with a dismal vice. Hardly any one seemed to grow up there; and there was from cradle to tombstone something inherently undramatic in their lives."

Yet this is the Iowa City which from Athens "feels the mystery of existence deeply." The sluggish river becomes "that strange little wooded river valley, which has not yet lost its Indian character."

That is because, in the room which looks on the Parthenon, he remembers his mystic youth—was not one of the great hours of his life the silence of noon in the library at Iowa City? Perhaps also because when he came back with gifts, he fought to give them

there, and Iowa City was as a battle ground where his cause was not wholly defeated.

He did indeed fight to get through the barrage of dissimilar experience, sluggish interest, with the freeing enthusiasms. "If you read, not inertly and passively, but actively, creatively, the thing you read will be a new thing under the sun. As the thought you bring to Chaucer's thought is weak or vigorous, lazy or alert, so this new thing in the world, this you-Chaucer, will be worthless or of value. The poet has power, across six centuries, to awake in each of us some shade of thought unlike anything he has awakened in any other mind in all time.

"I propose an ideal for the man of active life. To be in the world, truly and deeply, a university man, whose mind, cleaned and freshened by culture, shall irrigate with the waters of Helicon the hot and dusty valleys of the professions."

One wonders if in the hot and dusty valleys of the Iowa professions to-day are men who sometimes surprise themselves by saying—"Let the ghost thee lead," then see dark ardent eyes, glowing as in a football game, and after a puzzled moment remember the teacher, of just about their own age, who talked to them, strenuously, joyously, about words, their shapes and shades—"dilate and enhance the consciousness," strange passionate things about Iowa starving for Dante and Greece. "Wonder why he wasn't fired—teaching us Italian painters when he was supposed to be teaching New England poets? But how he believed what he said! How he pulled his hair and cared about it!"

There being no course in Dante, and none in the fine arts, he was irregularly filling gaps in the curriculum, hanging it on the peg of certain American translations

of Dante, not excluding a few of his own. Dante permitted gossip from Vasari, whose "Lives of the Painters" the young instructor had placed in the library, an edition whose notes were a credit to American scholarship and so, obviously, a thing no self-respecting course in American literature could ignore.

Some of his colleagues made it a matter of conscience not to "entertain the class"; to be delightful would lay them open to the charge of superficiality. They might even demonstrate their thoroughness by making studies, in themselves delightful, a means of disciplining the spirit of their hearers, teaching them to endure the disagreeable. This teacher dared invest learning with the charm of forbidden fruit. With a passion for education, he had a hearty instinct against authority.

He never reported an absence. If his students were interested they would come. If they weren't interested, why should they come? He would really rather they didn't. But they did come, wanting to see what charming truancy their teacher would next devise and gravely lead them to.

There was a girl who persistently forgot examinations, so he finally sent her an invitation:

Mr. George Cram Cook
Requests the pleasure of
Miss May Morris' Company
In Jackson Hall
Friday, at eleven
Examination

And in examination Miss Morris might be asked: "Have you felt anything in Dante's poetry which relates it to life in Iowa City?"

"November 25: Spent the day with Coleridge's 'Biographia Literaria.' A scholar's book, bracing and

profoundly stimulating. It makes me ashamed of my ignorance. I must master Latin and Greek. The time is coming when philosophy and science and history shall be to me what poetry and art now are.

"I saw many things as I lay in bed. I felt the great world and its wonder, the friends I might make in distant cities, the languages I might learn. Then I grew aware of the unexplored regions of my own mind. Within one's self one can travel and adventure.

"Howard is here—keen, resourceful, refreshing. We walked in the pure air. I saw a star and felt anew the dewy mystery of the world.

"From a teacher who can inspire to a student who aspires the love of letters flows as irresistibly as dawn." He himself would take any amount of pains for a student who aspired even a little. He wrote a carefully thought out letter to a girl who was making a sentimental brief for "the humbler poets who touch the heart." He accuses her of spiritual pride. "I see into your intellectual state, because I have passed through it. I too once used those little stilted inversions because the common order of words wasn't fine enough. I too had thoughts of my own and jealously shut them away from coarser minds. (Your 'Please do not read in class' on this essay. If you can write to those young barbarians in a way to win them, you will do a finer thing than rise above them.)

"The true thing now is to go straight to Dante (or even Chaucer or Milton). Once feel the depth and height and fire of that man's heart and you are saved forever from the cant about the humble song that touches the heart. Longfellow does touch the heart, but Dante pierces and transforms it. Reach the real Dante and you will know that the noblest nature exists with the noblest style."

He was there for the student who wanted him, but when, ten or more years later, he scrutinized this period for the novel he wanted to write, he makes notes about a young professor who talked to the dozen who knew what he was talking about, and let the others make what they could of it. "He was scarcely sorry enough for the two hundred, from homes, schools, habits of reading which held them from the world of his esthetic delights.

"Let's go back to Iowa," he said to Floyd Dell, one day in Greenwich Village, the last day these friends talked together, "and make Davenport another Athens."

To the last, especially at the last, Iowa was his own. The teacher he became, for he was always a teacher, would like to have gone back and tried for a relation of fewer exclusions. In a play he wrote, "The Athenian Women," his Pericles asks Aspasia: "Was it not you who taught Socrates the relation of teacher and learner is under the control of a pure and heaven-sent passion?" I have heard him speak of that spiritual relationship of master and disciple which in its beauty and its power to shape life takes rank with friendship and with love. He gave much as a young teacher. But sometimes he would speak a little wistfully of what he could do there now, after he had wrestled with things and found his own truth. There should have been for him a unique Chair of the Humanities, where he could talk of whatever he pleased and bring down fire from heaven to the Iowa he hated and loved.

CHAPTER XIV

SAPPHO IN IOWA CITY

IN these years came "the deepest sorrow I have known so far," the death of his friend Robert French, who, living as a working-man in order to learn steel, died of typhoid fever. "The strongest and tenderest man I have known." He had continued his habit of comparing himself with Rob, suspecting himself of insincerities, of clumsy self-consciousness when he considered the steadiness of purpose, the will and sympathy and grace of this friend. He was clearly of what Jig was a little later to call "the master class," and one wonders what they would have had to say to each other after twenty years, these young men of the 'nineties who, it was written in them, were going different ways. Jig never forgot this friend. That memory was there, as a star is there. The day before he died he called his name and said things to him.

The year of this loss he made a new friend—Jessen, a young instructor in German at the University. "Surcharged with explosive emotion. A passion for the roots of things. Socialist and idealist; has been solitary and likes to pour himself out. He is a real student, and again I am shamed by my idleness and ignorance. His love of freedom is greater than the American love of freedom, perhaps because in Germany the lack of freedom is more bitterly felt." The young German was "studying women," though it was "difficult for him to talk with them."

Jig had rooms with another young teacher, and these two were "a little wild." You sat by an open fire, and were given rum in your tea when you came to see them. There were Chinese hangings. Iowa City was not quite sure. Brilliant—yes; but sometimes they looked as if they had been drinking the night before.

Perhaps they had. And talking. "I know two ardent young fools whose friendship glows with ancient, ever-young Romance. They are full of intoxicated love for all beauty and bravery. They have talked the whole night through and their talk was poetry, wit, satire, attack, defense, idealism, anticlimax, folly and wisdom. Some of their words had the vigor of deeds. But the red streak in the eastern blackness fades into ashen day, the tin cans and the slop-barrel in the alley—" So breaks off the record of this night.

Another night things are as clear as verses on glazed paper underlined with a hard lead pencil. But the dawn comes like a gray ghost, and the wondering: "What if we could find a woman who could be drawn into this truthful and passionate mental life!"

There were wild horseback rides at night.

> I remember like heart-beats the beat of the hoofs of our horses
> Over the road in the night from the gas-lighted town.
> The afternoon's rain in the ruts—minute watercourses
> Shimmering down.

A poem not formed: lines and phrases that quiver and sweat, last lines there inviting the lines they could complete, waiting like impatient horses: "Champing of bits."

"I wonder how I presume to write my drab-colored Iowa City thoughts to you in your shining Capri?"

But he did write to her, his friend Mrs. Y——, of

Geneva. "I live in a flat inland; I wish to live where the mountains meet the sea. I live in an ugly land devoid of decent buildings, statues, pictures, among a people devoid of beautiful faculties. I wish for rocky streams and pine-woods. I wish to be where golden globes hang amid the orange-leaves. I wish for the laurel, the olive, the cactus and the vine. I want to live with beauty-loving, expressive people, here they are heavy and honest as oxen, fed on corn and ham and water (or whiskey) instead of fish and fruit and wine.

"I'd like to build a cabin near a village of mountain shepherds, with a path winding down great dark rocks to the blue-green sea. And there I'd fashion a swimming, ax-swinging, climbing body, and a simple, active soul. Why not be a Greek Thoreau, living with Homer and the mountains, the olives, the grapes, the fish, the shepherds, the sailors, and the sea? Winter in Athens with scholars and people and the Parthenon! I'll do it as soon as I can. I'll get out of this Anglo-Saxon contagion once for all, and change my character so I can't live among these busy people!"

Yet he saw Iowa. "I look from a slow Iowa train upon the November prairie to which last night's rain has given a rich freshness. Broad black belts of newly-plowed ground, or of ground faintly green with winter wheat, alternate with fields of broken yellow corn-stalks. There has been frost, and clumps in the pastures are yellow and brown and red. Willow-edged roads are like lines drawn. Scattered groups of trees lift into the soft, gray-blue sky, dark traceries in which a flock of blackbirds sit silhouetted. Here and there on the horizon lies a grove like a far dark cloud, and in the nearer groves of oak and elm and hickory a few silver beeches twist their fantastic limbs like rich can-

delabras. Here a farmhouse with weather-stained sheds and barns; yonder a stack of hay or yellow straw; sometimes a windmill, and every five or ten miles the train stops at a little country town.

"I have just been looking through an old diary. When I wrote it I thought the writing weak and insincere enough. Now it means something to me. I never again can write as I wrote then, because I can never be as I was then. The thing is deeper and more real than I had suspected. Every penstroke means something; the very insincerities express something I would not forget. Day by day I slip farther from the thoughts and feelings that are on the whole less worth having than those of to-day. I wonder if that fading mysticism of mine, that queer mixture of self-deception and real religious feeling, interests me only because it was I who felt it?"

When Jig went to Europe he stopped with Italy. Florence was his city. But in the story he writes of the young professor who comes to Iowa City, the young man is just home from Greece. When he talks to the girl whose beauty he would light with his own enthusiasms (one sees the Margery of kindergarten days and of Black Hawk's Watch Tower), he speaks from a heart steeped in sunshine that had fallen on Lesbos twenty-four centuries ago. He falls in love with her because she looks like a fourth-century bronze, a so-called bust of Sappho. "That face gave him visions of Greek villages and vineyards, of white cliffs crowned with palm and cactus, based by blue surfless bays.

" 'From our low hills no gods have taken flight' was a line of Sill's which spoke for him. In a hard football game he remembered Athena, mistress of man's breath. His whole nature revolted from the faith of

his Puritan forefathers, from its dismal Sabbath, from the narrow-minded architecture of its meeting-house.

"In Athens there was balm. He learned to talk in Greek, worked with the archeologists. The face that might be Sappho seemed to fill all his gathered facts with life, until there spread before him, as between receding clouds, the ancient Hellas. Her temples gleamed unruined upon the hills; her smokeless cities shone upon the shores of landlocked bays, her sunny slopes were rich with olive-grove and vineyard; her quick-eyed, unhastening citizens acted for him the comedies and tragedies of their long past lives.

"He grieved because the world has now forgotten the beautiful vitality of that dead nation. There grew upon him a sense of mystery and futility in the lives of men and nations."

When he came from Athens to Iowa City and talked to the American girl who, when serious, looked like the old Lesbian bronze, "never had he known the blossoms of the far-off springs so sweet, or the sunshine of the remote, fair afternoons so clear. He seemed to be telling her of his own forgotten fatherland, describing in a harsh and alien tongue the flow of that Hellenic poetry whose sound and spirit is now like the bubbling of brook-water over pebbles, now like the beating of the breakers on the shore."

Once he says to her: "I don't believe I believe in reincarnation, but I seem to remember parts of a forgotten life with you. It comes back to me in dreams, in strange sudden glimpses, when look or word or gesture takes on some rich elusive meaning."

This story "not true" is from the truth of these years.

CHAPTER XV

DREAM CITIES

YOU will remember that it moved swiftly; that they crossed the Mississippi in the spring of 1836 and that fall the prairie schooner hauled corn to crib. Perhaps you have not forgotten Rachel and Ira, who ten years after they made the long journey lay under the sod they had turned, that part of their rail-fenced farm which became the first cemetery of Davenport. And the boys ferried over the river with them became lawyers, bankers, farmers, legislators. In the early 'thirties the life of Iowa was Indian rites. In fifty years white man's society had reached the complexity of philanthropies, and Clarissa Cook endows library, church, old ladies' home. Not only had land been cleared and houses built, not only had streets and railways, bridges and factories been built, with them schools, churches and parks, but habits had been built, an individuality. Davenport had traditions, a quality. It was known as a conservative city.

No sooner is the real city built, and the society of its builders formed, than one of its sons begins to build it anew. Before the last pioneers died Davenport had its critic, its dreamer, who saw a fairer city, made not with hands alone, and in his imagination began creating a city of other values, a city of beauty and meaning, "the city that shall be artist."

"Content just to breathe and look, and somehow

sure that I shall live long in this land and find my true life here," he wrote as he entered Italy. And he did live long there—in Florence not only when he walked the Arno, but as he watched the river from his room in Iowa City, or when, plowing, he raised his eyes to hills across the Mississippi. It was a liberating thing to have lived in the city of Leonardo; even for the artist, then, life is not one thing alone. Leonardo da Vinci was as a permission to dam a creek, learn music from a bird, sail little boats between rocks—stop writing to model a sun-dial, quit the task for the study that intrigued.

In divers ways he, this later citizen, son of pioneers, worked for his beloved community. Ideas and visions were not his only materials. There were years when he strove for the city of his persistent desire in what we call real things, with men and women, seeking to reshape at least one small part of a society nearer to the heart's desire, believing that in the freeing of creative forces a life together might come into being which would itself be a creation, and greater than any one of us. To this he gave the intensest energy of his life, gave the creative work he himself might have done. Though he did not make that distinction, for he did not feel words his only medium. He had strange loyalties: to life that was before man, to vanished cities, to that city on a far hill, the city of youths yet unborn.

First he made it in sand, and the early cities on paper are not without the child-quality of the city of Troy built on the island in the Mississippi while his father fished from the boat. Dream cities have advantages over real ones. You can call into them people you like, and can close gates on whomsoever you do not want. Jig enjoyed both these privileges one lonely

day when, not liking the city in which he found himself, he proceeded to make another one. He had inherited five million dollars from a gold-mine in the Black Hills of Dakota—the very mine, apparently, which refused to send him to Greece. He hastily summons the people who have given him enthusiasms. One of the first is Brush, painter and Socialist, who now shall see some of his dreams worked out. MacBride, the botanist from Iowa City, "though he'll need converting before his knowledge and time will be at our disposal." MacBride is worth the trouble of converting, but certain other professors are not to be admitted under any circumstances. Shelley can come in, Shelley, the stonemason at Iowa City, with whom Jig talked Ruskin one day. "But we can't do good work the way Ruskin wants us to," he had said sadly. "It ain't how good a man can work, but how fast. Ruskin don't approve of no shams, like them wooden columns sanded so's to look like stone." And styles oughtn't to be mixed, Mr. Shelley thought. Especially in an educational institution, where the buildings should teach the students architecture. "You're an architect, I suppose?" Jig had asked. "No, I'm a stonemason," Mr. Shelley replied quietly, and for that the gates of the new city are thrown wide to him, as they are to the Cambridgeport potter, at the fascinating wheel invented on a Greek island thirty centuries ago, that potter who had the catalogues of Greek vases, and hated the stick he had to press down to make one flower-pot just like another. Old Fritz is to be in it too, the shoemaker Jig used to bother at his work until the old German would turn his mild blue eyes upon the little boy and say, "I vish you vas in heaven." Fritz is now to lead the contemplative idealistic craft of shoemaking.

"And plays—we can write plays and bring them out on our own stage; we can get actors into the scheme too. There must be baseball and tennis and golf and horses—pure play as well as work done in the spirit of play. We must grow grapes and make wine." But here the city grows insecure upon its foundations. MacBride must import the proper soil, getting the moisture right by irrigation. As if fearing difficulties with MacBride, "It might be better to go where Nature will help us, where the mountains meet the sea, where we can get marble from near-by quarries and where ships from all lands come with their profound appeal to the imagination."

There is a package of paper marked "Dream City."

"A child of six played on the shore. With his wooden shovel, where the sand was moist he dug a moat and built a wall, erected houses, laid out streets. He found with delight that his water-bucket, pressed full of wet sand, would mold a beautiful round tower. He put one on each side of the city wall and one on each side of the four great gates.

"The tide rose and washed the city away. The child wept."

Many tides later that boy built other towers. The "Dream Theater" rose for the Director of the Provincetown Players after he had worked in dark cramped Macdougal Street. It was to be "all domes," and many of the domes were glass—"we need light." He put the dream on paper, and those curves are moving, like something from the dreams of the race.

He wrote a story of a dream that haunts one family through seventy strenuous years, in each generation conflict between the idealist for whom the city rises, from a bluff on the Mississippi, and those who control the fortune that would build it. The swing of the pen-

dulum moves this family back and forth between idealism and materialism. "If the life here now is all there is going to be, it wasn't worth coming West!

"The best Europe has given me is the power to see America," one of these builders of a fair city not made with hands says from Heidelberg. "I am a part of that hemisphere, my body built of its fertile soil and electric air, my soul molded in that big nation's prosaic, powerful soul. My father and his father helped rough-hew one of those forty new western nations which are one. With their own hands they hewed the logs for a first house. It is a commonplace dreary town to-day, dreary because there burns in it no light of the ideal. The fairest destiny for me is to help rear upon the Cyclopean foundations of my fathers a beacon tower, shaping for my nation one city governed by scientific wisdom, by enlightenment lifted into beauty. What is Arthur's Round Table of idle knights to a city of men and women each one working for the whole—not merely the completed stuff, but the happy weaving thereof!"

This story of a vision which emerges, is crushed, opens again, and then again, was written on the farm of the steamboat captain who used to watch "the waving of the wheat," that grandfather whose picture Jig would study, drawn by "the thwarted poetry of his eyes." It was written in the log-cabin Ma-Mie moved from its hiding to the beautiful open place on the river, and where she created a life more sensitive than the life around her. It is as if there had indeed been a dream which did not quite emerge, but found its way from life to life, perhaps to show itself in fulness long after he who first dreamed it sleeps dreamlessly.

There was always a dream city on Jig's horizon—the city to which we have not yet come, the city which

has ceased to be, for these are not cities held in time. He built the Athens of Pericles when he was writing "The Athenian Women." His Pericles, then but an Athenian general, says: "Once I dreamed of making Athens a city Dionysian, setting free the powers of thinkers like Anaxagoras, artists like Phidias, women of life like you, Aspasia." She beseeches him to pull back from the passion of war that is destroying Greece and begin now, before it is forever too late, to manifest his dream. "Crown this land of marble and wild flowers with enduring beauty! If Athens turns from war to make herself one mighty work of art, the City will come to have the artist-mind, which out of discordant things builds harmony."

She is the fire to make his cold mind hot. She is the wind of the spirit striking the fire of his forge! Athens shall bring an unknown splendor into the world. Athens shall become artist.

Again the Parthenon is built, this time becoming "the marriage of the moving spirit of the Greeks of the sea, the stable spirit of the Greeks of the mountains, the soul of the sailor, and the shepherd." For fourteen years there has been the Peace of Beauty; the wealth of a great people has been put to the noblest use.

"From here we see it more remotely—as from the future," Pericles says, as from the *stoa* of his house they look up to the Parthenon, on the Acropolis whose completion they have just celebrated. It is strange to see the Acropolis all quiet. "No more great drums of marble to go up. The Propylæa, which changed so swiftly day by day, will change no more."

"It has become immortal."

"A thousand Olympiads from now men will look upon this ancient beauty as our travelers look now

upon the Pyramids and think of you, its builder, who sit here now with us."

"But I shall be no longer the intense life I have been," Mnesicles answers sadly, and as they drink "To the distant beauty," he says: "Farewell, O Propylæa!"

It was the builder of twenty-five centuries later gave him the words, as it was from the distance they drink "to the distant beauty." Jig was moved when he entered the Parthenon because he had dreamed and willed it, fighting for the peace of beauty without which the Acropolis would be still a bare rock topped by mournful ruins left by Persian torches. He had worked and exulted, and at length said sadly: "Farewell, O Propylæa!"

CHAPTER XVI

KIPLING TO CORPORAL COOK

BUT also there was Rudyard Kipling. He was on "The Havel" when Jig and Ma-Mie, who had gone over for Jig's final months, returned from Europe. "A quick, noiseless, dark-faced man, his stoop the stoop of strength, who manages to be everywhere at once on a ship, listening to the song of the engines and humming it over to himself, darting to the rail when a small boat comes alongside, noting everything, drifting easily from group to group. I had a volume of Chaucer with me, and Kipling read much of it in short dips, remarking that Chaucer's 'Ballade of Truth' was the noblest ballad in the language. It was exhilarating to sit with this latest English poet reading the work of the first, and Charles Eliot Norton's phrase 'From Chaucer to Kipling' brings memorable moments to my mind."

In 1898 there was excitement in Cuba and war with Spain. A young man who had had memorable moments with Kipling would not let a war go by. Bands were playing everywhere, he was young and ready to travel some more. He wrote on the blackboard: "No class to-day, I've gone to war." He talked of the call of undeveloped will for a chance to develop. But to take orders for a while would be a little vacation from the fight. Anyway his salary was too small, Iowa then paying her instructors eight hundred a year.

And Margery. Will she kiss him good-by if he

goes to war? She will. A few days later he calls in uniform.

"The morality of the world has put up queer little fences between the fields of good and evil," Jig wrote in his first war days. "The flood of war sweeps these away. Evil too is real and glorious with power—brilliant and beautiful, and all that counts is the splendid fountain of the indomitable will."

He was once under fire in the Spanish war—running his own guard-line in returning to Camp Cuba Libra after too long an evening in Jacksonville. The sensation of pleasure in danger, when the sentry fired—and missed—was almost as keen as the sensation of fear. This "submarine camp" in a Florida swamp, with typhoid as the foe, became such a bore that he wrote a letter to which his father replied: "I have at hand your heartrending appeal that I use my influence to get an order transferring you from the Fiftieth Iowa Volunteers to one of the regular regiments in front of Santiago. I appreciate your anxiety to begin shooting Spaniards, and get into the front line where you can be shot yourself, but I decline to be a party to sentencing you to the life of a private in a regular regiment."

One day a great thing happened at Camp Cuba Libra. A letter from Rudyard Kipling! The "White Man's Burden" first crossed the ocean as the long reply to the letter Jig wrote Kipling when he enlisted.

This letter was the great event of the Spanish-American war. No decoration could have meant so much. He framed it. Though getting eight hundred a year, he refused five hundred dollars for it. He was so honored by it that he could not answer it, though he made several attempts, in one of which he speaks of himself as "I, who a century hence shall be but nameless unre-

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membered dust—unless possibly because you wrote me this letter and made me 70,000,000 strong."

But there is another reply to Rudyard Kipling, this one too unsent, a somewhat less humble or rather differently humble answer, written one day in Greece.

"Athens.

"My Dear Rudyard Kipling:

"Are you still alive—in England? I had a letter from you in 1898, or thereabout, and felt unworthy of answering.

"But now I have something to say to you, England. (An answer to a letter after twenty-four years should have some weight.)

To you, England, who, spiritually inferior, have owned India,
From me, America, your colony,
So stupid
So perfectly
A lost child
Having no good mother,
So not knowing the way of the world
Because you, my mother,
Did not teach me well,
Because you are a selfish old hag
Looking askance at me
Because I am not a beautiful daughter
(I'm so ugly I'd rather die than be so ugly)
Well, having indicated something like the truth about us both,
But needing to speak to England
Needing to speak to the human intelligence of England
And feeling it, in general, not there,
Therefore I turn to you,
Great famous friend
Who were beautiful to me in my youth
As the voice of the England I loved
And was part of, though a colonial;
Who is Rudyard Kipling, and where, and when?
He doesn't matter much
And I far less.
But might we speak to each other?
He, poor old England,

The unfortunate blind ruler of the world,
And I, America,
Who may blindly and unworthily
Rule the world hereafter,
With no good purpose
And without understanding.
Oh, if we could know,
Really know
Out of our four hundred thousand years of life
And be plus our fathers
And make our children plus us,
Then England and her daughter America
Might speak to each other
And answer each other across the sea,
And not feel inferior to the ocean.
But I am not worthy the ocean
And its voice beneath the sea
And I wish you would volunteer and say
Nor I.
(For a time at least you were England)
But what was Egypt?
Greece? And its powerful beauty?
Maybe going wrong from the first.
Rome? So manifestly wrong till Dante.
England with its eight hundred years?
So bad an imitation of the Athens which
Rome tried in vain to imitate.
All wrong and lost and in vain.
We have to damn the whole great past and its product, ourselves.
It seems as though youth, knowing as much as we, if we could give youth our knowledge,
And with that dancing power
With which we danced on the world,
It seems as though youth ought to create a future
Worthy of your life and mine,
Or of that life suggested by your nation.

We are both insufferably recent.
William the Conqueror
Was a paltry thousand years or so ago
But we could sing
The Song of the World
Which is not now or then,
Seeing ourselves
In the violet, dusty light
Of Attica, and its good vivid thought;
Or more profoundly

Your India
Which you loved as one of the ruling race
But might have loved
More humbly and profoundly
For itself.

I damn my good American Father
Because he admired
Lord Clive.
He admired Clive
For his great Parliamentary answer
(My Dad admired forensic skill
Being a lawyer
How could he do otherwise?
This is my apology for him)
But I have to damn my Dad
The best man I know, or know of,
Because he is dead now
And lies there (his bones) after the best life I know about
(I can't damn him. He's too good. He's too right)
But, coldly, my Dad admired
Lord Clive
Because, when Clive was accused in Parliament
Of robbing India
He answered
"When I think of the opportunities I have had
I am astonished at my own moderation."
Therefore my good old Dad,
Better than Wilson, almost as good as Lincoln,
Being inclined to accept the facts
Of our life on earth,
Was shallow enough to smile in sympathy
With Clive,
Like a conspirator
Like a co-acceptor of
The World as it is.

Can you still see,
Or are you blind to the fact that
I, the provincial for ten generations,
And therefore a slightly more remote and better visioned Englishman
(If that means seeing England
From Eternity)
This seems to my Greekly drunken mind (admittedly too discriminating)
A better point of view
Than that of those who

For whatever good reason,
Stayed in England
These last three hundred years
And became
As deaf as Americans
To the voice of the Spirit.
America is rotten
And England
Is more skilfully
Rotten,
More intelligently perceiving
Its small-souled self-interest.

I don't know just what persons
Govern the British Empire,
Having for ten generations,
Been out of that internal family game,
But could you somehow
Communicate to the center
The fact
That the circumference has created
Criticism?

I'd like to know India;
Could I come as a seeker
To you in England
To be told
About India?
(Discounting all you said, but seeking the truth beneath your husk?)
Then to go to India
Guided by you
To its best?
For I need its best,
Dying as I am of America's and England's best."

CHAPTER XVII

"UNSENT"

THE Princess Margery loses her kingdom. A Socialist had not a little to do with it.

The idealist had continued to cherish the dream of this beauty glowing with the light of fine enthusiasms. So, as a little before he had read Browning to her, now he would have her meet Jessen, the young German Socialist, and hear him talk of this strange dazzling Nietzsche.

But Margery did not like the way Jessen ate his sandwich. He should have cut it, not pick it up and eat into the whole thing like that. And Jessen said just one thing about Margery. "She would never sacrifice herself to a cause."

"I walk alone toward McClellen. The sun shines, the breeze rustles the cornstalks, the thin ice cracks on the ponds. The great rich earth spreads broad and heavy beneath light films of cloud. My lungs fill with the good air. The sanity of nature pervades my brain and fills my heart with morning hope. I will shape my life into such a massive unity as this landscape of earth and sky.

"Sunday, August 5, '99. The Cabin. To-night I have had solitude and thought, the first in a long time. I have passed much of my life in review, and my heart is full of tenderness for people I shall not see again. I began by looking backward over life for things to write. But it is too intimate, it means too much to me

personally to be merely literary material. Reflecting over everything is like the winnowing of all experience and out of it come a few grains of wisdom. I see, for one thing, that I must keep my mind habitually acting—on the alert, observing, understanding. Everything is significant. With people I must be more reserved, withholding even from my best friend something of myself. A stiffer backbone. You must be yourself uncompromisingly, not a fusion with him—or with her. To-night I am genuine, not a *poseur,* not relying for self-respect upon imaginary excellence or future achievements. I hope I can carry this attitude from solitude into the world.

"As for the thing worth writing—here is all this complex fascinating life—west, east, south, on shipboard. Davenport, Iowa City, Chicago, Boston, Jacksonville, Heidelberg, Geneva, Florence, Rome. Students, lawyers, doctors, stonemasons, blacksmiths, manufacturers, newspaper men, soldiers, women of every kind—a procession, emerging one by one to light and breath, dropping one by one to breathlessness and the dark. The past, so wonderfully recorded in—" It breaks off; nothing more remains from the mood of that long-ago Sunday night at the Cabin.

This could have happened. Gay shouts. He goes to the door to find some of the fellows have driven down. He is "tickled to death" to see them. They "get going" and Jig is "better" than any of them. They play billiards. You would say: "This man is happy. What zest he has for life! How keen his pleasure and how it radiates from him!" He went into companionship as intensely as into solitude. In the years I knew him he might, sitting down after breakfast, write on whatever piece of paper was there thoughts that had come as he lay awake in the dawn.

They might be thoughts about time, and death. As he dwelt with this he would know nothing else. A little later, from the garden, you hear a laugh—a delighted laugh, warm, hearty, assured. You look out. Jig is hoeing the garden and the puppy is making attacks on the hoe. Delight in the moment could not be keener. At both times, there was no withholding of himself.

"October, '98: Twenty-five. Half of life gone and nothing done! Friendships wither away—vanish like unsubstantial mist—in death, in distance. I read Chaucer's treatise written for his ten-year-old son. Is that a relationship can fill the void—the horrible emptiness of heart and days?

"G. M. has a skull here—frail casket of the brain, that mass of complicated vital matter whose movements are *mind*. Ego am but this—the sweetest woman is but this—shortly to be but this and nothing more. Is man with his thinking and loving soul just an accident—a thing without parallel in all the stupendous past and future of the starry universe?"

He gave up teaching to write "Roderick Taliaferro," a romance of Mexico in the time of Maximilian. He felt he was not yet ready for the book of himself. He was drawn to this story by an interest in the Aztec, perhaps by wanting to see Mexico. He had a good time there; his story is good of its sort, but it was not satisfying. "I vacillate between the attempt to write a book that will justify writing as a profession (my father has helped me long enough) and the attempt to write—what? The world-old mighty forces that lie behind the day's events, the mystery that glimmers and flashes through the veils of the commonplace—to hint of these, to evoke the consciousness of this as music does, that is what I want to do in writing."

There were always moments of sight and peace.

One day in Mexico, "Sitting in the so-called hotel *jardin,* really the cloister of the Franciscans, I hear the love-songs of the birds, I hear the wind in the great trees and suddenly I *know the truth.* I know what I knew at the Cabin almost twenty years ago. I know what life is. I have peace here suddenly. The ideal of mine to reembody this sweet world of bird and leaf, of man and woman, is right. This pressing-in of selfish aims and projects—this crowding to the wall, yes, here in the cloister I see it well—the saving thought is Christ's. Unselfishness. The ceasing of the struggle against each other.

"The stream of life, like running water, can purify itself."

At the close of the first year of the new century he writes this letter:

"DAVENPORT,
"December Somethingth, 1900.

"MY DEAR JOHN ALDEN:

It occurs to me that you have faded more than need be from my life. What strangers we are! Were I prosperous and with many friends possessed I might not be turning back to the purple page you made for me in '93. But most of my friends live, like you, in other parts of the world. I never see them, I never write to them, they are becoming ghosts. The best of them all is dead. Friends I have here, excellent ones, but that luminous part of friendship which is called the marriage of true minds—their brains may be better than mine, but they do not love what we two loved in Cambridge. Was it letters that we loved? With me it was more than letters. More even than Art. Yesterday I played golf on the Rock Island Arsenal links.

Driving back through the wide woodlands of the Island the December trees made a black pattern against the rosy sky. I had taken a tall Scotch whiskey highball at the Club house—fortunately, for thanks to the glow among my brain cells, I was able to feel 'the incommunicable thrill of things.' Those lines were rapture to me. We drove out upon the bridge. Three cities hung in the smoky sunset—little frosted cakes of ice floated down white into the rose and dun of the sky-reflecting river in the west. Excuse me for being sophomoric. I mean that these things speak clearer to my soul than anything except music. (I try Beethoven every day now.) What was it then we loved? (I feel it all new now but cannot be original, for better men have felt it new before me.) I loved and loved Reality which, as we know, is a certain state of mind.

"I looked the other day at a geologic chart of the river rapids here." (In his letter he makes a diagram of rock strata sloping backward under water, and talks of his diagram.) "Then there were cascades like those of the Nile, which is only a modern river compared with this patriarch the Mississippi. So much for the 'cold' fact.

"I look now at the rapids. I see the water feather away below a smooth, bellying sheet, and presently there is a miracle. *I see that old cascade.* It hasn't been there for ten million years, but I see it. I see the tireless water tear it down an inch in an æon. I see the little five-toed eohippus 'who was going to be a horse' drinking there at the pool below the fall. Now, as I write, I hear the click of iron-shod hoofs on the brick pavement. I realize that hoof (a developed middle toe), I see the skeletons of a million horses and eohippi, no break in the chain of descent, every one the sire or son, the dam or filly of the next.

"Ah, it is all so clear, praised be the fathomless universe—for fashioning the mind of men, for being real, for letting me know its reality!

"Well, then, more than Art I love Science (I hear you groan). (Perhaps I said it just to hear you groan.) Imagine a poet like Milton or Plato taking the godlike knowledge of modern science into his imagination and bodying it forth. Let him have the fervor of him who wrote Genesis, let him know what Herbert Spencer knows and let him write. Homer would doff, I was going to say his hat, whatever headgear was fashionable in Ionia.

"Ovid tried his hand at a Creation Mundi at the beginning of the Metamorphoses, and made some surprisingly good guesses at scientific truths. But the great poet of the next five centuries will be no polite trifler like Ovid. His genesis will be true as Darwin, grand as Isaiah. And when he writes of life he will know it from the cave-man to the Christ (though his doctrine will not be good for evil). Sometimes when I have my true visions I think of trying a little prelude to this great poet's work, but I am afraid I am too lazy ever to do anything whatever. In my moments of vision I see the novel I am working on is shallow, unreal.

"Life melts away, I cannot grasp it. With some fine, rare faculties I am as a whole a dismal failure, horribly lonely, and very wishful for a good old-time talk with you, John.

"Yours truly,

"George C. Cook.

"Did I ever write you that I have a gorgeous big letter from Kipling?"

I found the letter after I came back from Greece, in a drawer crowded with old papers. After I had read and refolded it I saw in Jig's beautiful small writing the word "Unsent." "I will send it now," I thought, and only then remembered that John Alden, too, is dead. I could only sit holding it, thinking of those friends who in their youth loved beauty together, drawn to each other by love of the life long gone. They wanted to go to Greece together. John went first, Jig long after. I wanted to tell John Alden that his old friend wanted him in Delphi, that he wished he could study Greek with him once more. I would like to show him this note from the drawer that kept the letter he should have had: " 'Balaustion's Adventure' proves that at bottom Browning had the soul of a Greek—though he had overlaid it with modern romanticism. John Alden read it to me one winter Sunday in his room, and our capacity for rejoicing in its beauty was doubled—each was strong with the strength of two."

Each strong with the strength of two. . . . But why was this letter "unsent"? I do not exactly know, and it makes life lonely as distant graves.

CHAPTER XVIII

"THE FAGGOT AND THE FLAME"

GREAT talk is like a song, like a glory in the heavens. It lives, it goes—lives with high beauty because it will go. The man who realizes himself in talk with a friend—there is a purity in him, he is generous, for this realizing together, having its own beauty, is its own end. To see an idea in a man's eyes before it has shaped for his voice, to intercept the unspoken, meeting it with what yourself would not have spoken, this is a creation with consciousness itself.

He wrote "The Faggot and the Flame" and five or six years later wrote of it: "July 14, '06. To-day, hoeing strip, I saw 'The Faggot and the Flame' was in the right direction. Write it as talk. Two seeking the meaning of life—the way to live—discussing, arguing, advancing toward their quarry—aglow with the passion of perception, discrimination. Such talk as I have had with Banks, Hughes, Alden, Jessen, with Rue. Not talk, talk afire. In hospital beds. On train in red plush seats of Pullman smoker. In Harvard yard. Under the wall of old Geneva. In Heidelberg castle. In Mexican tavern. What of life? What shall we work for, play for—write for? What new inspired morality can we make be?"

Before he wrote "The Faggot and the Flame," he wrote about the kind of talk he meant. "From nine o'clock till five he has talked. He may have used four

thousand different words. Spontaneously, genuinely, as there was need of them. Subtly, in combinations that surprised, like a musician weaving notes, creating beauty. Honestly, saying the things he saw as precisely as he could, revealing himself to his friend.

"Broad enough and unselfish enough to understand the man he talked with. Able to enter into that other man's brain and think with it as though it were his own. Pluming himself on the easy excellence of his mind, yet knowing there are minds more exquisite and strong, glorying in this mind, not because it is his, but because it is mind.

"Talking of that he knows better than he can know anything else in nature—himself, yet talking so that any man who has lived intensely can say, 'He is talking about me!' Admitting the strange barrier between himself and any form of success, yet feeling that he himself—in and by himself—is better than success.

"Both cowardly and courageous, selfish and unselfish, foolish and wise. Having will to endure suffering and yet persevere. Enthusiastic; able to suffer martyrdom for an idea. Indolent, uninspired, nine-tenths of the time."

"Are you talking about Jig Cook?" I think friends who have sat the night out with him might ask, and the talk these friends have, drinking beer and smoking cob pipes in a saloon with dingy walls and sawdust-sprinkled floor, is a fusion of what were then his faggots of thought in the fire of passionate realization.

George West's friend Bert, born rich, has no money now and in a few hours will get his dinner-bucket and join the men who relieve the night shift. In those very hours something is happening to determine whether he will have or lose his love. In the bar-room near

the steel-mills on the Mississippi, they grapple for some vital truth for Bert to take back with him to the mill. He wants to see somebody figure life out, though "He'd be wrong, that's a cinch," he concludes.

" 'Yes, more wrong than right—from Plato to Nietzsche,' George West agreed, and back in his brain rose those august solutions of life's riddle, those godlike analyses and syntheses of the world which break down under the shock of life."

Bert talks of the fume of the white-hot steel, the roar of the mills, the smell of the sweat that pours down and soaks the grimy platform and rises steaming, of blistering heat on the face and biting cold on the back. George says: " 'You know what the faggot is when it goes into the furnace—a bundle of loose steel scraps. You know what it is when the flame has done its work. It comes out fused into one glowing bar of white-hot—' "

Oh, the other knew; in terms of both steel and life, he knew.

" 'A man must burn,' George continues, kindled by the life his thought has met. 'Every movement of my fingers burns up the little cells. Every thought destroys tissue. Life is one long-drawn death and we must burn out white and fierce and joyous! How much muscular death there is in an hour's hard violin work —how much rebirth and life! The sun's doing the same thing,' he said, speaking of the orb as of a brother. The wide thought narrowed. 'And you tonight—your soul intense and real—it burns—it lives.' "

Soon they are talking of one friend, fine as Damascus steel, true as a star, who is destroying himself with morphine. " 'He walks in darkness. He thinks every one in the street is saying, "There's a morphine

fiend." He sees a wagon coming a block away and stands trembling—powerless as in a dream—sure it is going to run him down. Then he takes a shot and the world is rosy. He feels he can cross the street at a bound. He can read a page and repeat it. His mind slides deftly through the obscurest problem; he can run out a game of billiards. His voice takes its highest note full in the middle, clear as the note of a long-tailed thrush.'

" 'But that is what we want,' George cries. 'Then the secret of life is for a man to find his morphine in his own mind.'

"As they go deeper the language of the two became more alike. Bert unconsciously used West's kind of words, and George West, too full of feeling to consider form, grasped the roughest forms and never halted for a word. Both brains were striking five thoughts at a time—leaping, flashing, outrunning words. Not a tenth of their thinking could be expressed. The dialogue seemed to have a soul, a will of its own. It hypnotized them—made them its tools. The thought of all the world flowed into and through them, as the current flows from the whole store of the earth's electricity into the carbon pencils of the arc. They threw that searching light into the souls of the people they knew, and each one stood revealed. They turned it upon the depths of life, upon the sea's bottom, upon the ancient days when man was not, upon the hidden bases of their own souls. 'Addison thinks justly, but he thinks faintly.' These two thought, not always justly, but they thought fiercely. 'Where did the mist of my glasses go?' George is asking. 'Back into the air whence it came. It disappeared—it seemed to die, but it only changed its form—the tiny, liquid drops turned again to vapor when the cold glass

grew warm. And that vapor? It came from lungs—it is the moisture, the fume, of blood burning there in oxygen. The molecules that compose it have been part of our bodies; some of them must be the thrown-off waste of nerves and brain. The molecules of that mist may once have been thoughts! For all I know, they were so grouped and glowing in the brain that, as part of some brain-cell, they helped to form the thought "I." '

"Then he laughed. 'Where was I? I had to stop and chase those molecules down an alley. Here—this. The mist disappears like the soul of a man who dies; but the mist is changed and not destroyed. Matter and consciousness are not two things, but two sides of the same Thing. The law of the one side is the law of the other—it goes clear through. This is one of the few times in my life when a sudden flash makes me believe in immortality.'

" 'Well,' said Bert gently, 'if you are right, we'll sit again some day with old Bob King, and he'll tell us what he's been doing since he died.'

"George stared a moment in concentrated silence. 'Put it like that and it's incredible. Bob's bones lie in the grave; his brain is gone. Does he exist in the memory of the Great Mind? Does the soul of the world treasure up to eternity the golden moments of our lives? Ah, I am afraid that we ourselves are the brain-cells of God's mind. We men forget precious things because the cells have died there in our brains. Then doesn't God, whose mind we are, forget?'

" 'When a man drowns he remembers it all,' said Bert. 'The cells that have seemed dead glow again with life. If they can have such resurrection, why not we also in the mind of God?'

"They speak of Cyrano. 'C'est bien plus belle

lorsqu' on se batte en vain!' 'Yes—Christianity, the new law, the idealist's law. The old law is Eat. The fawn's blood becomes tiger. We do the same thing—we Christians. The cattle graze on ten thousand plains; they go by in freight cars to Chicago. Breathing, feeling, creatures go out of the sunshine and the grass and die that we may live. And this selfishness of our human life comes down direct from the time our planet cooled and the seas descended from the steaming sky—from the time the Laurentinian stone was laid and life began—this very life of yours and mine, which goes back person by person, creature by creature, in an unbroken, hereditary line—from me to the moneron—the one-celled, veritable Adam of this earth—the ocean ancestor of tiger and fawn, cattle and snake and man.'

"The man blazed with his vision. It is one thing to be told that such things are so, another to see them with one's own realizing mind. He quivered now as Ezekiel must have quivered when he saw the living wheels of his flaming car.

"'Yes,' he said, breaking the silence which enveloped the two men, and made that crude room a place remote and holy, 'under the trampling Cæsars came a soul that rose above the world-old struggle. Out of that mighty heart came the new law—Love! Obey that law, which is not yet the law of earthly life, and you get nails through your hands. Your soul remains true to its ideal—victorious—while your body hangs there perishing on the Roman cross!'

"It seemed as sometimes when Grieg's 'Song of Spring' weaves on from phrase to phrase—when the music draws near some divine event, and the listening soul believes the coming chord must solve its mystery.

"'Strip Christianity of its shell, what's left?

Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself—the new law of the world, not yet obeyed, and yet the same law that began to work when mother first began to love her young. Not without reason did the Christians paint Madonnas—mother and child on every chapel wall! For from the mother-love have sprung all loves, my love for you, your love for Kate, and Christ's for all!'

"Bert started to speak.

"'Wait,' begged West. 'I see a thousand things, but in a moment I shall have said my say. I'm no Christian. Christians add the law of love to the law whose prophet Darwin is, but the new law does not supplant the old. Nietzsche, with his titanic thought, shatters the tradition of nineteen centuries. "Turn the other cheek!" "Submit to evil!" It is the religion of Roman slaves. But Nietzsche condemns the truth with the weakness. From the foundation of the world both laws are true. A man must preserve himself, be selfish, hate. And also a man must love—some woman, some thought, some country, better than himself. Let a man have steel in his soul. Let him hate what he hates and love what he loves!'

"When Grieg reaches his long-promised chord our sigh is half of disappointment. He has raised our hopes too high. Something that was in the musician's soul has eluded expression and escaped. The listener, who has been given a no less desire than to hear the infinite made audible, is cheated. The mystery remains unsolved. All Grieg's intellect and passion can bring it no nearer than the moaning whistle of the wind around the eaves.

"And so George West, mounting on those two fierce and eager minds, like two strong wings, must conclude his fight with a negation. To make his maxim of

honest hatred count, he would have to live it, as Jesus lived it, and seal it with his blood."

They have talked past closing time. The old German soldier is shutting up the place. Outside the wind cut through their coats—one of the world's forces inimical to life. They go to Bert's for his dinner-bucket; they make coffee. Bert's mother comes downstairs, and feels something that troubles her. She says she will pray for them.

"She left a silence behind her. Did that prayer in which he had a place help to make thin the veil between his soul and the infinite Soul? If to have the Vision of Life was George West's function in this world, he there fulfilled it. He saw life as a picture and a history. He saw it form and emerge from the primeval sea into the ancient sunshine. He saw the fin put forth in the old deep. Between the water and the air he saw the fin become a wing; between the water and the land, a paw—an arm. His human hand lay stretched before him on the table-cloth. The finger-tips were automatically tapping the thin china of his cup. He lifted his fingers one at a time, worshiping the moving lines of those exquisite levers. The banded muscles of his forearm were trained to drop them on a violin string so sensitively that the muscles knew if there was an error of the thousandth part of an inch. 'The fin has come to this!' he thought. And how? By the life and death of breathing things that ate each other through millions of years. By the selfishness of hunger, by food, by the desire and union of sex, by maternal throes, by mother's milk. He saw the age-long war all mothers wage with death.

"Why could he not always see as he saw to-night? A man must find his morphine in his own mind. Is there not a way of hypnotizing one's self, of attaining

at any time this intenser vitality? If so, we redeem the waste and arid places of our days. The men who live great lives must have this secret, he thought. The mother praying there upstairs.

"He grew a little sleepy, and then, when Bert was pouring him another cup of coffee, his forehead flushed and his mind glowed anew.

" 'I feel another meaning in that faggot.' The V between his eyebrows deepened as he groped in the darkness of that sub-conscious mind whence all new thoughts are born. (As life was born beneath the sea, thence issuing to light and solid land.) 'The metaphor holds a prophecy of the great book of our time. There will come a brain to imbue the truths of modern science with apocalyptic light. Our science shall enter the white-hot fire of that soul a bundle of loose scraps—Spencer has bound them into a faggot. But from that soul they shall come as from the furnace, one solid ingot—harder than steel, richer than gold. He, the Revealer, shall make us feel what we know! He shall be the poet-priest of the world. We shall have a Sacred Book both new and true!'

" 'Why don't you write that book yourself?' asked Bert.

" 'I wish this for myself,' was the friend's reply. 'That somewhere in the world, while I still have youth, I may meet this writer and talk with him as you and I have talked, and be, perhaps, flint to his steel—striking the spark of which is born his flame. To create spirituality! There is a kind of motherhood in that!' "

The clock strikes four—time to go to work. "The north wind had swept the heavens clear, and ceased. It seemed as though the wind itself had frozen. Their step made the wooden side-walk crack like *Krägs*. The stars glittered icily in blackness; they had the

strange newness which sleep gives them—as though one had been born with fully developed brain, and for the first time looked upon that spiritual splendor.

"In the darkness that preceded the winter dawn George West knew that this night something imperishable as steel had entered the substance of his dream, moving him like music, having a meaning as of some profound religious myth."

CHAPTER XIX

THE TRUCK-FARMER

IT was in Chicago he was married, to a girl of beauty and charm whom he met through friends there, and after a summer at the Cabin they went to California, where Jig will teach English at Leland Stanford University, under Professor Anderson, his old teacher. Already he has the idea, which grows important in his life, that it is better a writer make his living in some other way than by writing. It seemed to him that this either conscious or unconscious adapting of one's work to what it will mean in money was as a blight. He thought there were ways of freeing oneself; he cared enough about it to shape his life toward that ideal of giving the mind free play.

"Roderick Taliaferro," after rejection by several western publishers, was accepted by Macmillan. It was published during the Stanford year and enthusiastic reviews heightened interest in the new member of the faculty. The brilliant young man had an attractive wife. There was a visit to San Francisco, meeting the lively writing crowd in the 'Frisco of 1902. Nice to get away from university decorum for a bit, and Jig always remembered with pleasure the twenty twenty-dollar gold pieces he had loose in his pocket. "Generous bunch there in 'Frisco."

But agreeable though the year had been he saw more clearly than before that university life was not what he wanted. Here, too, were restrictions—not a

world in which the mind knows of itself that it can be its uttermost, not the stimulus of men who are the most they can be. Later he published in the "Forum" a series of articles about university government. He talks then of the general subordination of scholar to administrator which lies like a black frost over the life of our institutions of learning. "Deprived of that freedom in which alone arises the daring, energy, and joy essential to creativeness, our teachers avoid ideas threatening changes of things established as animals avoid poisonous plants."

In any case teaching was not a good way to support oneself for writing, as it too much used the same faculties. He was reading Tolstoi and Kropotkin. The land. His own land there at Buffalo on the Mississippi. Would there not be good balance in turning farmer and writing during those winter months when the farmer has little to do? An escape from over-intellectuality. The farmer-writer would be a healthier person, a more rounded personality, than the professor-writer.

It was summer when he got back to Iowa, too late in the season to take the place over for that year; but he made a beginning and also, living at the Cabin, began a new novel.

Not romance in a far country this time, but people and life he knows. He is writing about a brilliant lovable man who is got by drink—not a new theme, but freshly seen through the friend whose personality suggested the story. He said some new things about drinking. He is not writing as mere observer, knowing how minds may flame when men drink together, knowing in himself that relation of conscious and unconscious which may be achieved in drinking. The first story he ever wrote, "A Prohibited Thirst," says:

"You see, they drank only with their bellies. But true drinking is an affair of the head and heart. There must be a second, finer ferment in the mind—a brewing and refining of raw wit and wisdom." Long afterwards, on Parnassos, he had what I venture to call a somewhat godlike relation of wine and vision. Drinking was one of the things in which Jig succeeded, in which he realized himself as human being and artist. Yet he saw the black thing it may become.

We start to write one thing and another may come in and steal the stage. "The Balm of Life" was not only about whiskey; it was about marriage. It is a keen, at times a flaming piece of work, but it is a bitter book. It was declined by an astonished publisher, who had had quite other ideas for this promising young man. "The book is poisoned, like my life," the writer says.

His novel a disappointment, Jig goes to farming in earnest. More than most men he needed a sympathetic feeling in which to move and have his being. When he was believed in he grew mightily in power. If his new novel were being published while he plowed, this attempt to shape life itself would probably have seemed fraught with daring and originality. As it was many of those around him felt he was taking to farming because he was not succeeding in writing. In himself, too, perhaps the land was a little like a great healing mother to whom we may return. Not yet seventy years ago that sod had been turned by white men; now a grandchild, enriched by the great old cultures of the world, returns to the land for comfort, sustenance and, yes, to save his soul from a spirit in the world to which he would not surrender.

We know there may be that in a marriage which dooms it to failure; a curious mutual distrust, distrust

not alone of one another as individuals, but in it the distrust of one sex for the other—an almost opposite of union, of completion. A sort of "playing the game," as if the other is enemy, an old racial thing which manifests when people live together not wanting the same things of life. Perhaps old-fashioned, uncritical ways of saying it say it as well as any, "They don't get along." "They weren't meant for each other."

Yet it is not as simple as separating; there were several years in which were happiness as well as unhappiness, in which both man and woman no doubt had times of tenderly endeavoring to form a good life together, triumphing over disappointments and distrusts. "The tie between a man and woman is tragically strong— I mean nature's, not the law's, for neither of us thought much about that. We promised each other beforehand that if either wanted to be free it should be frankly said and done. It wasn't so simple when the time came. Nature weaves us together like warp and woof."

A young woman of social gifts who has married a university man has perhaps a justifiable grievance when she finds herself wife of a farmer. The farmer was engaged, not alone in the endeavor to work out a life that will give freedom to the power he knows is in him, but with the less clearly definite desire to create a way of life hospitable to the most living thing in any who might come to it. But meanwhile there was not enough money, and the difficulties that can arise from that become an ugly growth choking the grain.

He kept a "Farm Journal." The days are in it, learning to set hens and drive fence-posts, studying soil, experimenting with fruit-trees; into the record of long hard work is written the story of love of his

beasts, of discouragements, of things that interested and amused. He not only writes what he does, but often puts down what he was thinking as he did that thing.

"Help Fred hitch Daisy. Loaf around stable when he milks and feeds. Pick up all this little by little. Get in touch with circulars issued by Department of Agriculture, experiment stations, etc.

"I will have orchard plowed and plant potatoes, my only chance this year for items on right side of ledger.

"Gus Beck quietly decided not to come to plow and sent no word. Damn him henceforth.

"April 21: Nothing but fence to-day. With Zeier we ran 467 feet from front door to front gate. I set and tamped the east chicken-yard fence-posts by moonlight—a dark cloud in the west—the labor suddenly weird and poetic as the faint shadows of the moonlight began to define the posts and me—the thought being, so we toil while the dark cloud of death lies on the horizon. For an instant I was all humanity, laboring while the cloud slowly rose.

"Raining. Buds on trees opening. Glad I filled in those posts last night. No fencing to-day. Write letters and read fruit literature. But also rake old chicken-yard. Get big stones for path.

"Find out about defeathered hen. Whether to isolate her. One hen was in nest wanting to lay but did not. Perhaps my being there bothered her. Make tub for dust-bath. Find out what 'grit' is.

"The rooster went all about the building inside and out finding a place for the hen to lay. He was inside the keg and talking to her through the end hole. I thought she was peeking at a hen laying and drove her away. They went up on the platform and she laid the

egg there. If I had let her alone he would have coaxed her inside.

"One hen wants to set but was too easily diverted from her purpose.

"Potatoes came on afternoon boat and are in billiard-room.

"To-night at eight o'clock, by candle-light I set my first hen—or rather one borrowed from Gus Rosenbaugh. (Should give his folks a setting of eggs in return for hen.) It was with some trepidation I did it—in a box quite different from the ones recommended in the books—not knowing whether to fasten on the cover—ignorant of several other things and with a certain awe of the function of aiding and abetting life in its forming. The hen scolded and pecked my hand when I tried to move the eggs under her. One lay in front of her, touching her breast. She took her beak, pushed it under her, and moved forward a little, snuggling.

"Am puttering to-day. Now three o'clock. Start things and don't finish 'em. It's sultry. I have spring fever. After supper Bowers the station agent sent up word the trees had come. Fred and I brought them up in handcart. No puttering to-morrow.

"The miracle has been wrought and the baby vegetables are pushing their tiny green shoots up through the baked surface of the earth. They should be hoed to-morrow. The beets, salsify and radishes I saw this evening were planted ten days ago.

"8 A.M. Fed chickens, dug three holes before breakfast. Between eight and nine I will race myself and see if I can dig six or seven—one every ten minutes. Plant rest of trees, then chart them and make two copies of chart. Monday go at garden.

"Westphal was here just before sunset. He is the

man that knows. He pruned some trees and currant bushes just to show how. It was beautiful—his sure knowledge.

"Just set the last of eighty-one trees. Zeier planted four grape-vines to show me how. I tried one. Fred showed me how to plant onion-bed. Got up at quarter to five this morning and set fourteen plum-trees before breakfast and nine others in evening. In afternoon (Sunday) played ball, beating Montpelier 12—4. I helped start the music when the score was three to three by making a long line three-bagger to center. With a coacher on third it would have been a home run. At short caught two pop flies, one hard one, caught liner and made double to second, Apple making pick-up of throw, stopped fast grounder to my right and threw base runner out at third. Made error of first grounder on rough ground, but put that man out at third, I covering base, Ochsner fielding ground ball. Ochsner made nice double-play to Apple with ground ball and man on first. Apple on second dropped a good throw from catcher but fielded grounders well and made home run hit. Buffalo batted Sam Eis out of the box and Fred Lowry pitched.

"Planted fifteen walnut-trees. Have now planted everything in tree line except the lilac-bush. Finished putting staples in fence—fifteen minutes' work and it has been on my mind bothering for a week or ten days.

"There was a little shower and the young leaves are jumping. Put netting over ventilators to keep out sparrows. McClure 'regrets' as to 'The Balm of Life.'

"Rained to-day; rained yesterday; rained Friday. Bought little drinking-fountain in town. Did not know I should be so disappointed about McClure rejecting

the novel. I expected it, and yet it seems to knock the bottom out of my pleasure in things.

"Zeier hen N. 2 crazier than N. 1. Fouls nest repeatedly, leaves eggs cold. She is now on nest inside small coop, but to-morrow she will probably rampage the nest and let eggs go to hell. To-morrow give all eggs to big Brahma borrowed from Gus. After performance of Zeier nervous nondescript this big steady unalarmed creature seems adorable. Reminds me of S.R.

"Planted twelve hills cucumbers and six hills watermelons, then it rained. As soon as soil is dry plant musk-melon, squashes, tomato seed, sweet corn, pole lima beans; plant more lettuce, radishes, beets, celery, cabbages, cauliflower, brussels sprouts, carrots. Spade up circles around all trees.

"The idea of writing a poem strikes me as I sit here listening to the continuous cascading sound of the creek and to the rhythmical trill of insects and frogs. The world all grows magical with the idea. The mood of my verse-writing boyhood revives in me the soul I was. That soul expands out through the night identifying itself with the soul of these woods and fields.

"Set defeathered hen with ten eggs to-night. It was more marvelous than ever to see this young hen (who had never before set) take the eggs and push them under her with clucks and purrings of satisfaction. First she pecked at my hand; but after I took away the darkening sack and she looked down and saw the eggs there was a complete change in her mood. She let me place more eggs under her wings.

"If there were two million people in England at the time of William each of them who left descendants would on the average be repeated by overlappings and interlinkings of lines of descent about one thousand

times in the genealogy of each of us to-day. Every English-blooded person of to-day must be descended from every parent in the England of William. Thirty generations hence every member of the population of the United States will be descended through a thousand channels from each fertile man and woman living to-day. An individual is a net as wide as his generation and as long as racial existence.

"This morning found one chicken caught in its shell and dead, one lively little dry chicken, one floppy little wet chicken. After that another one broke from its prison.

"Nine little black chickens are running around the scratching-shed learning to peck and eat. Of the thirteen eggs one chicken was killed in hatching and three eggs were probably unfertile. I put one of these under the Brahma on the chance that it may hatch.

"May 22. To-day the first fruits—a dozen excellent radishes. The corn was not up this morning and now it stands an inch high.

"One of the first chicks was mouse-colored. Yesterday I noticed that he stood still and rigid while the others ran around and ate. I saw the hen take his foot in her beak. This morning that foot was bent back under, the toes pointing backward. His rump was filthy. I was sorry for the poor little devil and shot him.

"When I came back from town another little fellow had hatched under the Brahma and was sitting up in front of her as large as life. I took this chick to the Zeier hen. The other pipped egg—egg thirteen—was smashed a little this morning when I was pushing the eggs under the Brahma. Just took this chick alive from its shell where it was imprisoned and bleeding. Put it back under the Brahma, but it will be a miracle

if it is alive in the morning. The insides were not yet completely drawn into the chick from the shell. Possibly if I had freed its head and upper part from the inner skin of the egg and then put it back without detaching it from the shell it might have lived. Practically, however, its doom was sealed when the little crushing sound came this morning from beneath the breast of the Brahma.

"The Brahma and her eggs should be thoroughly inspected two or three times to-morrow. It is not necessary to kill the whole day watching her. If dry enough plant the rest of the stuff.

"The thirteenth chick is still alive to-night, but he is tired—so tired. He is all fluffed out dry, and nice and black. That makes his coming death more touching.

"Hoed potatoes and strip. The Brahma had five chicks when I last looked. Have twenty eggs and no setting hen. It seems cruel, but I might reset the Brahma.

"The thirteenth chick was dead this morning.

"Last night at the Buffalo Turner Hall a man and a woman came into the gallery with three children. They seated themselves to watch the dance. Our party made jocular remarks, but looking at them I suddenly saw all that men and women are—male and female as the ages have created them. The rustic pair, by some magic, became Man and Woman with their young. I compared them, not with other men and women, but with other races. I saw the complex web of society, manners, morals.

"This morning two of the Zeier hen brood developed the gapes. One is now dead and the other near it. The rabbits have eaten off four fruit-trees—three plum and one cherry. It is a pity, for they were

doing well. To-morrow work to save chicks and trees.

"Worked all day with chicks. Put charcoal in water, fed them five or six times. They seem better to-night. I don't believe the little devils have been getting enough to eat. After supper, when I was fixing up the three cripples there came a vigorous peeping from the basket where were supposed to be three practically dead chicks. I fished out the mousy Brahma chick; it sang a beautiful little song of gratitude, and snuggled vigorously into my hands. I warmed it over the lamp, and it was so glad. Then I got out the little black invalid, and he too made for the warm hands. He pushed into them as they held the other chick and both snuggled in tight together. It was touching—his cock-sure little air of ownership. Those were *his* hands—just as the Brahma was his hen.

"How face the loss of the past?

"I saw Humanity, even as earth-worms, chemically converting the earth into humanity, carrying on through matter its sacred form built from remote and small beginnings.

"Friends, ideas, aspirations pass away. Like the body, the soul also suffers change. Life is a web whose threads end and slip from the loom. New threads come in, but they are not connected with the old. What frayed and flimsy cloth that makes of life!

"To do work that endures—to build a house, a bridge, a book that lasts—so only can one preserve one's past.

"Next winter could cut up dead wood fallen in woods. Could mark now the dead trees and cut in winter. The posts for fencing that woodland are right there and I can do that work myself.

"Dug eleven rows of potatoes and now it's raining

to beat hell. Yesterday sold twenty-six bushels of potatoes at seventy cents—the first return of money, and much too small to pay decently for my work and the darkies—and good old Daisy.

There is a great deal of figuring, and that first year the figures do not tell too happy a story. There is something disheartening about five dollars when it is the return upon a piece of good earth, seed that sprouted and grew and did its part through a long period, a man's work and a horse's work. Jig had such a loyalty to all the things involved—the rich soil functioning faithfully, the warm rain and the sunshine; when he harvested he remembered the little green things that pushed through the soil. He loved his baby vegetables a good deal as he loved the baby chickens. The way his own judgment cooperated was part of the whole wonder of life, and he would have this working together of man and plant respected. For all that was involved—the manure, the sunshine, the work of the faithful horse, he would have fulfilment. Whenever there was new instance of the man who worked the earth not getting what he should, Jig would be angry as though a personal injustice were being done.

Farming is war, and you have to learn how to fight. "Every chicken in the old chicken-house was dead this morning." Rats, skunks, weasels kill chickens as well as "the gapes."

The days of that summer went on until: "I step outside. Stars. The northwest wind rushes steady and pure and cold across the world. Autumn came an hour ago.

"October 4, '04: As I woke just now it seemed to me that I could compress the whole of my life, ages long, into a writing. The dreams of youth, its desire for self-perfection—(John's celibate club). The con-

flict of beliefs—its faith, its aspiration, its charm. What love really is to it—the glory and the freshness. The conflict between the spiritual conception of the world and the material—what romance there is in this! The fascination of working a beautiful scheme of life into real things—a house, productive land made beautiful with culture and fresh springing life.

"The chief drawback of the rural life as it opens before me is its isolation. No stimulating people. Will it be possible to draw around us a community—a less visionary Brook Farm?

"November 18: Town people who rise after the sun have no conception of his pleasantness. You must get up in the cold and the dark and bat around the stable feeding and harnessing. There is no sign of day, and there is in the sluggish blood a tendency to an atheism—you do not believe in your heart that it ever will be day. Then drive afield—the early light glittering on the frost which covers the black plowed earth, the mist making Andalusia the city of distance—such poetic English haze as Watts loved. Up on my field there are two hills dipping together—a mild little canyon out of which I looked down and out on a framed picture of the gleaming river filling the middle of its two-mile valley. At sunset the plowed sides of my canyon are like ocean waves of black water ready to sweep on you and carry you cork-like up to their crests. Toward night the russet hills and islands are splendidly sad—like a scene on some dying planet.

"It occurs to me that for Buffalo in winter it would be delightful to take up some virgin study—as Sanskrit—comparing Latin and Greek words. But when shall I write again?

"Nitrogen and electricity are as much a part of nature, and no more, than consciousness and love.

Were the power of thought not latent in nature, natural creatures could not develop it within themselves. So profound is the reality of thought that though in all the fathomless universe there existed no thinking being, thinkability—if not thought, would still exist. Three and two would still make five, though no one knew it. Though this earth die and all its science, the complex and delicate web of truth whereof some meshes have been traced by man—"

(It ends here, followed by a diet-table for chickens.)

"I look out over a snow-covered world, the leafless trees standing black and gaunt, the field dead level and dead white, the drifts high along the roadside fence. Suddenly, with a stab of realization I know that there beneath the snow, pricked into the earth and frozen, lies at this very moment, in millions of seeds of weed and grass and flower, the pattern of next summer. There in a crotch of a naked apple-tree is the dry nest of two robins now in southern Louisiana. But they know the exact way back; the April sun will bring them, or if not them, their sons and daughters."

CHAPTER XX

LIFE BREAKS A SHELL

THE incubator was put off the freight at Buffalo one January morning when the mercury stood at two below zero. There followed a series of experiments with temperature, finding out how much the temperature of the room affected what in the notes is soon familiarly called "the inky." "Have fires in kitchen, dining-room, living and billiard-rooms, manufacturing an artificial summer within the Cabin."

This was work. "Got up at five-forty. Built kitchen fire. Got coal. (Get lantern chimneys.) Billiard-room fire. Put dog out. Regulated 'inky' at 102½. Watered and fed chicks. Cleaned Brooder N. 1. exercise-room. Fed big chickens. Sifted grit for chicks. Left front lids of brooder up. Wise? Cleaned up after pup. Warmed his milk. He was out fifteen minutes then came in and made a mess. Every mess must mean expulsion. There is no other way. Skimmed milk; drank some, ate bread and butter. Seventeen things done between 5.40 and 7.30. I must get over being so slow."

Another day: "Wasted time watching chicks."

Regulating temperature was creating life. The incubator in the billiard-room—the cooling mists of before-creation. . . . Jig sat the night out with "the inky" when she brought forth her first young.

"February 24: First noticed pipped egg about nine o'clock—three hours after exact schedule time. Have heard chicks 'peeping' since eight o'clock.

"Five minutes to three and nothing new.

"Quarter-past eleven, P.M. First chick was out about eight A.M. Hatched for fourteen hours. Then Jock and I opened door and grabbed twenty or thirty chicks up on hot trays and put them in nursery."

As the season goes on there are hundreds of chicks. Jig has some time ago stopped eating chicken. The day the family ate Brigham Young, last year's rooster, he busied himself with vegetables for a time, then left the table—though careful to let none of them know why. He and Brigham Young had a past together.

He thought of many things sitting up those nights at the Cabin to maintain the life temperature. "Last night I fell asleep by the fire, and, waking, felt that my life was advancing toward some great truth. I knew that I must seek it as ardently as with prayer. It is some inner illumination fit to be the soul of a great drama.

"In dream I saw the nations tearing each other like sharks. Yet they are higher than sharks, and even the shark lives according to the stern laws which have shaped all creatures and societies into existence and beauty. Under the laws of reason and of love, the laws we now perceive and grope toward, earthly life will become, in comparison with its past, divine. I woke with a Voice penetrating my consciousness. It said: 'God is the world.'

"The primal fact is God: the world is His shadow. (Intoxicating old thought—ecstasies of my youth—voluptuous as love!)

"February half gone—*Gott sei dank.* 8° outside, 33° warmer than yesterday. Again snowing.

"To-day, playing the violin, I became for a moment the creature I was a dozen years ago—full of possibilities which are now impossible.

"May 8: My vitality seems ebbing out of intellect and spirit into gorilla arms—arms that have worked the earth with dull tools. At times, when I first wake, I am the seer, but the grind of work takes me. Some flashes of sympathy with the vital earth come in the pauses of labor, but I have no time to write, and so lose them. The background for my book is here in uncurling grape-vine and furrowed earth. The soul of it must be strife for a superb ideal, apparent failure, but unconscious growth toward that ideal. All its parts, its elements, are to be a harmony. It is to feel the roots of the world, it is to move like music, to have heart in it and be sadly true. It is to make the reader tender-hearted while he reads, and after.

"How I longed for summer to come, and now for winter, with leisure to think and dream and write! (I wish the Rabbi would come down.) So, wishing for the future season, I wish life away.

"There is a certain inflexible idealism based on ignorance of and lack of respect for the laws of life as it is and must be. This idealism is a phase of impenetrable conceit. A true idealism does not exceed possibility, and is gathered drop by drop like honey by the searching bee thoughts working across the actual world. Shallow people cling desperately to a theory in cases where a good mind docilely readjusts itself to facts.

"In eight more years I'll be *forty*. Youth promised infinite accomplishment. The wild twenties, full of splendid people and places, lured on by the vision and hope of love—lit by thoughts keen as genius—were they all in vain? If only memory would hold the past poignant and real and moving. 'They blur and darken, and in vain I gaze.'

"She burned my best poems."

At intervals, resurgent, would come the other mood: "I feel as though a work of literary art is at last to be, not manufactured, but conceived in my soul."

He goes down the river on an excursion with the Chicago Press Club. "June 10, Burlington, Union Hotel, Room 4. Raining hard. I think with a pang of little chickens, maybe getting wet. I walked several blocks, past twenty odd saloons, and then saw kneeling in the street three men and two women. One was praying. They were in earnest. It struck me as a deep true thing they were doing—an ideal thing.

"I saw the immense vegetable-farms of Muscatine Island. What organization, what method, what work! The land between the rows is clean of weeds and fine as flour. If it is raining like this in Buffalo I have lost no time from farm work.

"These busy little cities—what are they so busy about?

"Life passes. As youth goes, desire for boys and girls of mine grows—for in them there would once more be youth. Friends of mine they should be, and I would teach them. Without them and without creative work in art life will have for me no purpose and no meaning.

"It is not good to dam the stream of life a million centuries long.

"I am dipping to-night into d'Annunzio's 'Flame of Life.' It is strange to remember that once my mind worked so, from memory saturated with the things of art, dealing passionately in images, talking with fervor of my visions, making (with Howard Hughes, for instance) mosaics of beautiful words in the spirit of a composer of music. And now—(Fineschreiber, why don't you come down here and play with me?)"

Fineschreiber is the Rabbi from Davenport, an in-

tellectual young man whose mind could indeed play. He would come down on the afternoon train and find the market-gardener, perhaps transplanting cauliflower. While the earth was pressed around the little plants, they talked Nietzsche—Jig had him now in a beautiful German edition, and was delighting in there having come at last a German philosopher who smiles, whose heavy marching native language dances for him and grows deft; gloated, as in personal triumph, that "this dancing mind should, among all the solemn ones, be the most profound." Nietzsche led them his great game of hide-and-seek; they were good at following his fineness, his concealments, and because Nietzsche was only for the energetic, the playful and the free he made them more intensely the things he asked; by the time the last cauliflower had its roots in the good black earth, it was as if Jig and the Rabbi had had several cocktails, in form for three or four hours' fun in the great game of finding what the world is about.

Perhaps it was after the Rabbi, having drunk much milk, went back on the eight-thirty train, Jig wrote on the margin of the Nietzsche to whom he turned for continuing companionship: "Any one who has felt the resonance of something in himself that vibrates to the iron sting of Nietzsche. . . . Great moving new ideas, but it is the passion with which he thinks them and stamps them into words that sets the reader's soul on fire. His works pass through the soul like music—the soul of the whole moving on entire through every part."

He needed the Rabbi the more these days because many old friends had dropped away. He had also dropped away from them; his values were changing. To be a farmer did not give one a too great respect for the economic basis that prevailed. There were

new identifications, new loyalties—the earth and all who worked it.

He was thinking about the relation of man and woman. Marriage kept its present character, he might say, not because of what people thought, but because of their fear of what other people would think. Such things estranged old friends.

On his side deepening experience took him out of his old set, but there was loneliness in knowing they did not want him any more than he wanted them. "George Cook peddling vegetables!" "He goes to Harvard and Heidelberg, then takes up truck-farming!" The best society of Davenport did not approve of itself driving into town in a spring-wagon heaped with potatoes and pumpkins. Even more democratic and truer friends deplored that Jig Cook, who promised so much, should have become "a common farmer."

But the common farmer had his moments:

"The night hummed low with steady insect murmur. Katydids scraped away at their unending assertion and contradiction. Inside the house in the woods the clock struck two. In the hammock beneath the trees the man woke and sat up. The two strokes had pierced his sleep and taken on some dream-born meaning. There was some subtle symbolism to him in the number two. Perhaps the strokes stood for himself and a woman.

"The beams of the low moon passed under the white-oak bough, lighting the awakened man's face and drawing his eyes. Out of sleep so deep that in it the soul loses the feeling of self-existence, rushed realization of his life—the difference between life and death. In such a mood reality is so keen that it seems unreal. All other faculties numb with sleep, the whole energy

of the brain is focussed in vision. He stared at the moon—a crescent reddened in the haze of August dust which hung above the hills. He looked at the moon with a puzzled look, as one who now saw it for the first time. He saw it as a huge ball swinging in space. He saw space so huge that the lighted section of the ball looked little bigger than the quarter of an orange. He saw the sunlight beating down upon the cliffs and chasms of that dead world. He realized as though he were present in it the night of the unlit face of the moon.

"He shuddered and lowered his eyes from the moon to the base of the white-oak's trunk. There was a new vision—the vision of the tree's life. Its roots curved down into the sod, gripping the earth like arms. There flashed in the man's mind the miracle of fifty years. He saw the acorn which had been, the acorn born of male and female elements, the earth-folded, sun-hatched acorn, splitting and sprouting upward and downward into root and branch, spreading to its age-old pattern out through soil and air. The fibered life of the dumb earth-gripping creature—the creature *breathed* with the leaves, inhaling, inspiring, sap was its blood, mounting, descending through woody veins. The man sprang to his feet beholding that his life and the tree's were of one stuff. Yea, from such had sprung his body and his soul—out of the dust and dew and heat of a million years, out of unnumbered births and deaths, out of the ancient work of things which lived in sunken continents and seas that are no more. In the white-oak he beheld the Dryad, the tree-soul, which, as the Greek divined, has in it something of humanity.

"For ten wild seconds stood the man—quiet in body. Wise men declare insoluble the riddle of existence.

For ten wild seconds it was solved in this man's brain. Riddle there is none—only one multiform Fact. Against the background of void nothing, the man knew his soul, the moon, the tree.

"He thought of thought, finer action of the all-potential sap, forcing its way to finer fibers, the *will* of successive races and æons molding delicate organs for itself, giving the tree-soul memory and voice and vision, housing it at last in the marvelous unrooted body of man.

"Through veil of soul and moon and tree, he saw the unseen Universal Will, the One which binds, includes, and is all things. Then, using the dream-born intensity of the hour, the man—that finite speck of thinking dust—girded his mind and hurled his thought upon the mystery of infinite space. Out to the uttermost star stretched his thought, attempting to conceive the distance. He grew dizzy. Then came the stab of realization—his dive of a million billion leagues had brought him *no* nearer to the bottom of the world. There is no bottom, there is no end. 'There must be!' insisted the finite. 'There is not!' replied the infinite. The man tried to scream—and could not because his lungs had emptied themselves of breath. The air rushed into them with a choking sound. For an instant he had seen and been insane.

"The steady insect murmur went on filling the night. The ordinary part of the man's mind gradually took up its life. Turning away from moon and tree, he entered the house in the woods, locked the door, lit a candle, stared at the little tongue of noiseless flame, and went upstairs to bed."

CHAPTER XXI

THE LOCKED DOOR

"I WAS thirty-two. After three years of quarrels that just missed shattering both her and me, my wife had left me. No publisher would touch the bitter and truthful novel I had written. I was living on my little truck-farm nine miles from town, my only companion 'the General,' an old black man who cooked and worked for me, an ex-slave, religious, superstitious, a curious mixture of manhood and childishness. He was then only two years from death by dropsy. It being winter, there was not enough outdoor work to keep me in good condition. I would sit at my table intending to write, but could only brood. I could not find the heart to draw the bow of my violin."

There is this passage among the sketches for the novel he wanted to write from his experience:

"The door was locked. The man stood outside it in the darkness, on the landing at the head of the steep narrow stairway. His turning of the knob and the vain jarring of lock against hasp were the only sounds breaking the silence of the November midnight in the country."

The man and woman talk through the locked door. She has been away for six weeks, has returned to get her things. He wants to come in and talk with her. He tells of his need of her, of what the loneliness has been. But the door does not open.

"A big, hard-muscled man, he was surprised by the

realization that, irrespective of his will, muscles were tightening for a sob. He turned hastily, felt his way down the stairway, groped through two dark rooms. Outside the half-frosted windows dead fields stretched away beneath cold stars. He turned into his book-lined room, stepping carefully to avoid the two dogs, a collie and a sheepdog, who lay asleep on the rug before the wood embers in the wide brick fireplace. He threw himself down on the couch by the window, and against his attempt to smother it the sound of his hysterical convulsion tore itself out through lungs and throat.

"Instantly awake, the dogs sprang up, leaped excitedly to the couch, whining, licking the back of their master's neck, trying to get their cold muzzles against his cheek.

"Gratitude for their quick deep response completed his breakdown."

The failure of his marriage (and in this failure he blamed also himself) thwarted a deep instinct. One day he saw something in the paper about Jonathan Edwards of Stockbridge, Massachusetts. "Stockbridge! The far-back home of my family. Migrating westward for two centuries, making money and losing it, some succeeding and living lives of honor, others failing. Ah, for stability, for certain income and a house built to endure for centuries, in which might be gathered treasures of learning and art, handed down with traditions of culture! But no words such as I write here have come down out of the past to me—nor will words of mine go down to any young Cooks of the twentieth century."

A few days before the November night when he knew the door would not open again, he wrote: "I looked up from work and saw the woods, the late sun-

light quiet among them, a green and golden glory and peace. I loved the woods.

"I wished they were mine to clean and beautify and draw good people to live beautiful life."

He thought of strange things in those days. "From the hill the fields spread wide to the river and very far beyond. 'Graves, after all, occupy but little of all the earth,' thought I. I recalled only three or four little cemeteries in as many townships. I looked again at the soil with the feeling that in it the spiritual eye ought to discriminate those particles which had lived. The red-skinned men of the last few millenniums are here somewhere. The buffaloes—a population nearly as dense as ours—lived here a thousand times as long as we, and not being gathered in towns, they must have left their bones somewhat evenly over all these hills and valleys.

"The Saurians! I saw them alive there in their abyss of time. The eighty-foot dinosaurs, terrible lizards, who covered the earth for more than one or two million years—how much of the fat soil my plowshare turns must have been they. What I grow in the soil and eat was they; the arms that hold the plow were they.

"I lie back with my eyes shut. I had no sleep last night, had a headache this afternoon, and every object I think of at once takes visual form as distinct as such forms are in fever. There is a sense of widening and the feeling that within my skull is perhaps a hundred and fifty feet of space. This space seems to be a certain hillside and the air above it. There in a twilight are two unrolling clouds twenty feet from the earth. They unroll as a scroll of paper would if you threw it out. The ends of the two scrolls are near together but do not meet. Between them is something

invisible—possibly me. I feel that with these as with wings I can pass along just above the earth. But these cloud-wings are controllable cyclones, not unlike two elephants' trunks which can suck up things far apart and powerfully bring them in.

"December 5: Unless in the next three months I get something written this scheme of life is a failure. Sex bothers the life out of me. I woke this morning remembering the delight of intense literary toil, knowing that the cure for loneliness and unrest would be the dawn of a new book. Red light above black earth—the awful rose of dawn.

"The bitter need of you tries to reach your mind through space—as a man tangled in ropes under water tears at them without success."

Alone in that house where he and she "had shared some hours at least of vivid joy," he relives in memory the happy beginnings of their marriage. He was too young to be doing this—"the time for that backward flight of the soul had not yet come.

"My fire is out, and I haven't heart enough to build it again. Is it so with the inner fire?

"This morning, rising in town at 4.45, the hunch was to pull out for Sicily or Athens.

"I slept and woke in a black horror of loneliness—lonely as a man in his grave."

From this loneliness that is like the grave he turns for help to his friend Vera. He has known her for a number of years. Now she has just returned from Chicago, where she studied music. She is living with her sister in one of the towns down the river and will teach there. She and Jig used to play the violin together, swam, danced, played tennis. He feels the rich life in her—her fun, warmth, loving her athletic body, the young truth he feels, the artist personality. She is

"the good fellow" who is tender, responding at times to his need for affection, moved by the hunger of his heart in his sorrow and sense of failure. But he "is still a married man." She is of a conventional family, herself something of the rebel, but is cautious.

Woven through her thoughts, her caprices, he found something that created in him a passionate friendship for her as a person. The love she had for him seemed to be only such love as one man feels for another. In him grew up, together with the old fundamental passion, a new feeling, like hers for him, but keener.

In his lonely house he writes to her, letters for the most part not sent—a way of trying to feel her there. "Old General dozes by the kitchen stove. Shep wags his tail in a dream. The alarm-clock ticks off the half-seconds.

"Now I have waked in the middle of the night. These solitary wakings . . . I went outside to let the cold night into my lungs. I looked off across the fields covered with snow—pallid in the moonlight."

Another evening he has "one little skate, acquired with the village doctor. I've been around holding the horse while he watched people die.

"The General is blowing chords out there in the kitchen, therein expounding to me the ancient nature of the world. Oh, Vera—dear human being—life has come from far to make me feel what I feel for you!

"The General has just finished the tune on his ha'p. He says: 'Dat air is de bes' tune in de worl'. If anybody kin play it any betta' 'n I kin, I'll give 'em a five dolla' bill. Yo' kin take yo' ol' fiddle, 'n' if yo' kin play it any betta', dat five dolla's 's yo's.'

"Self-appreciation seems to have been turned loose here to-night. I remember now I gave the General half a tumblerful of Green River.

"I took out the violin and tried to win the five dollars. He fell asleep!

"Is this drunkenness, or is it all the sorrow all men have ever known? While I played I knew that you and I would one day lie in Oakdale—not far apart—no one to keep us from visiting—and yet we would not go to see each other. We will not be perplexed because our lips desire to meet.

"Vera! What in this world is worth anything if not this love which you forbid? Death is going to win the game we play. Meanwhile—oh, such a little while! Isn't there time enough in our graves to abstain from love? Do you know how long we will be dead? Dear, I know. The knowledge makes me want to fold you close. Our little lifetime isn't too long."

There were times when he felt that by a certain mysterious act of will he could dominate the will of Vera. This he did not try to do, feeling that in that mastery lay the bad heart of the old kind of marriage. To be loved by her freely, that was the thing he had come to desire, not marriage by capture.

He smoked his corn-cob pipe and she rolled her cigarettes. Smoking together was one of the nice things about it—a new bond, for twenty years ago few women were smoking in Iowa. One day she held out her hand and he thought it was tobacco she wanted. "Guess again," she said in her rich voice, warm lights in her dancing eyes. It was him she wanted—their first kiss.

"The sweetest words in the English language are 'Guess again.'

"It isn't help I need—I need to help. I need a Hellespont to swim for you.

"Something has narrowed my big old world full of shining friendships and rich unconquered Mexicos for

the brave and busy mind to conquer. Whichever way the wind blew in those days it took me where love was. The world was full of splendid fellows. We glowed and sparkled when we met and drank.

"'A capacity for fine enthusiasms,' the phrase old Anderson had for me in '95. It was easy to give it once—it gave itself. Now a new person appears, is likeable, but that doesn't concern me. Vera, if the world ever narrows so for you, remember that all the love I have given all my friends has come back home—if you need it."

She gave him a little compass—"to find your way out of the woods if you get lost." He wore it round his neck. "It was cold when it first slipped in on its red cord. But you aren't going to be cold any more, young fellow—not until I am. You and the heart you have come to live with will keep each other warm. You can't have the North Pole, but you're nice and true to it, and maybe some day . . . The heart thinks the North Pole an idiotic thing to want.

"I feel good because I've cleaned up six drawers and put my table and papers in order. It would be good to combine the town letters and papers with these—so getting everything into one system—a symbol of unity of life. There has not been enough unity in my doings. It is symbolic that the orchard stands half a mile from the house. My life is like that colony peach-tree in the back yard—two roots close together and robbing each other, and from them five or six distinct trunks. All roots and all branches should be interrelated through one trunk, the sap each leaf elaborates in its sunny chemistry returned through the one strong channel to the roots; the elements gathered by each feeding rootlet sent up through that one center to all the leaves.

"Here to-night, with lamp, ink, pen, paper and solitude the mood of my studying days revives. There is the typewriter too.

"It was good of you to know that my supper was solitary. It was solitary again a little while ago. General had lavished his skill on a duck. I heard him asking it in afternoon: 'Now are you a young duck, or are you a ol' duck?' There was the duck (young) and peas and lettuce and mayonnaise. The supper was so good I couldn't help imagining you there to share it. Because you weren't eating it I couldn't—and the General had worked so proudly. But Shep fared well, and my voice sounded all right when I pronounced it the best supper I ever ate.

"About to go to bed, my eye falls on the advertisement of Vick the seedsman, and in small caps I catch the sentence, 'A season of delight is assured.' I choose to consider the accident of my seeing that sentence at that moment a sort of oracle, a kind of *Sortes Virgilianæ*. In the Middle Ages they thought Virgil a magician, and so opened his works at random, and the first line seen gave light. Let's try that now. This is what I find. (I haven't looked yet.) Now I have looked! *Et sic forte precatur: Si nunc se nobis ille aureus arbore ostendat nemore in tanto!* In other words: 'This was his heartfelt prayer: Oh, may the golden bough in this great wood to us now be revealed!'

"Nice of Virgil, don't you think? All the nicer because 'Scarcely had he spoken when two white doves came flying and lit before the man on the green ground. Then the hero recognized the birds of his mother and joyfully besought them: Be guides, and if there be a way, take your course through the air to

where the rich bough casts its shadow on the fertile earth.'

"But all this that I am dreaming is spider-stuff—spun out of myself, and my strong need is to spin with you, for that spinning would be reality and better than this though it shriveled the fine web of my dream as with a lighted match.

"I think of the blacksmith Collins and his iron endurance of pain when hurt.

"I lay a long time on my couch thinking of everything. Just now I woke—so lonely that it seemed I was the only human being—or perhaps it seemed that I was *all* human beings. I was man—and being man, I knew that *I* must die.

"Monday evening: The North wind roars over the world like an ocean. The wild unhuman voice is not unfriendly, and there is something in it besides sorrow. I used to think: there is the real nature of the world—voiced by the wind which has no heart of his own to color or change the naked soul of things. But this afternoon I walked through the storm singing. I noticed that it was in the same tone and mood as the wind. Yet I knew that my song came out of the deepest love it has been my lot to feel, and suddenly I came into a new conception of the world. The Darwinian conception has led me to think that the world itself, its scheme, its essence, is savage and cruel—love being only a late addition or by-product, invented and developed by man. But love is basic. When two atoms of hydrogen and one atom of oxygen leap and link themselves into one molecule of water their force is part of the same force which is our souls. And way back there is love—unconscious—as life was there unconscious. I have failed to capture the vision in words. What I have written looks like argument, what I saw

was *so*. I saw it in the dead grass I walked on, I felt it in the swirl of air eddying into the lee of my face, I heard it in the soughing oak-trees. Chemic force, gravitation, light, were, during my moment, only so many peep-holes. Through each gleamed the nature of the world, which was before the world, and will be after it. From crystallization to my own strange life of mind there was no phase of being which lacked this element—love. Why couldn't I have seen that by looking at the eyes of Shep? Yes, but the dog, like myself, is another late-comer into this world. He might have been part of that same accident which fortuitously gave me a heart. So I am glad I saw love in the older forces. I am glad it was here when earth's crust was a burning coal and all the seas were steam. I am glad it is not an accident, but unescapable. It justifies those who choose to call what I saw to-day, and what I now hear in the wind, by the name of God, the Father Almighty.

"But, Vera, is it well that I can see love in the dead grass and in the eyes of a dog—but not in the eyes of the woman I love? Coming from the depth into which I have just looked it seems strange and wrong that it should be so. Because one woman and I do not love each other, must I be cut off from love?"

Once the pain of parting from her leaped up in him when the flame of a match parted from the tip of his cigarette. Flaming wood and smouldering weed met, touched for an instant, then were drawn apart, never in God's eternity to touch again. To his tired mind the idea of being apart, of isolation, lurked ambushed in things trivial. The soft ripping of the grass between the horse's teeth was parting.

He woke at night and the stars seemed heavy slaves

—those infinite hot suns and fertile planets were bound hopelessly upon space, as Christ upon the Cross.

The desire for her had absorbed into itself his whole capacity for desire. The habit of looking into her mind replaced the old habit of looking into his own. He pretended at first that there was a use in this thinking—that he could discover the flaw in his way of love and go back and make it right; pretended to be seeking wisdom for the future. But he hated the future; let it stay where it was and not force new claims on his attention.

Even in the state in which he now found himself he had no fear of letting his mind have its way. He had never dictated to himself what he should want and what he should not, but had accepted his wants as genuine, and moved with them for guides, a follower of the inner light. He still trusted himself, still believed the strong sub-conscious mind in him would know how to deal with the wounds he had received.

"Let everything go that wants to go—it isn't yours. Maybe it's not good enough for you; maybe it's too good. Maybe you are to judge which; maybe not. The horse runs from you but can be made to come. It isn't yours unless you can capture it. The horse will love you if you do capture him. Or you will capture him if he loves you. But that's the horse's virtue—not yours. Yours is to understand the horse—his great dumb patient heart. It is like your own. What captures is faith.

"To believe, as the General does, that God can make a stone so big He cannot lift it may be called mysticism—a point where mysticism and childlike simplicity are one. It is right for him to believe that. It is right for me though to say, 'No, God knows He can't do that.' But the conceivability of the fourth

dimension—and the fortieth—make one wonder whether a physical and man-like God could not do that very thing. Perhaps mysticism is only an inference from the observed fact that some logical impossibilities are true.

"A mind like mine, feeling out beyond the finite, is in danger. Wise men have felt so, seen the danger and returned to safety. It is no longer possible or desirable for me to return. The dear old three dimensions have pushed me out of them. Perhaps they did it knowing I was capable of living in the fourth and fifth. Perhaps they themselves did not know, but somehow something in the world knew and acted in them.

"Point *true,* compass—point true. You will. But quick—now.

"There is a region of our minds that I used to regard as the point where the human soul opens upward into God. You can call it that as well as anything, and whatever it is, it enables a man to endure anything whatever—if he can find it.

"I found it in Buffalo last week when I thought you had withdrawn your sympathy from me. There was then absolutely not one human soul I could have turned to—except that soul of my own soul, and I found it."

One morning he fed Shep and Chips, his young collie, and let them out as usual. The days passed and they did not come back. "It is becoming a well-worn path—that way away from me."

He wonders why. Have you loved enough? He knows that he has loved. But have you done loving things, have you been unselfish? He dwells upon this until: "This seeking of your love for myself is a form of selfishness—that is not love itself. The perception

of this clears the way for pure love of you. Deep and lovely peace. There is no sorrow in me now and yet I know that this deep sweetness is born of sorrow. It is sorrow turned into love. It doesn't matter now whether you love me. I love you, perfectly. I have not felt this mood for fourteen years, and reached it then by passionate adoration of God. I never expected to feel it again; I thought it only a transient apple-blossom flush of a boy's opening soul. But here, deep in the years, I enter it again—the holy of holies mood Jesus was able to live in all His days. Instead of being lonely I feel that my heart lies open to all the love that ever was.

"For a long time, in the early twenties, and before, I was haunted by the feeling that somewhere ahead there was to be some vaguely conceived but beautiful consummation of life. The feeling has faded in late years, giving way to the feeling to-morrow will be as to-day. But this day and this hour, which I owe to my love of you, and to the long hard conquest of my grief at the loss of you, is such a consummation. You can't possibly understand it unless you have felt something like it. It is just exactly the peace that passes understanding.

"I had to feed the chickens, then went to Buffalo to see if I could learn anything about the dogs. I thought, how good it would be if my life could end to-night, never to know any reaction from complete and voluptuous renunciation of self, to go from that into sleep.

"The next best thing for me, and a better thing for Dad, Ma-Mie and two or three friends, is daily to recapture that beauty and carry its spirit into acts. Into work, into a habit of thinking whether there is anything to be said or done to please or help the

human beings I am with. It doesn't matter who they are. The section-men are as good as any."

It is hard each day to recapture this mood of renunciation of self. Day after day the battle was repeated, sometimes won, sometimes lost. It was won the day he gave up coffee, for he much desired coffee. It was lost the day he looked in the glass and liked the new fineness of the line of his mouth. It was lost the day he grew pleased with himself for an act of self-sacrifice. It was lost whenever the wall of self rose round him, for inside that wall was the torture-chamber. To become nothing was the one escape. Time after time he escaped and slowly pride, ambition, all those strong turrets of the battlements of individuality sank down and were no more rebuilt.

Finding he could best attain this state of inner peace by some act of self-sacrifice, he hunted for opportunities. When he was in town with his people, he ate little but watched eagerly for every trifling opportunity of serving, pretending to want a piece of bread himself in order to set the plate within reach of his neighbor, who had looked at it, but had not wanted to interrupt the story. It was a pleasure to conceal his new all-pervading altruism; he found delight in crafty underhand ways of covering his self-sacrifice.

Later he knew what it was he was doing. He who had long discarded historical Christianity found it for himself—of necessity—his reinventing it an evidence that it is a part of nature, not more authentic in the form it took in Jesus than here, in this independent growth. "The essence of it is the inevitable religion of sorrow and love. If every record of it were destroyed, every memory of it extinguished, it would be reborn among broken-hearted men of the future."

But desire comes in a new form—he wants to tell her of this death of desire, make her feel the strange new beauty into which he can come. What he wrote of it before he had not sent; now he writes to her, then goes every day to the post-office and stares at an empty box, desiring that letter with all the intensity from desires relinquished.

One day the letter is there. She is "not sure of herself." She does care for him—some. But her sister feels it is not right they see each other now. The church—people—"so many more than ourselves to consider."

He feels that she, born to be free, is trammeled. He feels the beauty in her threatened. Even if not for himself, he would release her from their little fears, set her feet upon the road that leads true into the future—road upon which she should walk singing, secured by the triumphs of centuries long gone, in celebration of courage that was when man was not. What were his visions for if not to light a way for her?

There is gentleness, tender love, in the beginning of his reply. He would give up everything for himself rather than bring harm to her. But—is she happy with her sister—the church—"people"? Then it flames—his passion for the things that are. Self is not annihilated—not yet. Life has not renounced him. There on the brink of an abyss, about to go out from "the good old three dimensions" he sees them in their power and glory.

"Our life did not begin with Adam six or seven thousand years ago. The life that glows in you and me is the life that began in the sea one million centuries ago. More miraculous than resurrection from the dead is this: The life in those little specks of

plasm is alive to-day in you and me! It is likely that not over a hundred men, of the thousand millions now on earth, have imagined, that is felt, more vividly than I the reality of the whole unbroken history of life on earth.

"Do you not see how this vision of immense life must change the way one looks at life? Not Paul's words to the Corinthians, which we still read over the dead body—'It is sown in corruption; it is raised in incorruption . . . sown a natural body, raised a spiritual body,' but the natural world *is* the spiritual world and the spiritual world is the natural world!

"Oh, Vera—with the sunset in your eyes—*'Guess again.'*"

The answer is that he must not come to see her any more, and must not write. People are talking. She does not care enough. It is kinder to give him no hope.

No hope. Then, "Childe Rowland to the Dark Tower came."

CHAPTER XXII

WORLD OF SYMBOLS

DESIRE is wrong. He will kill desire. Shakespeare's lines haunt him—

> Love is not love
> Which alters when it alteration finds,
> Or bends with the remover to remove.

He will love without thought of being loved. He went into solitude in earnest now, in the country in March, and even the dogs had gone. Not even in Shep's eyes did he see love. Later it developed the dogs had been stolen; they were recovered. But now, they have been taken from him because they loved him. He is not to have any love at all. He is to renounce utterly.

His companion, his remaining solace, is his cob pipe. Because he desires it so much, he must give it up. This seems impossible. The need of it, the habits and satisfactions, are woven into his life. To reach for his pipe is like breathing. And now particularly his tense nerves demand it.

But when he reaches for it he does not take it. Renounce. Renounce utterly. The pipe is not itself alone. This is a symbol, a spiritual crisis. Relinquishing it means letting go a certain flavor of life—the easy companionship, the good old give and take, the comfortable quiet thinking. This is indeed going into

another kind of world, leaving dear familiar things. But when he had let go he is filled with a consolation strangely voluptuous.

It went all through him—from his lungs into his blood, blessing the farthest nerve—more subtle, more exquisite than tobacco. Next day the desire to smoke was there again. He fought the desire with the memory of its consolation, tried to summon it. It will not come when summoned. Then he knew that even the consolation of renunciation must be renounced. Annihilate self utterly—and the great soul of the universe will come in.

This is a resurgence of the religious emotion of boyhood. He turns inward to the sources of mystical joy, and attempts to substitute for his own desire the will of God. But that which in boyhood was development, now means the loss of things gained. Deeper and deeper he went into that gulf—the will to love without return. Since it was necessary to substitute the will of God for his own will he worked out a system for ascertaining God's will through the action of chance things taken as symbols. As self gave, the faculties most recently acquired by the race were the ones he lost control of, throwing him back into ways of thought curiously resembling the normal in his ancestors of a few thousand—or hundred thousand—years before.

But his highly developed modern brain was capable of far more complex and subtle interpretations than the earlier human brain. As freedom from reality was obtained only by a perfect subjection to the will of God—God being a curious projection of the subconscious self into the universe, this great change was the establishment of a new and inverted relation of mastery and service between the conscious and sub-

conscious selves. The conscious self had forced itself to abdicate; no sooner was obedience to actuality done away with than the mind sought new laws of its own to obey.

It was the breaking loose of the mental bars that are mortised in actuality. Once they have come loose, the possible mental structures are marvelous. Miracles are at once possible. One's own soul and God collaborating are all that is. The world of the three dimensions is only a mine, a quarry, raw material for building in the fourth dimension.

The compass was pointing, not true, but to that fascinating country, the symbolic world. Here he did not distinguish between symbol and thing symbolized; doing the symbolic thing was to him the event itself—as to his ancestor savage man, as to a child playing. We have an ability to dissociate in thought two things which occur together in reality. But at this time he could not dissociate his idea of a thing from the thing itself. The idea was the thing, the thing the idea. "The perception of identity far overbalanced the perception of difference." His subconscious mind had control—with its infinite subtlety. Every object in the room, every thought that came floating across the mind, had relations and meanings running down to the roots of the world, spiraling into the fourth dimension.

Later Jig knew this for the greatest adventure of his life, the longest and most dangerous swing of the pendulum of his spirit. He must write it. Here was a country on which he must report, for few who have gone that far have ever returned to report. He could tell it brilliantly, but it was as if he shrank from reliving it alone. Here is something of the way it worked, this much of it he did write:

His knife lay on the table before him, the little scissors open. From one of the scissor-blades a gleam of light shot to his retina. So wonderful was the structure of this world that he thought the gleam at just that instant, not sooner, not later, must have an accurate significance. It was a message flashed to him, a heliograph signal from the soul of the world, and it needed nothing but careful interpretation to make it cast a flood of light upon his path. He knew now that all these outward visible things were symbols. To understand them aright was to read the very mind of God that held all truth.

What were the scissors then? He looked at them, that unwinking unchanging expression of the eyes which showed his attention to be motionless on one element of one thing—an awful morbid rigidity of thought. He remembered that he had once lightly offered them to Vera so that she might cut the threads that made her unfree. But she had given them back and asked him to cut himself free of the threads of his wild theories of life. "And now let's see," thought he. "I could not do that." "I remember thinking that those were the threads of my life itself she was asking me to cut." Then came his new judgment: "I should have done what she asked. I should have cut the threads of life itself." "But that is foolish," came his objection. "To do that would have been foolish only in the outer three dimensions," said Love. "In *my* dimension—that is wisdom." The idea of self-destruction for love's sake was accompanied by an immense voluptuous emotion, never had he known a thing so intensely sweet. His argument went on, spinning itself within him. "If I should have done what she asked, and cut the threads of life itself, then she should have done what I asked, she should have

cut the threads that bound her to the woman of ice. Instead of that—" He paused breathless, for he felt his metaphors were leading him to knowledge absolute. He no longer regarded them as metaphors but as the divinely guided tools of an infallible dialectic. Instead of the woman of the sunset cutting the threads it was the woman of ice. It was the threads of life itself had been cut—the life of his beloved. The woman of ice was a murderess.

The watchman of the mind who had been put to sleep was needed then; but he lay as in the sleep of death, and there was no protection from profound and horrible belief in visions—no more protection than there is in dreams. His nerves were like violin strings screwed so tight that one more fraction of a turn would make them snap. His algebraic method, working its problems by help of signs, led him to certain knowledge that Vera's crime would be discovered before sunset of the next day. He saw the walls of her prison instead of the walls of his own room. His mind felt along the future as one would run one's hand along a rope beneath the water to see where it went. And it went to Vera's death. For when he had propounded the question, "Will she be hanged?" he felt his eyes guided to a black cap-like shadow thrown on the wall near the ceiling by the corner of the half-open door into the hall. And then, slowly forming on the inner darkness blazed the white lips and chin and throat of his beloved, that black cap of death across her eyes.

Then the man knew that there was one way out of that and he must find it. It could not be found by cowardice. Therefore he must rise from his chair and go toward that shadow and destroy it. He crossed the room toward it. The shadow would be

destroyed if he closed that door. "Wait," said the voice within. "This is the door of your own life. To close it means the closing of your life." He stopped and thought. Here was his fate and Vera's in his hand. What was done now symbolically would be done to-morrow in fact. He must go to them and tell them that he was the murderer of the woman of the sunset. All the details rose clear—motive—everything. They would believe him. Terror seized him and whirled him half round away from the door of death. He knew that his own death was to him the most important of all the billions of deaths that had been and were to be. But God willed it. He was acting under God's order. "Well then," he said, "it will be so!" His eyes blazed; jaws ground together he leaned forward and as though in the face of flying bullets moved toward the door. Reaching far forward he gripped the knob and pushed as if the door were ponderous. But he had stopped a little too far from it, and at the full length of his arm it still lacked some inches of closing. A quiver ran through him, an explosive discharge of accumulated nervous force which stiffened and shook him as though the electric current were passing through him then. He had to overcome that too as he stepped closer and saw the long slit of visible dim-lighted hallway narrow and disappear with the closing of the door.

That night it was terror, but much of it is such beauty as never was. The images of a lifetime were stored there in the magic cells of his brain. The watchman of the mind would allow these images to be put together only according to the strictest of rules. He thought they couldn't be put together in any other way. That was because he knew only three di-

mensions. But oh, the beautiful way to build them in the fourth! Love set to work with all the wonderful images, the most beautiful child's blocks that ever were, and whatever he built was "so"—no pain-inflicting judge to make it un-so. Not that Love didn't have his own fine laws. He took each image tenderly, held his breath as he set it into its place.

Without going there he sees a letter from Vera in his box at the post-office. Much as he wants the letter he is not to go and get it, but to know that she is asking him to come and see her. To verify by reading the actual letter would betray confidence in God's communication.

He goes to see her and she thinks he has come in response to the letter which is indeed waiting for him. There is lovely relaxation of tension in her presence. He is infinitely gentle. His compass is in the pocket of his blue flannel shirt. It is God's order that he is not to touch it, but that she is to take it for him. Instead she cries: "You're sick!"

He looks at her and knows what she means. "Men do go crazy," he says.

Frightened now, he goes back alone to the country, among all the things he has woven into the system of his delusions. He looks at the dogs' plate by the kitchen door. The smell of them is in the room. He speaks to them and listens for them to break the silence. No, they were taken away, because they loved him. But who is feeding them? Are they in out of the cold this sleety night? He reaches for his pipe. But the renunciation of smoking was so intense that he cannot smoke again. Every nerve wants it, but the smell of his pipe makes him sick. He wants to speak to some one before he goes to bed. He opens the door and calls "Shep! Shep! Here, Chips!" A

sound makes him jump—like a horse he once heard in a burning barn. His throat hurts. The sound was from him. He is sobbing.

His dilemma is between need of sleep, without which he had no chance, and his fear of relaxation in sleep. For all day and all night things presented themselves for the symbol-system, the immense world of his creation. It was necessary to analyze each thing and reason out that it wasn't so. It took careful work to destroy each delusion as it formed itself. He was on guard against them every moment. They seemed to come moving up from his breast overcharged with emotion. He must keep that feeling down in his heart. If he let it rise to his head . . . Dare he relax in sleep? There was only one little firelight circle of sanity. All the rest belonged to the system, and the system was forever pressing in. If he slept—if the little firelight circle once grew dark—would it ever be relighted? He thought not. If he slept the system would march in and fortify itself in his one remaining corner, and the kingdom of delusion be established forever in all his mind.

For three days he fights. Then he knows he cannot fight alone another night. He thinks of "Mid," his good friend who is a doctor. About four o'clock the rainy afternoon he starts to walk from Buffalo to Davenport.

On his way to salvation from symbols, he is almost destroyed by them. There is the railroad-track, representing separation, and the wagon-road, which is union. When he stands at the crossing of the two, the road to his right, the railroad to his left, he is persuaded that the way he takes will determine his whole life. If he starts up the railroad, he cannot leave it—not even if a train comes. As he stands there a boy

appears, saying: "You can't go by the road, the bridge is washed out." This is a sign from God that he is not to leave the railroad-track. In the pouring rain he says good-by to the boy and when he has passed from sight, begins to cry bitterly. He looks up the wagon-road—the way of all his days. The world mysteriously darkens, as for his death. Now he understands the clairvoyance of the last few days. Power of reading those deep hieroglyphics of the world came to him because he is about to die. His heart fills with an immense compassion for all life as, head bent, he starts up the track. There is no one in sight. Here alone on the railroad-track, in the desolate rain, he will die.

CHAPTER XXIII

BEHOLD THE SUN!

THE good friend whom Jig finally reached that day was a wise friend. "He's handling it right," Jig would say to himself, and became interested in the game of handling it.

Yet Mid was frank. "It's a fight, you know that, don't you, Jig?"

A fight? From Homer down everything worth while was the story of a fight.

Mid tried to get him to turn from one thing to another. "What's that bird on the steeple mean?" he would ask. To fit the bird on the steeple into the system was just what Jig wanted to do, but Mid is saying—"Oh, well, never mind boring into it like that. Here's this cart bumping along, and the kids wading in the gutter. Just let things come and go, without all this fitting into your funny old system."

That was harder than Mid could know. It was flexibility he had lost. He made something like this suggestion to his sub-conscious mind: "Put your mind on this, pull it off and put it on that, but only half letting go of 'this.' Then turn from one to the other and see differences between them."

This tired him, for the pull of the strange world into which he had gone was like the pull of sleep. The great fight was still for faith in which he could go to sleep—faith that the little firelight of sanity would

be there, and stronger, when he woke. Even in sleep itself would form the terror that the fire was burning lower and would not be there for him when he woke.

"In the slow pull back from the abyss, Friend Nietzsche held out a helping hand." One morning: "Behold the sun! Cool sweet fragrant morning in my mind.

"It is time to begin planting the earliest vegetables."

It was a different man who planted the vegetables that spring. What he had been through was not only an experience giving first-hand knowledge of unsuspected ways the mind can work—it was baptism in fire; it was rebirth. He was as a diver who brings treasures from the deep. He himself had different names for it—melancholia, intellectual insanity, hyperesthesia of the emotions, but those were only things used, a medium. His experience was religious. He had done it—what Jesus did, what the great mystics have done, had cast off self utterly and walked with God. He was of the initiate now. Despite the terrors his mind had invented for him, he had known love—selfless, perfect, one with the great soul of the universe to which the sixteen-year-old boy raised his arms in the Iowa City Library. The world had a new content. It was that mood in which we cry *"Now* I know!" when, after we have long tried to understand, it comes of itself, so clear that it is as a mirror in which all things can be seen. "All the great books of the world are to be read over again," said the man who planted the vegetables in the spring of 1906.

One Sunday he took a walk up the creek with his father. Dad Cook told him the story he had been reading of some life-saving dogs. Suddenly Jig found he was trembling, and almost he failed to hold it back, that sob from the deep, from the sea of all emotion

which had broken a way into him. This did not pass. Even in things which did not deal directly with emotion there was that quality charged with the beauty and the pity and the terror of things; not far off a sea was sounding, "a sea with surf from far-off hurricanes that had wrecked ships."

It made his personality emotionally deep, spiritually aware. He was grown-up now. He had come into his own. One felt in him the sense of an awful compassion, restrained, but always needing restraint. A high-strung horse never bolting, but ready to bolt unless reined right. The feeling of a man walking above an abyss, cool, and careful, having accepted the abyss as companion; restraint of emotion no mere matter of decorum, but for inner balance.

They find each other, the inner tension draws them one to the other, all those in whom is sounding the sea from far-off hurricanes that have wrecked ships. People in danger from within, even though they scarcely knew Jig, and were unaware of his experience, were drawn to him; and in people whom he did not know he would feel that the stuff of his experience was here. He might shrink from them, not wanting to let in all that would come, but both the fascination and the compassion were too great for this withholding, and it was a kind of brotherhood.

Strindberg was of that brotherhood. At the time we were reading "There are Crimes and Crimes" we talked one night of that period of Strindberg's life when he skirted or crossed "the border of insanity." Some one held that insanity invalidated the work of any mind that had been subjected to the profound experience. Jig claimed that an intensification of certain faculties is essential for great imaginative literature, and that those are just the faculties intensified

in insanity—here to a point beyond control of the will.

He was excited, and after he went upstairs wrote a few things about Strindberg and himself:

"But if the will of a man is able to reestablish its control over those abnormally intensified faculties—such a man possesses instruments of creation surpassing in power anything in the possession of the completely sane, well-balanced mind. To a mind once rendered acute to the perception of symbols, the whole world turns marvelously into symbol. Then we have the mystic, and the mystic's depth of feeling.

"Without the intensity of symbolic thinking which Strindberg carried back from across the border into sanity, his drama 'There are Crimes and Crimes' would not be particularly significant. The drama is bathed in an emotional quality experienced in its intensest form in the emotional hyperesthesia of melancholia. The poet is here master of that thinking in symbols which in derangement masters the mind.

"This mood, this kind of mental structure, is interwoven of necessity with the idea of God. In it the world is exalted into a many-avenued medium of expression of a great permeating mind—a mind intensely concerned with the minutest shades of human conduct.

"Certain set avenues of such expression were recognized and codified by early priesthoods—the flight of birds, the twist of sacrificial entrails in the fire—but a vivid imagination, once possessed of the key of symbolism, once persuaded that God is uttering Himself through His world as through the pages of a book, can find in every slightest letter of it, in the most commonplace event, omen and prophecy, command and prohibition.

"Is that insanity? Whether it is or not may depend on the degree of control the will is able to main-

tain over the perilous stuff. But whatever it is, it lies at the base of religion. The men in whose minds this kind of thing happens have been the great religious artists, teachers and mystics of mankind."

Nietzsche was of that brotherhood. "He saved my soul from Tolstoi, Jesus, and Mr. and Mrs. Browning." He read "Ecce Homo" just after he came from his own solitude. In writing of that tension he is more free to write of his own.

"Not even 'Ecce Homo' is the work of madness, but the partition here between madness and great wit is thin indeed. When he wrote 'Ecce Homo' no control had snapped; the leash still held, but there was a force tugging at the leash. That solitude of spirit which produced the immense tension of Nietzsche, and so his greatest work, endured too long. In 'Wilhelm Meister' an old harper's mind becomes deranged. Wilhelm takes him to a country clergyman who takes care of and frequently cures insane people. Explaining his method, the clergyman says that he constantly draws the attention of the afflicted mind to points it has in common with the rest of mankind. No reader of Nietzsche needs to have pointed out how steadily and violently he turned from all that he had in common with the 'many-too-many.'

"No price seemed to him too great to pay for the preservation of his instinctive difference. To him that difference meant freedom. He would have been willing to pay the price had he known in advance that it was to be the loss of reason. He knew it might be that, and on he marched. But to fill the world with new, invigorating thought and passion—it was worth going mad for. In 'Luria,' Browning speaks of 'Knowledge which to reach burnt out a brain.'"

Jig translated for himself "The Free Mind," and it

was as a song while he plowed for new garden space that year.

"We must give ourselves our tests, for we are intended for independence and command. We must not evade our tests, though they are perhaps the most dangerous game we can play, and are propounded to us ourselves as witnesses and before no other judge. Not to be caught of a person, be it the most beloved —every person is a prison, and a corner. . . . Not to be caught of one's own emancipation, that voluptuous remoteness and strangeness of the bird mounting ever higher in order to see more beneath itself: the peril of the soarer. . . ." And to the other dangers his mind added a "Not to be caught of Frederick Nietzsche."

Just before going into the world of symbols he said of himself: "There is in me now the possibility of two men, so unlike each other that they have hardly anything in common. Which one is to exist for the next twenty years?"

Both of them, it seems to me, existed for the next eighteen years, and his achievement in personality was in the way they could balance and complete one another.

"One must possess, not be possessed by, the opposite powers of self-expansion and self-obliteration. So one becomes an instrument of flexible power. These powers are the male and female of the mind—to unite them is the ideal mystic marriage, superbly fruitful."

He thought also of these elements as they are in society: "Selfishness and altruism—it is new embodiment and balancings of these principles that make the history of the human soul. One of these ideas dominates one epoch, the other dominates the next. These two notes build up the theme which is varied through

all the individual and the general life of man. The two modes of life are like two legs continually passing each other. It is the march of mankind. Rome conquers the world—it is the triumph of the doctrine of selfishness. Primitive Christianity is the altruist reaction. The Christianity of the Emperor Constantine swings back into militarism, egotism masked. The big capitalists are the embodiment of that mode to-day. It may give way to Socialism—organized altruism. Socialism in power may become the lordly egotism of the future, to be in turn overthrown by some new and powerful passion of love—the forward swing of the other leg in the eternal hayfoot-strawfoot of the world."

He did not at this time become a Socialist, though in his revaluing of all values, Socialism was one of the things he thought a good deal about: "The scheme of creating and dividing wealth, like the existing scheme of creating and developing human beings, has come to its present form under the weld of immense slow forces. To deflect them is about as easy as it would be to deflect an ice-sheet moving down across a continent. As easy, and—as desirable."

One day he startled a couple of friends in Davenport by quietly saying he was an anarchist.

There were one or two who knew different ways of being an anarchist, and so somewhat calmed the community. "A philosophical anarchist," perhaps that could do no real harm. But when they asked George Cook if he was a philosophical anarchist, he said he hoped he was a somewhat philosophical farmer, writer and anarchist.

Just as they were recovering from knowing an anarchist he remarked that he did not believe in marriage.

"Free love?"

Free love was one word too many; how could love be anything but free?

He was not doing it to startle; he was giving what seemed to him the straight of it from his experience. Marriage—the sense of ownership—was bad. It is possible they were unable to sympathize, not because his feeling was so much baser than their own, but for another reason, one they would be less likely to suspect. "At times, in towering summer nights, when he was with her he felt in himself some sudden savage power to take possession of her. Some psychic act seemed possible—as though he could then stamp his image on her spirit as a coin is stamped on metal. If he did that, he felt she would be forever his—his woman, no longer an independent soul. He held himself back from this. He did not want to be her master. Her love as a free and equal soul was what he craved."

He corrected some one who spoke of this "theory." "It is my vision of life. Move the case as you will, the needle is true to the north. These marriage restrictions are as if a compass-maker, to make sure of the needle's faith, pointed it to the north and then fastened it tight, so it couldn't move away."

"What is it you believe then?"

"That love cannot be 'won.' That is a gift, or nothing. It cannot be bartered—not even for love. Love is its own reward. I would not trick or trap or charm it toward me. The last thing I would do is bind it to me. If a woman loved me forever, it would be forever her gift and not my right."

His vision of love did not take the place of his love for Vera. That vision was as a place prepared for her, even though he was pretty sure now she would never be his.

"July 17. I fell asleep here on the couch after a long day's work and wake now into a vast solitude. The Cabin is dark and still." (Jig was living in "the little house" beside the Cabin, remodeled for him the last year of his marriage.) "This house is silent. There is no breeze to give the companionship of stirring leaves. I went outside, heavy with sleep. The Lyre is overhead. Mist-like gray cloud is creeping down from the northwest. It feels as though the world were dying. I lay on the porch. Peggy woke up, came out and licked my hand. I was glad, yet I knew that a little brown dog is not enough. I looked at her across the chasm from the human soul to the animal—too far. The little animal was a million years away. And you, fellow human being, woman I love, seem as far away from me as the stars of the Lyre—my love for you the desire of the north for the star—and to the yearning of the world's desire—no answer coming down. All the love in the world flowing through my heart. And if you loved—this same whole silent universe would seem to be holding its breath with love for me—awed, beautiful, happy love. But there comes peace—for still the universe loves you—through me. If you could love it back a little bit—through me?

"Things back to normal. But what now? Music with Albert." (The negro who succeeded old "General.") "Fineshreibers down. Work enormously. Money in bank. A virtue of necessity. I am not wronged or doing wrong. Things are just. The point is to gather life together and make the most of it. Intensity in music, in thinking, in beginning to write the new things I feel, in meeting people. Establish new links with life. Sundays inviolate for the higher life.

"Sunday: 'The original hour (that is quarter of an

hour) of confidence and creation' writes Browning of the inspiration of 'Bells and Pomegranates.' So it was only quarter-hours with him too! Thirty seconds is closer to the duration of the real vision. The glow of it may spread through the thinking of the next hour. But I do have real vision sometimes, and that is all any of them had.

"I will always have flashes of voluptuous understanding. The procession of thoughts will forever pass as long as I am alive and conscious. Visions will come, whatever I work at. They can be remembered a day or two and during that time written."

It was a long ride from Buffalo to Davenport on the vegetable-wagon—nine miles, and Jig would not hurry Daisy when she had a load, nor returning, when she was tired. He told me he used to think about things, sitting up there alone on the seat of his spring-wagon. It is a beautiful road, through fields and meadows and orchards, along the Mississippi most of the way. Big, graceful with the grace of a big animal, knees crossed, leaning forward, reins in one hand, cob pipe in the other, talking to Daisy and Daisy talking to him—throwing her head around, switching her tail. Looking at the fields he passed and thinking of the crops and of the whole long story of the earth, looking across the Mississippi and seeing far cities and cities that have not been, turning his keen, kind, thoughtful, and wanting-to-be-merry hazel eyes to whoever might pass, wanting to talk, but a little hesitant, not quick to make the adjustment to the new person, pondering, stretching, yawning, and finally reaching the first saloon outside Davenport and going in for a glass of beer.

It was no fun in the rain; Jig did not like rain, remembering that long slow ride home from town, when

there was nothing to do but sit there and take it, and see Daisy taking it—submissive, patient, good. They were man and horse to each other through a number of years. He would record things about Daisy as if she were a person. "Daisy harrowed two acres today, working patiently and willingly, but short of wind." "Daisy was tired. Went down and engaged Sil Mounts' team for Monday and Tuesday." "Haul as many trees as Daisy can easily take up the hill." "Will not use Daisy again till get harness fixed." He said it wasn't as if he was alone on these rides. "Never mind; soon you'll be eating oats in a dry barn." Sometimes, after Daisy was happy in the barn, the man would write down things which the jog of the wagon, the flow of the Mississippi, songs of the birds or clouds on the hills of Illinois had sent through his mind as he moved over this road of his boyhood, road which had remained the same while paths of his thoughts and desires had so greatly changed, road upon which, for him, still went men and horses who had gone that way before him—Indians who made the path which the first white men, his grandfathers, widened to the road. Things like this he would write down after he, too, had his supper:

"I see the incalculable loss in not having made friends with the Indian and living side by side with him—learning his language and tradition. The whites were too brutal, too stupid, too little interested in strange and fascinating human lives different from their own. The past human life of this region is almost utterly unknown to us—there are no links with it—it is lost. It might have enriched our own racial life here."

" 'Most musical, most melancholy.' Yes and most musical because most melancholy. Music is the most unresting of earthly things, it cannot stop or stay, its

loveliness dies the instant it is born. How like life great music is, driven by its nature to leave the past that is known and loved for the future that may be beautiful but must be different. Sculpture is restful like a lake, like the great still day of a child, that scarcely has a shore. Music is a stream nearing its inevitable end. Those great sad lonely souls call to each other across the centuries—Bach, Beethoven, Wagner, souls alone with the stars, deep calling unto deep. Their music is not shoreless—its shores are dark, vague, vast as night.

"A true and strong idealist is a filament projected by the race out into its future path—as a moving amœba projects a fingerlike process and by it draws its whole self after. But the strain on the foremost point is great. The whole body pulls on it. If its hold on the new ground be weak, it is pulled back—the idealist ceases to be one. If its connection with the body be weak, the filament is torn and left alone, the body does not follow it. The only idealist who is of service is he whose grip on his own truth and on the world of men cannot be torn loose. The world follows him. Socialism is a filament, the foremost point of which was Marx. Christianity is a filament, its point and apex Jesus and his disciples of every age. Browning is a point—but draws his filament weakly, his grip on the world was not strong, he disregarded that, plunging on alone. So your religious recluses. They see the far pure path and go out to it alone and die—they do not help (at least not then) to move the amœba, the race of men."

There was much lonely thinking. But that year two things happened to change the years ahead. At a gathering in Moline, a club from Chicago, he met Mollie Price, whom later he married, and who became

the mother of his children. She was from cities; she knew people who were thinking the kind of things he had been thinking alone. Through her was a release from loneliness. She was not held in what seemed to Jig that frozen belt of society, which had excluded him from life. She was young and free, and he felt something gallant and brave in her. They fell in love with each other, and this love was like sunshine after cold rain. Though she went away again, she left the world different, and soon they were forming their plans for a life together.

The other event of that year was meeting a certain seventeen-year-old boy.

CHAPTER XXIV

"THE NEEDLE AND THE NORTH"

THE seventeen-year-old boy had a name like a story-book—Floyd Dell. After they knew each other well, having worked together on the farm, in the Socialist local, and in the Monist Society, which they formed, they half promised, half threatened, to write novels about one another. Jig got a good start on his, then stopped, complaining Floyd hadn't yet lived enough of his life to make a novel about it; I have a feeling that Floyd's about Jig will one day be written, a beautiful story, wrestling with ideas while wrestling with sod-blocks. Here is a page from Jig's novel, telling of the manner in which Nat Burleson, the scholarly gardener, was introduced to young Allan Door. The chapter is called "Running up the Flag."

"Allan told Winifred Curtis, the librarian, about his leaving school and going to work in the candy-factory. She was concerned at the length of his work-day, and wondered how he could have any life left for his evenings in the library. She remonstrated when he told her he often sat up until twelve or one writing.

"Before long she carried home this writing. . . .

"Next morning when Nathaniel Burleson, having sold his vegetables, came in from his wagon, in blue shirt and corduroys, with some books to exchange, Winifred made him sit down and read the poems.

"'A sixteen-year-old boy?' he echoed. 'Here in Davenport? And you say you discovered these poems last night?'

"'Even so,' beamed Winifred.

"'Then how,' demanded Burleson, 'do you explain the fact that you have this morning neglected to run the flag up over the public library of this city?'

"Winifred looked dazed. Then smiled. 'A stupid oversight. I'll have the janitor attend to it at once. You don't think it will hurt him, do you?'

"'Hurt him? Oh, by swelling his head. Well, I wish some one had tried to damage me like that!'

"Looking back from his wagon as he drove off toward the country, he saw the flag go up for Allan Door."

Floyd soon left the candy-factory and moved down to the farm to work for Jig. In the whole history of Iowa there has probably not been so stimulating a hired man; and perhaps since the beginnings of growth seeds have not matured in so lively a stream of intellectual life. Spraying the apple-trees with arguments about Haeckel and Nietzsche and Marx, weeding potatoes and theories, plowing the earth to its greatest poems!

I do not know how good Floyd was for the farm, but he was good for the farmer—this inventive, soaring young mind; an exasperating and quarrelsome young mind. God had sent him to Jig the teacher, that Jig might give unto him his treasure, and might in turn be challenged, nettled, charmed and enraged into new scrutinies of old truths, into defenses, revaluings, creation.

Floyd was a Socialist, and Jig would thank the Government to mind its own business, leaving him in peace to mind his. If he wanted to go barefoot, this would

not be objected to, just so he did not try to take the shoes off other people. The good sense of this should be extended to other personal affairs.

The cock-sure young Socialist, for whom Herbert Spencer had synthetized knowledge, kept biting at this Nietzschean, anarchist, profound and lazy man of God, the way a terrier would worry a St. Bernard, who, having risked his life in being a noble dog, after the thrills and sorrows of the world, now, though in the hey-day of his strength, would like to lie for hours in the sun, thinking of departed puppyhood and contemplating the strange destiny of dog. Sometimes the St. Bernard would growl and say, "Oh, you think I can't bite, do you?" Resting his big head in his paws, his kind, wise, sorrowful eyes—"Come, come!" the terrier would cry, taking a good nip, and they are off together, chasing a new hare, running in circles under birds, digging a deep hole.

Jig was challenged into "The Needle and the North." "Two men love a woman—one with the love in its essence Christian, like Browning, the other Hellenic, like Goethe."

"Sunday morning, 6.30. There was good work going on in my head last night, while I was asleep and the chickens were failing to hatch. The two men are there for me now. Intense realization of existence, of life, of death, of the past, of consciousness. The importance of it all blazing upon the mind. Woman, what she is—her love—and the lack of it. Desire for her—the expression of that in music, in poetry. Solitude—how it hurts, and pain—how it strengthens and refines. Sudden Job-like destruction of everything he loved and desired. Sympathy, how it is born of suffering. Annihilation of selfishness tempting to its excess in annihilation of self. The death of all that joy gives

life to in the mind. This is the musical *motif* of this person. Escape from sorrow in renunciation. The spiritual exaltation. A strong original selfishness blinding him to those around him. The habit of unselfishness leading him to keener observation of people, to inference.

"The woman sees the souls of the two men. She knows that these men have the deepest need for each other. She feels in herself the uncertainty and discord of two unreconciled ideals both claiming her, both indispensable. And finally in herself—the woman finds that she cannot, that no one can do what these two men tried to do—reach unity by leaving out one of these ideals. (The Christian spirit is like an unmated woman; the pagan spirit an unmated man. Creative fruitfulness of mind and body lies in their right union.) Instead of ever finding a solution and reaching peace the two ideals must both be given place in every house, in every mind. They will go on contending in every day and deed—the battle is never to stop. The battle is life. Here self must be obliterated, there expanded, by the exercise of reason as swift and sure as intuition, by that process of *emotion-thought*. And so the final triumph is the union of the two principles in one person—the superwoman, a new being in this world. It may be in her children that she learns how to fuse the two opposites.

"The strong man has power to feel playing through life the moral fourth dimension. He joyously dominates a crowd of men drinking, imposing ideas on one and another with a swiftness, a power of absurd argument that made it seem impossible to refute him, no matter what crazy notion his caprice has created. He would proclaim a wild paradox and defend it with immense unanswerable truths. The air tingled with

the man's Homeric joy of battle. The glow of his mind filled the room. But he was knightly too—at least if his opponent had strength he rejoiced in it. Nothing could shake his good-nature. He played with everybody and everything; he dominated without motive—just because it was fun. He listened, though he obviously had to bottle a hundred thoughts. He wished that each minute had four minutes in it, so all could all talk at once. He gravely applied ponderous philosophical principles to insignificant happenings of the moment, illuminating both, bubbling with the joke and joy of it, and yet knew with some cool corner of his brain that he was dealing with divine truths. Young Goethe was this kind of wild true talker."

Thinking it as young Goethe perhaps made it easier to write, but it was also one of the Jig Cooks, that Jig who would come home late at night, and fresh from the joy of combat, cry: "I was good!"—seeing himself as if it were not himself, his power making him as happy as the boy who has won all the events at the field-meet, glowing as after the shower that follows those events, an egotism disarming because unconcealed —sunny, Homeric, his pleasure in himself having the fulness—the righteousness—of his pleasure in the whole of life.

So that Jig got into "The Needle and the North," and that man's best friend, the other Jig, is there too —he who is all humility, through whom life flowed purely, he not asking or asserting. He is the Lawrence who sits on the orchard stile with Hertha. "It was May. The tender and melancholy trill of the toads came from the edge of a woodland pool. He said he loved her. Other men had always followed that with the tumultuous, 'Do you love me?' . . . He spoke of a bough of apple-blossoms into which the first

level moonbeam of the night was moving. 'They make the darkness more beautiful. Glow and gloom enrich each other. See—those that have fallen. Their dim whiteness makes the ground look like water reflecting the white tree.' "

They talk about love, about marriage. " 'To me it seems love does not demand. It gives.'

" 'Blindly?' she asks.

" 'Blind? It is like an added sight—revealing what is hidden from all but love.'

" 'I am afraid you are an anarchist,' she says, after they have talked about the law and love."

Possibly, but he does not like the word—a negative word suggesting chaos, and we want to come into the beautiful cosmos that is life. His eye falls on the moonlit apple-tree. " 'I believe in naturocracy.'

"Her eyes follow his, but turn back from that beauty to watch the vision kindle in his eyes. 'There is no chaos in that city of blossoms. You know of those tiny golden lovers, the grains of pollen, lovers who are also love-letters. They are Argonauts who sail on their airships, the bees, to wed the maiden pistils. They have no law but the law of their own nature, and—Behold the tree! There shall be a humanity like that! There shall be people who discover and obey the fine sure laws that lie within, knowing themselves as from one great law in which all is formed. Panarchy! Or shall we say pantheocracy—the power of Nature, untrammeled by the little laws that malform our lives. These words have the future in them. They are coming. I see the first gleam of their wings.'

" 'Teach me some more new words,' she says a little later, evading personal things.

" 'They are fading. They came trailing clouds of glory. Somehow—it has passed. The words are bad.

William the Norman conquered most of our power to make new English words. And we don't want to be controlled by Nature, but to control.' "

When he has told her more of his vision of love: " 'You are a man out of some far future dropped back here in our world. The people of then will feel as you do, and their world will be more beautiful. But I am in our world. I dare not defy it; so—I would stand between you and your vision.'

" 'To have you see it with me—the world is no longer a solitude.' Not to pursue was instinct in him then, as well as theory—an unconscious wisdom in the mood of that deep alluring night.

"She looked at him. He seemed infinitely tender, and yet she felt a great tension controlled, as a cross-bow drawn and set and ready for release. The silence of the night and the patient yearning of the toad's ancient love-song, learned in the Permian days of the earth, carried to her, even better than his words, the feeling of this lover who was great and beautiful to her. A faint breeze from the south stirred through the motionless blossoms, bringing a wave of fragrance to the stile. A mysterious sweetness—a sweet fear thrilled her. She rose and started to run.

"He caught her where the fallen petals made the ground look like water reflecting the white tree. Her flight had set his soul afire with fire that filled his blood.

"But compelled to 'be good,' he leaned back, his lungs expanding, his lips parting, and saw her profile clear against the open light-filled space of sky between a dark bough and a bough ablaze with blossoms. 'You wear the stars in your hair,' he said.

"The invisible gravitation, incessantly resisted, incessantly drawing the two together, had etherealized

them into finest, most sensitive substance. Nearness was a fragrance and a rapture, the slightest touch, even of their clothes, was like soul touching soul—a communion of glowing sense in which sense had refined itself into every attribute of spirit.

" 'I saw the blossoms burning white and I thought of them as wedding candles. I saw the stars in your hair—fit jewels for my queen. And then, almost at the same instant, I felt the real depth of the stars and the whole sky seemed, like me, to be holding its breath with love. You give me grief or gladness and my imagination does the rest. I want you—oh, I want you! The fathomless universe in my heart wants you. The depths of space want you through me. They use me to want you as I use my tongue to speak. The world concentrates itself in me, in me comes to knowledge of what it wants. Its dumb longing speaks through me. Its blind need uses me for eyes.'

"In the shadow of her hair he looked and saw her eyes, and they were the eyes of his bride, and his soul was wrapped in blaze. Sunset, lightning, the sea, the stars—none so splendid as the upwelling in this modern girl of the elemental woman—a wild free Mænad, natural as the trees. All they had been saying of love became as nothing before the voluptuous reality of it—their blood filling with fragrant flame as their lips met, their beautiful bodies and their beautiful souls blending into a union as much higher, intenser, and sweeter than the wedding of the golden pollen and the maiden pistils as the life of man and woman is higher, intenser, and sweeter than the life of a blossoming tree."

CHAPTER XXV

THE MONIST SOCIETY

BEFORE long young Dell came bringing George Cook into the Socialist camp. "Camp" had not a little to do with it, I surmise. "One of the comrades." Yet Floyd was persuasive, and also there was Fritz; mail-carrier and critic of the universe, exhaustless sunny scorn had Fritz. No knowledge could disconcert him, for his personality was built around the idea that all knowledge was in him, and he was so big and ruddy and quenchless that his benign damnation did indeed seem to have the sanction of both heaven and hell.

The little boy who built the city of Troy in the sand built it alone. Since then he had become a worker; it was good to build with other workers, some of them workers who dreamed. And if a flavor of the dream cities was lost—the brook that played down the hill of imagination becoming an irrigation ditch—there was gain too, fresh edge for the tools of thought. A collective faith, collective energy, were good for the man who was lazy unless on fire with vision or purpose, and who then had the strength of ten.

Congressman Cook's grandson ran on the Socialist ticket. When he made a speech he might talk about cucumbers and baby rabbits. "As a truck-farmer receiving for my vegetables about fifty per cent of the price the eater pays, with expense of production taking

another twenty-five per cent, I am not inclined to regard surplus value as a myth. They might at least give the Socialist farmer, who for four or five months fertilizes, plows, plants, fights striped bugs and hauls cucumbers to town, the satisfaction of naming the fifty cents he doesn't get. I can think of lots worse names to call it than surplus value."

You see, the cucumbers came from the earth. The earth has a wonderful chemistry, involving worlds beyond our world. A man and a horse, also—though more remotely—products of the earth, gave of their muscle and brain that the life in the cucumber be not frustrated. Beneath exploitation, economic determinism and to-hell-with-the-capitalist-class, was a patient horse plowing, were little vines in the morning sunshine, in the soft rain—smell of the earth, wonder of a seed pushing through the ground, becoming a tiny green plant, climbing into a vine, becoming a flower, forming a tiny cucumber, and the cucumber growing big. Perhaps what I am trying to say is absurd, and nobody would thank me for it—not the Socialists, perhaps not Jig, perhaps not even the cucumber, and yet I have got to put it down, that I feel in this doctrinaire speech the lovely way a horse rolls her eyes sideways when you come along, the honest feel of the handle of the plow, that beautiful lusty, sexual relation of manure and hot sun, the jolly look of cucumbers piled high on a wagon—"Gitap!" and a breeze from the Mississippi.

Along comes the baby rabbit, introducing Liebknecht at Turner Hall: "Not long ago I saw a baby rabbit frisking alongside the road. He felt mighty fine. He liked the cool bracing air. He was full of the joy of life. He expressed it in play. His game consisted in running a little way, stopping short in his

track, doubling back, jumping sideways clear of his trail as far as he could jump, and then disappearing motionless on the background of the earth. That was a mighty useful game to the young rabbit. He was learning how to protect himself from his hereditary enemy—dogs."

Of course, the parallel gets itself hammered in good old political-speech manner. The hounds may be very good hounds, but the rabbits do not send them to Congress. "This is the story of why there are so many fat rabbits and so many more lean working-men. The story also of why there are so many more employers that get rich than there are dogs that catch rabbits."

Soon there were Socialist picnics at the Cabin, the class-conscious working-men and their wives coming down on the "Firefly" which once brought the young people of "the master class" for suppers or week-ends. The old log-house received the proletariat as serenely as it had the bourgeoisie. Thrush and robin made music with the brook, and across the road the broad Mississippi flowed on to its destiny.

Not one to leave himself behind when he went on into a new thing, Comrade Cook had heard the waters of Heidelberg and loved Giotto. Like the man of a few years before, the Socialist wanted a sacred book both new and true. He talked to his comrades, men banded together for a better human society, about other societies—much older groupings. "The molecules of the fertilized human egg still remember the ancient grouping and repeat it." He talked of the social courage we inherit. "It was a great moment—a climax in the yet unwritten epic of the earth—when the first Double-breather on the verge of the yet lifeless land felt the first breath of air in those new lungs, which the blind need of generations had shaped at last

to their new function. The dominion of the uninhabited land which lay beside the crowded sea!

"When the mighty Saurians were the dominant class and the early mammals an insignificant class, there occurred, we will suppose, a great change in economic conditions—the receding of waters transforming areas of swamps into dry land. This, of course, changed the food supply of the Saurians, but it made a still greater change in the food of the little mammals. It enabled them to get at the huge, hitherto inaccessible eggs of the ruling class. The mammalian standard of living shot up; hours of labor were enormously reduced; they had leisure and developed the play instinct so noticeable in well-nourished young pigs, puppies, kittens, lambs and babies."

"I am immersed in farming," Jig writes to his old friend Charles Eugene Banks. "It has its pleasantness, now that the fruit-trees are making the world fragrant. There are four hundred and sixty lively chicks in the brooder-house, and thousands of infant vines born from the sprouted seed of pea and melon.

"Floyd Dell and I have formed the Monist Society of Davenport, for the propagation of our philosophy in the guise of religion, or religion in the guise of philosophy. That, too, is a seed. It started with my Evolution paper."

The beauty of the Monist Society was that you could wreck it if you wanted to. The Socialist Party had to be treated a little too respectfully. The Society had a stirring Statement of Belief, and attracted to itself all of us who were out of sorts with what we were supposed to believe. Declining to go to church with my parents in the morning, I would ostentatiously set out for the Monist Society in the afternoon, down an obscure street which it seemed a little improper to be

walking on, as everything was closed for Sunday, upstairs through a sort of side entrance over a saloon. Here were people who had never been together before. A few of the more fearless clubwomen, wanting to know all that should be known about education, even though it involved "certain matters of sex"; a number of free-thinking Germans—long since more interested in free-thinking than in thinking; the town atheist, who had filled that position for so many years that he was viewed as having a certain solidity, even with something like gratitude—giving us an atheist without doing us much harm; disappointed politicians quite ready to identify themselves with the new movement; young people always to be seen at the Public Library, people glad to have some place to go on Sunday, and various lonely souls who hoped in this bare hall of the Monist Society to find their own, for they had not found their own in Davenport. A strangely assorted group, all out of our own backgrounds, and looking at each other suspiciously—"Heavens, there's the butcher!" "Now what is *she* doing here?" Perhaps moving over a chair to speak to some one you'd known all your life, and never suspected you had anything in common with—and all the time a thrill, as a new deal of old cards—"*Not* the Fall, but the slow steady rise of Man. Apple? There was no apple." You would tell your father what you thought now, fortified by these others, who, fortified by you, would go home and tell what they thought. Supper-tables of Davenport would be different that night because of the Monist Society. Courage being struck alive, no telling what would be done with it. "Yes, sir, I'll give up that job. I'll go to Chicago—that's what I'll do." "If he won't give me any money—I'll go out and earn some. He can like it or lump it." "Very well then, if they won't let

me see him at home, I'll meet him round the corner." ("Life is inconceivably old," the speaker is saying.) "We'll *go* somewhere. I'm going to *live.*" "We welcome all who are ready to reject conventional beliefs which are in contradiction to their intellectual convictions; believing that the forces of progress may thereby be strengthened and—" There are tears in her eyes, then swift and pure it rises through her mind—"The room shall be papered." She sees mauve-pink, and sighs. "I will give my whole life to science," is lyric in the heart of the fair slim boy whose father will put him in the grocery store next month.

Some of us were children of pioneers; some of us still drove Grandmother to the Old Settlers' Picnic the middle of August. Now—pioneers indeed, that pure, frightened, exhilarating feeling of having stepped out of your own place and here, with these strange people, far from your loved ones and already a little lonely, beginning to form a new background. Not blind chance. Not material things. Belief. Courage. Jesus did it too. "Come unto Me, all ye that—"

I am too much inside my own mind in trying to say that here, interspersed with airings of curiously irrelevant grievances, was the most interesting talk there had been in Davenport up to that time. We were the queer fish of the town; get the queer fish into one pond and it's a queer pond—but it moves the water around. We even became powerful and changed the city election. The Library Board refusing to buy a book called "The Finality of the Christian Religion," we wrote the papers such stinging letters, both Monistically and individually, that the short-sighted candidate for mayor who had first defended the Board was quite snowed under by enlightenment.

The Monist Society is important to me, for it was

there I began to know Jig. I had been down to the Cabin, but to visit his mother, taken by friends who thought it would be nice for me, a girl who "wanted to write," to know this unusual woman. "Oh, she's queer," they said. But to me she was not so queer as inaccessible. I know now that this was because she was as timid as I was—Ma-Mie, little, quick, brown, erect, eyes bright and not large, and voice—as if she did not hear what herself was saying. Jig did not come into the room and she went out and got him. He came reluctantly—she walking ahead of him, very small now, he so big. A large paper-bound volume of Renan's "Life of Jesus" lay open on the table before the fireplace. I wanted to talk to George Cook. "Oh, you read it in French," I said. "Yes," he replied, a little, it seemed to me, as if it were a strange thing to comment on. I felt foolish and some years later reproached him with not having been nice to me.

There are moments that remain as pictures, and he who filled those moments is a living person as long as the mind in which they live has life. Two such pictures I have, from that time before I knew him. One far back. He gets out of a carriage and stands talking to the two girls who are in it; a handsome, distinguished young man—dressed correctly, yet nice and carelessly. He has his panama hat in his hand and is swinging that arm back and forth—long swings. He is laughing—a full, out-loud laugh. Standing just so a moment—holding that, as for the long years it is to live; then he starts up Brady street. A little stone being in his way, he gives it a kick ahead. I was about half a block behind, and as far as my way went—eight or ten blocks, he was still keeping the stone ahead of him. "Now he will stop," I thought. But no—and

of course I know now that he and that stone had established a relation. The other moment in which he still has his being was after he was the gardener. He drove his vegetable-wagon in front of a grocery store, then had to back it a little farther away from an automobile. I was waiting for a street-car. As he hitched Daisy he gave her nose a nice rub, and she rubbed back. He knocked his cob pipe on the wheel and put it in the pocket of his corduroy coat. There were apples in his wagon.

And now, standing before us at the Monist Society. "Do you think the real universe so shallow and so poor that the truth about it is less worthy of worship than your old myths and guesses? The children of the future, who have not been lied to, will be of clearer mind and sincerer soul than most of us had any chance to be. They will form an audience for that great religious poet and law-giver, who, embracing and transmitting the science of this age, as Dante did the science of his, shall treat our knowledge as notes of a profounder music than the ears of men have yet listened to. Men unborn will feel the passion of the sacred song of life!"

At one meeting the Monist Society entertained a dualist, and there was a debate. Jig closed for the Monists. "I had a splendid vision of a certain man's noble face, with intense grim eyes striving to understand the world. Suddenly, with a stab of realization, I saw that he, body and soul, was a developed moneron. As though I had watched the life of the earth for ten million years, I looked at this man and saw the very processes of ages."

Sometimes the developed moneron that was Floyd Dell, or that very developed moneron, Rabbi Fine-

shreiber, would clash with the consciously developed moneron George Cook, and we could think of the part conflict has played from moneron to man.

Most of the speakers stood on the platform; but he stood at one side of it, not directly facing us, slanted; notes in his left hand, right hand twisting the long forelock of his thick hair into a horn. Feeling it anew as he said it, saying it as if a price had been paid for it, and when something came from the audience to interest him, in his eyes that warm light of fellowship, holding the moment of unison, aware of the wonder of thinking together about the life that was before thinking was. Now he is of that great past which few have so richly felt, and before me are papers on which are written things he said to us about that past. It is a strange thing has happened. Some of the things are as if life has left them. And others come to me, not as this fine writing on a page—interlined, bewilderingly pulled off into margins, but come as if spoken across space, as though a radio, bringing you thoughts from far—one moment there for you, then the darkness and silence that are the miles between. Here is his voice: "It may even be as Walt Whitman thought, that a new and greater religion is dawning in the modern world. May it be that science can keep its clearness and its purity, but to these add passion? Are there in its austere forms as yet unrevealed messages to the heart as well as to the brain of man? Shall there come a poet to set our souls on fire with the beauty and wonder of the world revealed by the plodding men of science?" It is dimming. "Forms and changes—unfolding of a symphony. One great science. Music . . ." Now again, voice rasped by such persistent stupidity, and pulling harder at his hair: "The earth at a certain stage in its history could no more help producing life than a

crystallizing substance under right conditions can keep from forming crystals . . . The life of those inconceivably ancient days" (voice warmer now) "determining across the gulfs of time the form of life to-day. Our souls could not be what they are had not the souls of these ancient living spheres been what they were. What I am at this moment saying is a consequence of their life in the ancient sea. At this very point of the earth's surface, in the warmish water—through the space now closed in these four walls . . ."

He talked of that heroic history—sinew into bone. "I can feel them swimming when they were so tired swimming was torture. But so they became living lances—parents of heroic after-tribes . . . Pursued or pursuing, borne by the flood of the tide and left by its ebb, the headlong "Bright-Ones" rushed into the shallows or upon the shore where they could not live. And yet they went—and perished. Some flopped back from the terrible other world of air, some lived till the tide returned, and their children went, and had more power to return, and more returned, for ages and ages, until there was a fish that could breathe water and could breathe air.

"Who knows?" (And here the voice comes differently, as from a different place.) "May there not be men who are such wild precursors of life's conquest of a new element? Who shall set bounds to this earthly life which has risen from soil to plant, from plant to animal, from water to air, from unconsciousness to consciousness, from mindlessness to mind, and from mind —whither? Into what new and at first terrible environment do inspired men like Nietzsche, insane with truth, plunge and return gasping? In lonely rooms in the cities of men some souls have entered regions more desolate and unadapted to life than the high Arctic—

facing there a fate beside which freezing to death is peace. Out there you deal with phases of this fathomless universe you were not made to deal with—you do not inherit powers to do this. The Nietzsches know the danger, yet go, and perish. Likewise the selachians went ashore and perished. Therefore *we* breathe."

And finally this, which the day he read it had for me the rhythm of the Prayer Book. Intone it. Take it easy. Let it come like a well-thumbed responsive reading, and see what happens:

"They have weighed the earth and the sun, they have measured the stars;

"They have read the minute scripture of the leaves of the most ancient rock.

"Upon their sensitive instruments falls light that left remote stars fifty thousand years ago, and traveling with inconceivable speed, has reached the earth today!

"They have imprisoned the arriving light, they have broken it in their spectroscopes; their Holy Inquisition has forced it to reveal the secret of the substance of the stars;

"They know the chemistry of heaven. They have traced the growth of the mind of man from the first sensation of the first living speck upon earth.

"They know the minute structure of the human brain, its cells, its filaments, its nerves, its centers of sensation, movement and thought.

"They know the hidden house of words, of vision, of music!

"They have seen the birth of God in the mind of man. They have traced the growth of the world's Bibles.

"From the air that lies against the eyes to dreadful

depth of space whence the remotest light has sent its story, the nature of the world is the same.

"From the last tick of the clock to that moment millions of years ago when the first particle of the oldest stratified rock sank through the sea to its place, the laws of the world have not changed. And this is Monism." (Here endeth the first lesson).

"The mind of man is not distinct from the rest of the universe. It is one form of the one nature.

"God did not create the one nature. It is eternal. No particle of it has ever perished or ever will. And this is Monism.

"God did not create man. Man rose in nature as one form of nature—even as sun and earth. And this is Monism!

"He arose as rain falls, as light travels, as systems revolve, as atoms link." (Lift up your gates, O Israel, and lift them up, ye everlasting hills, and the King of Glory shall come in!)

Thus would my past betray me, and old words for exaltation rush in, as monistic fervor was ritualized by this modern man. Never had it happened in church. There the forms were of little use to me, for my heart had not enough to flood them; but now, the worm, the fish, the ape, on and on until, as the crashing chords of an orchestra that is mountains, torrents and great trees:—"And thine shall be the power, and the kingdom, and the glory, for ever and ever, Amen!"

So sang one heart, lifting to the courage of life and the glory of the world, down a side street in a bare room over a saloon, in Davenport on the Mississippi, in the year of our Lord nineteen hundred and seven.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE GREENHOUSE SPEAKS

JIG and I became friends. He would come to see me, or we would take walks, and talk of all the things there were to talk about. Now life was taking us different ways. I was about to embark on my first visit to New York. He would be married within a few months. But that last night something outside ourselves brought us together, and there was a new thing between us ever after. He wrote of that hour.

"They stood close together in snow-covered Central Park, beneath the illimitable white blaze of the winter stars. Here and there a crystal or frozen drop of water that lay on the snow-crust in the path of a star's light broke its white ray into an elfin gleam. The man and woman listened, taking their deep breaths softly so as to make no noise. For a moment it happened that no footfall from the concrete walks of near-by streets, no electric car, no distant rumble or whistle of any train was audible. Save for them the park was a solitude, and the town around it seemed no longer to exist. The earth was so still that had any minute sound come in to it from outer space they could have heard it. The silence seemed not so much absence of sound as something coming in from the sky—an influence flowing across the abyss from remote white worlds.

"The two human minds were filled with the wonder of it, as though they had never before looked out upon

the universe through the cone of night—that cap of shadow, shaped like a dunce's, colored like a murderer's, which the earth wears forever.

"At a little exclamation she looked to see if he intended to tell the feeling it sprang from. 'I've not felt that since I was a boy,' he said.

" 'I don't know whether I can get it to you. A mystical certitude that the universe is conscious—as though it had unexpectedly looked you in the eye. A sense of communion with the soul of that shining body';—his nod indicated the sky. 'A rapture of love for it filling—well, really your solar plexus,' he said, coming down with a smile from his flight.

"She was not turned from his idea. 'Was that the kind of thing you really felt when you were a boy?'

" 'At fifteen. For three years—out there in the University. Though fortunately it was mysticism tempered by baseball.'

" 'What a strange boy you must have been! I wish I had known you. And what a strange man you are! And I do know you.'

"His hand moved suddenly toward her in gratitude. She drew hers from her muff. There in the starlit night their fingers exchanged a quick pressure. It sealed something between them—wide as the stars, long as time."

The next few years were full ones for the two who had looked out through the cone of night with a cosmic emotion neither could have felt alone, but they were not experiences shared. And yet, separated though we were—I in New York, then Paris, and Jig married and living at the Cabin, we were never really separated after we came together that night of snow and stars.

Jig built a greenhouse; the greenhouse celebrates itself in song, and this is the marriage-song of the two

who come to it. After imploring the dour old God of Hail not to shoot his stinging bullets upon the brittle roof that blocks the frost and lets the warm light through, the Greenhouse tells how its roof, reflecting stars and crimson dawns, is subtly made of sand that left its dross in some fierce furnace, and became a pool limpid as water, hard as adamant, impervious to acid, scorning rust, not to be rotted while the world endures.

The amazing Greenhouse tells how its floors are formed, celebrates its walls, rampart against a thousand leagues of cold invading from the bitter polar night, "and tablet for this golden gospel." The gardener did indeed inscribe upon the walls of his greenhouse these words:

Here
Avoid both half-lives of this sordid age—
The slavish drudgery of mindless toil—
The sleek stagnation of unlaboring ease.
Loving the wondrous earth, let equal hand
And brain revive the ancient pastoral charm
Of Roman field and vineyard. Iowa
Means soil as flourishing and life as sane
And skies as exquisite and stars as high
And richer-natured people when at last
The morning light of nature-knowledge strikes
Their frigid glass and thaws the settled frost
Of crusted superstition from their souls.
No mere Wordsworthian guest of Nature be,
Spectator and not sharer of her life,
But her co-worker, with selective art
Prescribing form to her wild energies:
Saying, "Thou shalt be!" and "Thou shalt not be!"

The Greenhouse, proud of cherishing within itself these words from the mind of man, now gains confidence and touches upon geography:

The National Society should know
This startling and still hidden fact: the time's

Chief contribution to geography
Is not the North-west Passage nor the Poles;
I have it from the lips of two who come—
Woman and man to garner and to plant—
That *Avalon has been found in Iowa.*

Upon hearing more of this Avalon the Greenhouse sighs: "I would there were another greenhouse here!"

But no, it is only earth inanimate, sexless stuff called common clay. Wistfully it returns to man:

But you there of the conscious brain—clay too?
If clay can grow to you, the stuff is God!
You are my goal, from such as I you spring.

The wise Greenhouse addresses its "goal":

Those slow and savage ages make thee be,
The essence of their life in thee endures:
The earth a grape and thou its precious wine. . . .
The sexual clutch of myriads of men,
The pain of women bringing forth their young,
The crunch of ancient jaws on screaming prey,
The blood of animals who held life dear,
The juice primeval plants sucked from the sea,—
These into thee transmuted live in thee.
Age after ancient age the laboring light
Pouring its flood of energy on the world
Has changed itself to thee—thou art the light
That left the sun a million years ago!

With these words the Greenhouse returns upon itself and speaks no more:

O lord of life, new shaper of the world,
The vast and cruel toil of nourishing thee
Takes kindlier form in me. Idyllic days
Here in the sunshine peacefully flow by.
A million miles of winter all around,
A thousand feet of summer here in me,
Unto my nursling plants I say, "Thou shalt
See gorgeous Autumn languid on the hills,
Nor share her gaudy death, but still be green."

For the next few years the sun lighted the handwriting on the wall of the Greenhouse. They were years of robust and happy life. If Iowa was not quite Avalon, a man and woman worked together, were lovers, shared many interests. Floyd, too, was there a part of the time. Farming was not just farming but clash of ideas, a playing, energizing philosophy, an attempt at shaping life, fun in it, good-natured well-being. A quite different Cabin from the place where a man was drawn into a world of symbols. Of this marriage are two children—Nilla and Harl.

It was at this time he wrote "The Chasm." This chasm is between man and the higher race that may follow him, as it is also between the Socialist and the Nietzschean feeling about life. Not "about theories" —about people, a novel of ideas in that it is the conflicts of people to whom ideas are the bread and blood of life. It is a novel of passion, and some of that passion is social and intellectual. One can say it is about real things, for it is about things real enough in this writer's experience to destroy himself for! When the obvious criticism was made, the author sent back: "Yes, and the clash of those splendid theories of life was the clash of the cymbals to which I danced!"

They do indeed compose as music, these two great opposing ideals of life: The Russian nobleman who is a Nietzschean, the Socialist gardener, the girl both of them love, and who is attracted to the one, to the other. We have heard that *motif* before—"The Needle and the North." It is a recurrent *motif* in this life.

There is splendor in the aristocratic De Hoenfels' dream of the race that may split off from men and become supermen. He gives Marion the story of how all the races behind us have done precisely that, through

ascending ages each has brought forth a superior. "All the ape-tribes could not league together and stop the rise of us—the super-ape. But man, with his brotherhood, this race may thwart destiny and not bring forth the superman!"

"And we will be the first to fail?"

"The first traitors to the universe."

After a vision of what the superman may be: "The instinct of the mass is to drag back and reabsorb all such aspiring life. In the past the mass has been successful. Somewhere, sometime—mankind will be overcome. Perhaps the intense effort to draw the wealth of the world into the power of a tiny social fraction may be a concentration of racial energy, destined to create a special environment, mold the new race and send a chosen people of nature across the chasm sundering species from species, superman from man!"

If this small highest group prevails, then man's destiny is fulfilled, and he is the link in the chain of life from worm to god. The pain and misery of the laboring world are only pangs of the birth of the higher race of which humanity is destined to be—the mother!

In the warm imagination of the girl these ideas took on the splendor of a new and vital myth. Here in the human future loomed a new Messiah, not one to save a little nation in battle, nor yet to save mankind in some mystic, spiritual way by sacrificing himself, but one for whom humanity must sacrifice itself, as parent for child, a Son of Man whom mankind must either destroy in its own womb—or bring to birth. "If I looked too much through your eyes—I do not think my mind could bear that vast and tragic vision." Yet through her soul as she sank asleep that night was filtering that overpowering lonely myth—dynamic as the myths that have given birth to world-religions—the vision of

mankind as a female, big with the embryonic daughter-race that shall replace us as the mistress of the earth.

But when Marion, who has married the Russian, writes back to Walt Bradfield, her Socialist friend who is one of her father's gardeners in Moline, Illinois, about the lonely vision, his reply has release from this loneliness. The gardener (like young Dell) has educated himself, and like the author of "The Chasm," knows his way about in the world of ideas as well as in the world of plants. Now he has good-humored congratulations on the glorious new vision of the higher race, as serviceable to the Countess, helping her to view with indifference (as a thing necessary and ultimately productive of the highest good) the needless suffering and degradation of almost the whole of her own kind—the only beings she ever expects to see. If she were naturally callous she wouldn't need that philosophic protection against pity.

"Sure; all the races of our ancestry have split as you expect ours to. But you seem to have overlooked the fact that the various ape-tribes, for instance, had no steamships and railroads to bring them together, create among them like ways of life and work and thought, and insure the blending of the blood of all. Thanks to a knit-together world the many branches of mankind must have not many fates, but one. In not branching into distinct species mankind makes a new departure in the history of racial growth. Man must transform, not a part, but the whole of his kind into the higher race."

"Oh, I love that, Walt!" said Marion, half aloud. "There's inspiration of a wider, warmer kind in that."

CHAPTER XXVII

THOUGH STONE BE BROKEN

"THE CHASM" had not been accepted. Farming was much work for little pay; Buffalo and Davenport seemed far from the centers of life, and despite the things he now had which he had long wanted, it would not seem that the light of imagination was playing over life. I had come home from Paris and was spending a winter in Colorado. One day I got through the drifts to the post-office and in my box, nine thousand feet above the sea, found this letter:

"Have you ever had a feeling that there are loose ends—important strands slipping out of grasp—essential elements evaporating? It was in some such darkness this morning that I came out of sleep and found my mind's hands groping for a lost, important strand in the dwindled rope of life, and came with a splendid shock and sense of salvation upon the thought —Susan!

"My play, I find, is not the thing. Characters too mechanically conceived. Nothing of dream in them. Fritz and I made them to order.

"I have at present no book, no play, no story, no poem, to draw me on into to-morrow. And yet, blank and dull as I have been these last months, I still, unreasonably, have faith in the beautiful Book, ringed with flame and sleeping, and destined to awaken at—the click of my typewriter."

I was in Davenport not long after this, and would visit the Cabin. We talked about "The Chasm," which Jig was rewriting. We talked of what the last few years had been to each of us. One spring evening we were following the creek up the woods. We paused, listening to water falling over stones. Through a tree we saw the first star of night. We spoke of that night of stars in Central Park, when the world was so still that the silence was as something coming in from the sky. His hand moved again to my hand, again our fingers clung. This time they did not draw apart.

Love may be strong as death. Death you will face easily for love, for that somehow does itself. Even more than disgrace you will face for love. You will risk hurt and shame to those you love. You will violate your own sense of fairness and right. In a world that is falling around you love dwells as sure, as proud, as if life had come into being that this might be.

I was going away. It was the last evening we would have together for—we did not know how long. We met at Black Hawk's Watch Tower—a few hours together on that bluff of Rock River, where the old Indian Chief had watched in other days, where Indian lovers, too, had known the sweetness and no doubt at times the pain and terror. It seemed now that life was driving us apart, and out of the anguish of that, from the rending of much we had held dear, in the crash that was the years, glowed a love which gave life to the love of vanished women for men long in their graves. We knew who we were, we knew what it all was, and that is why I murmured: "I wish we could die now."

So deep was its hold on him, that instinct for death

on the heights of life, demand that love merge with death rather than be touched by any lesser thing, thus "keeping the love of Jig and Susan perfect unto eternity," that even the richest promise of life could not then lure from the vision of entering death on the flood-tide of love. Nor did the years take that moment. We talked of it one night in Delphi, when for him death was only two weeks away, a night of strange beauty when daylight found us still talking—of love, of death; and he said then, after looking into the years of his life: "When you said, 'I wish we could die now' —that is the greatest beauty I have known on earth."

That this moment could open to us again, and after thirteen years shed its glory on the last time we were man and woman to each other—then it is not death alone can keep love unto eternity! After years of life, our moment did indeed take us from love to death.

All the profound life there was in this man was in his loving. The religious ecstasies of boyhood, all that questioned and aspired, the depth of sadness, the stabs of prophecy, sense of the long way we have come, sight into gleaming moments love will know when we are deep in the silent past—those things were not one thing, and love another thing, but love was "Life's profoundest forces flooding man's heart and brain."

One day, not long after I had gone away, and we did not know what the future held, when the present was gray with love denied, full of sorrow for wrongs to others, uncertain, in shadow, Jig sat by the waterfall in the creek that had flowed through his life. He sees that the fall is farther back than it was when he was a boy:

> And through the dusk of other days I feel
> The falls of childhood stream
> Over their vanished ledge of rock unreal—
> Gone like a dream.

Gone is the solid stone like thoughts that pass—
As fire-flies gleam and go;
Gone like the flowers of spring, the summer's grass,
The winter's snow.

He notes the rocky channel backward broken, the ledge's jagged line,

Reading each inch of it as sign and token
Of days of mine;

Tracing upon that calendar of stone
One man's remembered life;
The joy, shame, sorrow, honor I have known;
The creeds, the strife.

While there above, on the yet uncrumbled floor,
I know the point must lie
Where the receding waterfall shall pour
The day I die.

O love, dear love remote to whom I turn
From life's great loneliness,
With all my heavy heart for you I yearn
And yearning, bless!

You are salvation in the darkness gleaming
A window in the night,
A sheltered warmness 'mid the wind's wild screaming,
A spear of light!

Within your heart I seek the love unknown
In days of girl and boy,
Love lasting longer than the transient stone
The streams destroy.

Love lasting until death—is it a dream,
Is it a dream alone?
Shall no love last here while the unceasing stream
Wears out the stone?

We know the future years shall surely show
The wasting of the rock;
Shall rock above and crumbled rock below
Together mock?

Shall anything endure where rock decays
Beneath the raindrop's weight?
Shall love prevail against the flood of days
Swept on by fate?

The flood of days was swept on by fate. There came the day when Jig was alone in Greece, for my father had died and I had gone to my mother who was ill in Iowa. "I have marked your Iliad with the places we have been," he wrote me in Davenport, from his room that looked on the Parthenon. "Now when I read those stories of our places in three thousand years'-old writing, what I think is: 'That is ours—Susan's and mine.' I am so strangely not me but something that is you and me.

"The trouble is: I want to show you the strange old beauties which are ours. If I can't show them to you, they are not very beautiful. They are beauty in vain. That's why we need God so, as spectator of the beauty we discover in this mainly ugly world. There being no God I, Jig, have become dependent on Susan, as spectator of the world. I love you, knowing how long death is, and what a moment only there is left."

That sense of death was never far from our love—revealing it as lightning reveals, or lighting with rich beauty as from a sun unseen. But the question Jig asked that lonely day by the creek was answered the day he died. Though stone was broken, love had not failed.

CHAPTER XXVIII

CHICAGO

"I SOMETIMES wonder if literary critics aren't as solemn a fraud as the United States Supreme Court," Jig once said; but he himself was not a solemn fraud as literary critic, nor was the Friday Literary Review of the "Chicago Evening Post" solemn or a fraud.

Floyd had quickly made good in Chicago, and was associate to Francis Hackett in editing the joyous Friday Review. Young men in love with ideas and art were energetically talking about books. One could hardly believe it, for criticism was indeed dreary in 1912.

The editor went to Ireland, as I remember it: Dell getting Hackett's job, Cook let somebody else finish the dictionary he was writing, and became associate to his former hired man. Books on Nietzsche, Strindberg, Homer, Henry James came his way, so that his spiritual experiences are written into the files of the "Chicago Evening Post."

This record of himself makes one wish our critics wrote from an experience richer and more varied in content. "There is a glow of civilized satisfaction," writes the critic who has farmed, "in clearing up a rank, neglected piece of land, converting into serviceable firewood with a sharp ax the fallen trees which lie cluttering the earth, putting a well-whetted scythe through patches of tall weeds, raking the rubbish out of the grass and giving it to clean fire. And so is there

a satisfaction in the work of clearing accumulated rubbish from an intellectual field. . . ."

One's own enthusiasms may meet the enthusiasms of a book and in the impact meaning flash, possibly meaning which the book itself only half disclosed; but the debt is also to the book, which has found those old enthusiasms, given them the encounter in which they form, clear. Jig had a good time reading d'Annunzio's "Forse Che Si Forse Che No" in the Italian, and before it had been translated giving this book about flying a winged critical encounter, imaginations meeting in the air, so to speak. The Italian writes soaringly of first flight, and the American, rising from deeper, contributes: "Looking into a remoter past the artist might have given our will to fly a deeper biological significance. The rising from the earth into the air of the various types of man's aircraft is like the rising of the various types of winged creatures—flying-fish, flying-lizard, old tooth-jawed bird, the bat, and the flying-squirrel, which does not fly with wings but on its membraneous spread planes glides—like Lilienthals the Barbarian, and the silent brothers of Ohio.

"To the making of his picture of our modern life he brings the discipline of an ancient beauty," he says of d'Annunzio, and one may say of him that to the estimating of a work of art his hospitality brought the contacts of his intellectual and emotional experience. He had more than knowledge with which to test. This he says when d'Annunzio speaks of pity: "It produces a curious effect, as of ventriloquism, to hear d'Annunzio so cleverly imitate the voice of Dostoievsky." So perceives the man who lived alone at the Cabin, who understood his horse, who gave the warmth of his hands to the chick about to die.

Yet perceiving falseness does not dull pleasure in

the thing the artist can do. "The airships of Kipling's 'With the Night Mail' sail only on the surface of the mind—are untouched by the poetic imagination. Our feeling about them is not made one with the feeling we have about our own bodies. Like d'Annunzio, H. G. Wells has written of the flight of an aeroplane across the sea. To him, as to a practical engineer, the machine is a new, obvious, self-evident, unrelated thing. D'Annunzio sets it flying in your dreams, launches it in that place left vacant for it in the cycle of the world's romance beside the sailing of the 'Argo' and the quest of the Holy Grail."

Writing about books caused him to formulate his revaluations. A little before this he said: "I have outgrown much literature which once seemed to me best—Tennyson, Ruskin, Carlyle, most of Hawthorne. Much of that which has passed away, passed because it was falsified with supernaturalism—Christian ideas, belief in personal immortality. That is why Fitzgerald's "Rubáiyát" came with such power of truth. The things that survive are as thoughts tested in fire. Chaucer survives, Shakespeare, Keats in part, Shelley. Much of Browning shrivels, much of Wordsworth, even much of Dante. Homer is true where modern poets are false, and false where they are true. But can't I plant my feet on the rock which remains and there raise up a structure of beautiful truth?"

During that time he was alone at the Cabin he had been moved by "The Wings of The Dove." Now he says of "The Outcry": "The truth about pure and simple estheticism is that it fails esthetically. The best way for a writer to miss the esthetic faculty is to concern himself with it alone; let him narrow his interest to the sphere of taste and it is to taste his work ceases to appeal. Born in a society in which the level of taste

was low, Henry James early set his mind on the things of taste. His social consciousness has dwindled book by book till now all that is vivid within it seems to lie inside the human circle which has ancestral paintings to retain in honor or sell in dishonor.

"Catch in his youth an art-loving temperamentally aristocratic American, head him toward the English aristocracy as the embodiment of his ideas of culture, give him recognition, and he can be trusted to develop a spiritual Toryism beyond the capacity of any Englishman. As costly human stuff devoted to the higher uselessness, Henry James is America's most conspicuous waste."

Ruskin is one to be thought about anew. "Those of us who look back to a Ruskin Period in our own intimate lives, a youthful period in which Ruskin was the great teacher of life, and who later, discovering narrowness and injustice, were forced to part company with him, in sadness, or even with an angry sense of confidence misplaced, will now be glad to go back and recognize in the old teacher's prodigal giving of mind and heart justification for our own youthful love and trust. To many an opening mind Ruskin was the guide who led into the realms of gold. Many a boy and girl of the last generation can speak of Ruskin as 'the first voice which I heard, as of a trumpet.' Because he meant too much, because his tone was capable of rousing in young minds too high a faith in his wisdom and justice, the reaction against him has been too strong."

Stokes has just published "The Chasm" and its author is thinking these days about ethics and art. "Ruskin, writing of the fine arts, was far more interested in ethics than in beauty. The ethical ideas that moved him were hundreds of years old, but they did move

him, and with them he is able to move us. There is moral freshness and fervor in him. So there is also in Browning. With no new ethical idea he can fill us with passion for energetic life. Nietzsche brings not only new ethical feeling but new ethical ideas. Not every one has the courage, and ability, to admit these new ideas with no fear and no favor, and let them win if they can. But those who do so admit the ideas of Nietzsche find in the fight they wage against old ideas, more drama, more story, more poetry, than is generally found in drama, story or poetry. Theories have latent in them an intense life—a life capable of being stirred into intense activity by men like Ruskin, Browning, Nietzsche.

"Life is subject to a tension of moving sorrow and to a tension of moving joy, but between the two lies the mood of slack bow-string, the times of torpor, the doldrums of the mind where no wind blows and the sails of the soul lie limp. Coleridge knew this belt of lifeless calm, and Shelley—'Stanzas Written in Dejection.' From that drowsy numbness Keats had to goad his soul to hear the nightingale.

"The spiritual passion of Nietzsche's writing is too keen, too intense, to be readily endured in those times when life keys one's own nerves high. It is precisely to our times of dulness that Nietzsche offers the sting of his perpetual pain and joy. He is a creator of the creative mood."

As critic he had his chance to call for the new Lucretius, who may even now be hidden in our world, to speak of science as approaching some such natural and inevitable metamorphosis as that which transforms grub into butterfly. "Its facts sing and glow in the imagination. It is no great matter, for instance, to know that the horse is a descendant of the eohippus.

It is something more to lie in one's room at night and hear the clink of an iron-shod hoof on the city street, to realize hoof from hoof-beat, horse from hoof—then see the eohippus as by lightning—know this iron-shod hoof would not be clinking here on the city street but for the life and love of that little four-toed 'dawn horse,' two hands high, who one evening 4,000,000 years ago, in the ruddy light of an Eocene sunset, impatiently lowered his dry, unhorselike lips to the pool beneath the cataract.

"The reinterpretation which is to be the great spiritual event of the coming years will not be a reinterpretation of the facts of science by the intellect to the intellect, but their interpretation—for the first time—by the poetic imagination to the collective heart of man, such passion as men put into the beautiful arts for which they live, the noble causes for which they die. Only so will the evolutionary ideas permeate the common consciousness of the race, there to work from within to the great remoulding of the world."

He who lay in his city room and from hoofbeat saw the eohippus at the pool red with sunset, wrote me a letter of few words—this after I had gone from Davenport, and while he was still at the Cabin. The letter read:

"Daisy died to-day at about six in the afternoon."

I see him turning from the barn, in the light of late afternoon walking across fields he and his horse had worked together. Perhaps what he felt when Daisy's eyes last met his made him head his criticism of Maeterlinck's death, "The Beauty of Truth," and turn from "an unproved assumption cradled in exquisite words."

More than the others who were writing with him at that time, more than most men who write of books,

he had what we call the tragic sense. Death is behind life, to death life goes. While this did not help him move facilely on the surface of life, it gave him instinctive tests; with clearer sight than most of us have he saw into the reality of a book, was left cold by makeshifts, took truth into imagination. It would have been well if we could have had for a longer time his deep, rich, kind, amused and passionate voice—there to riddle, to defend, to invite. Sometimes I wish the Provincetown Players had been a magazine.

There were excitements in Chicago just then. The Irish Players. Quite possibly there would have been no Provincetown Players had there not been Irish Players. What he saw done for Irish life he wanted for American life—no stage conventions in the way of projecting with the humility of true feeling.

Pictures too—the new things. The shock of new forms, and hence awareness of all form, the adventure of the great new chance for expressing what has not been formed.

But though it was good to know Maurice Browne and the people of his Little Theatre who were putting on Greek plays, pleasant though it was to hear the good stories of a fellow named Sherwood Anderson, who had a trunkful of novels somebody might one day publish, agreeable as were those dinners at the Dells', all-night talks with Theodore Dreiser and Arthur Ficke, he would think about his land—land which he had made rich, and from which he would not again harvest. On Chicago streets he saw the orchard he had planted. He did not want to go back to it, for he had sunk too deep into it; he felt he needed the city now, the swift exchange with other minds. The Cabin and that life there had gone into the irretrievable past. But the excitement of new

things, even love, could not vanquish that sense of life forming only to be torn up by the roots. He had much wanted children, and now he was not with his two beautiful children. Days of sadness as well as days of good stiff breezes in the life of the mind. Days, too, of resentment. For both of us, there were old friends who were friends no longer.

> Immuring barriers, bolted doors held shut,
> The hostile world's deep guile,
> The stiffened knots of circumstance uncut,
> Cold chains to file.

It was when he thought of these things he did not like the church he saw from his window:

"On the corner of Twentieth and Indiana in Chicago stands a large yet cramped-looking brown brick church whose narrowing façade contrives somehow to suggest a head in which there is scant room for brain. Out of its stained, tobacco-colored walls rises a sharp spire, narrower than a man with a heart could have endured to build it. Suggesting one of the upward-pointing rusted iron spikes that top high walls of misers, this spire like an assegai is held into the sky as in a long unfaltering hope that some Hephestus, some shining and rebellious Lucifer may yet be hurled from heaven, not to fall this time on easy-going, pagan Lemnos, the Ægean isle, but here in Chicago, precisely on Twentieth and Indiana, where the Spirit of God is sharp."

One evening he had a disappointment. Why Jig should have attended a reception at the Northwestern University in Evanston is not clear to me. But there he was and across the crowd he saw a man's face, was startled, held. *Was* it? He followed him around, seeing him, not in this crowd, but in the barracks in the

Trasteverino, that last night in Rome, eighteen years ago, drinking, not the polite punch of Evanston, but the red wine of the Italian soldiers. They had met on the train coming down from Florence—this man, if he was the man, Jig, two Italian soldiers. They had liked one another, and for two weeks had been around together in Rome. Now that would end, as all things end. "We faced the fact that the chances were against our ever being together again. It was likely, we admitted, that in thirty, twenty, even ten years, every trace of the three others would have vanished from the memory of each. Time and distance alter all things. Tastes change until feeling goes, that part of the heart's life gone forever.

"It saddened us, and one of the Italians proposed: 'Let's cheat time, for once. Let's agree, if any of us meet, in fifteen, in thirty years, that it be just—'Hello Ranen—Hello Cook!'

"We agreed that when the meeting came it was to be without surprise or excitement. 'We will meet as if we had parted the day before.'

" 'I propose,' said another—(the very one now talking to that stout lady yonder) 'that without prologue we then continue this evening's argument as to the superiority of Dante or Shakespeare!' "

And so Jig moved across the room, tremulous as he waited for the stout lady to turn from the slightly bald man, for this was beautiful and serious business—this being true to eager-hearted youths who drank together in *Trasteverino* one April seventeen years before. "But the trouble about Dante," he began, stepping in front of the man—then he waited.

Nothing happened; bewilderment, a cold look. "If you say that Dante is a greater poet than Shakespeare you have to—"

"I beg pardon?"

"Then you are not Mr.——?"

"Yes, that is my name."

"And you do not remember that night in Rome, the two Italians—you and me—the game to cheat time?"

By this time he did remember, but even then he did not try to play the game. "Why, we should have gone out and found some Dago red," said Jig, "and talked Dante and Shakespeare and youth and Rome the rest of the night. Instead—he wanted to introduce me to his wife and daughter. Time won."

Of course Jig's instinct to form things was not snowed under by the number of books there were to review. The boy who built the city of Troy in the sand was now working for the "Post." Look sharp, and we see the materials for a new dream city assembling, see the place being cleared. "Our fiction is juvenile—written for people who are no longer children but who have never grown up, men and women who have neither *naïveté* nor maturity. There is no hope for American writers until they can forget the existence of immature adults.

"Literature is, to be sure, a social product, created not only by the artist but by his audience; but it is for the artist to intensify his audience. To do this American writers must conceive their function more nobly than they conceive it to-day.

"Two American writers at luncheon in Chicago the other day stirred up a warm argument over the question whether the trouble with the literature of this big continent was not its lack of one great center—its lack, in short, of a London."

Now one suspects that one of these American writers was named Dell and the other Cook, that it was a Friday, and bearing with them the latest "Re-

view," damp from the press (the "Review" which then had its own delightful format—happy, proud, not compelled to have anything to do with the newspaper), the two editors were entertaining themselves at a certain Greek restaurant, drinking the wine of Hymettos and thick Turkish coffee. They intrigued the waiter into talking Greek, and the writer named Cook asked no greater delight when he found you could call this vintage *kallos*—just as more ancient drinkers had praised vanished vintages. But the waiter had other tables, so— Yes, perhaps English writers are better than American because they have a London. Oh yes, New York, but we sprawl so; England is such a handy little country. From Chaucer to H. G. Wells London has— As, here. The salt-cellar is set to mark London, cubes of sugar outlying cities, and matches are remote parishes in farthest counties. "Even though writing from here," tapping the farthest match, "you are writing to here," picking up London and setting it down with solidity. A novel of Staffordshire is a nerve running into London with the message: "This is the way it feels out here."

"And London is a place to meet. The writer who is all alone out here," Jig breaks the most lonely match in the north of England, "decides to—" with his finger-nail he is making the journey to London—"and at the same time the writer from here is on his way. Neither one has far to go and so—" Two fingers bump the salt-cellar with satisfaction, seeing two lonely English writers, lonely no longer, but sitting at table with other writers, drawing diagrams on the table-cloth.

For that matter the salt-cellar could be Paris; but Germany would have to have forty salt-cellars, and

rivalry of the various Italian cities was good for the art of Italy.

So, ordering another bottle of wine, for it's Friday and they don't have to work, they begin setting out the various centers America should have. The question is not how many, but the vividness of each. And also—skilfully sifting Bull Durham from his bag, Jig makes a path from center to center, connecting all; this path is to be a live wire, it is to quiver with excitements. There was the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood in London. Is the Poetry Society going to do anything in Chicago? Why not prose writers too, and prose readers?

Again the dream city rises on the horizon, this time as real cities vivified, dream of intense groups with common purpose. It emerged, shifted, intrigued his mind until he wrote me this challenge.

Memorial Day, 1912.

"At the beginning of my great solitary day I rejoice in the clear and steady hours ahead. The calm of morning is in my lungs, and quietness in my nerves.

"I see I have been running around too much with people. This day alone opens back and connects with the beautiful and happy solitudes of all my life. It is a high place from which I begin to see this span of my life as a whole.

"Halévy's 'Life of Nietzsche' I read until late last night. Kindle and keep burning in ourselves and in each other the fire of intellectual passion. I glow with a white sense of the relation of a modern writer's social feeling to his art, seeing this as a vital intimate thing. My own mind has been enough like Nietzsche's for him to be one of the few writers with whom I im-

aginatively identify myself. My artistic passion is just now excited by the idea of showing as vital, as creative a temperament as this of Nietzsche, environed by American society in 1912.

"We have no modern book which gives the beauty and meaning there may be in the love of a man and woman. I would like to show the two together as experimenters, thinkers, as intellectual, emotional creators; as co-discoverers and formulators—two living growing writers who study, think things out together, sow seeds in each other's minds, keep them warm and growing—establish contacts with other living minds, intimate and intense relationships. Two artists who carry over fervor, skill and originality from their art to the beautiful, important business of being man and woman to each other.

"It is not outside the possibilities of these two to grow into achievements from which shall radiate hitherto unformulated ideals of art and love. Lovers who make each other better artists! Artists who make each other better lovers!

"Nietzsche maintains that a hundred men bore the task of the Italian Renaissance. If conditions happen to be ready a movement may be started by the dropping of a pebble. From the cool solitude of this day of mine I drop this page as possible pebble.

"An American Renaissance of the Twentieth Century is not the task of ninety million people, but of one hundred. Does that not stir the blood of those who know they may be of that hundred? Does it not make them feel like reaching out to find each other—for strengthening of heart, for the generation of intercommunicating power, the kindling of communal intellectual passion?

"I think of Wagner burning to create a new national

art for Germany, of d'Annunzio fired by the achievement of Bayreuth to labor for a like glory for the Latin soul—a third artistic life for Italy. I think of Kipling, singing in his fashion the tribal song of English Imperialism, of Whitman striving to suck into his soul and give forth in new form America—America as democracy.

"I see the glamor of intoxicating emotion Nietzsche created around anti-democracy.

"I call upon the vital writers of America to attain a finer culture, to develop in themselves and in each other more depth and fire—truth felt more blazingly; to be finer souls and finer voices, to make themselves strong as caryatides, prepared to bear together each the hundredth part of our Renaissance.

"It is for us or no one to prove that the finest culture is a possibility of democracy—to develop the power to make beautiful and vital use of wasted science, to do thoroughly, flexibly, with minute truth, what we have done crudely and rigidly.

"To develop beauty and distinction of style—to give them jeweled daggers—the blaze of a two-handed sword.

"The German national spirit of Wagner, the Latin spirit of d'Annunzio, the English Imperialist spirit of Kipling, the American democratic spirit of Whitman, the aristocratic culture spirit of Nietzsche. Isn't the Socialist spirit as deep as any of these? Isn't its spiritual significance even deeper? Isn't it there waiting for vital expression in art—subtle expression, so true, so beautiful, so *un*-antagonistic that it will *compel*—love?

"I have not wished to close to conclusions; I want to open doors—doors out of—and doors into—America. It deserves a greater song than Whitman's.

"Is it megalomania to aspire to be voices of a spirit so great? Some of us are capable of it. Who knows which ones unless we all aspire? The spirit is real. It can fill us.

"Hold ourselves open to it, drink deep of it in solitude, meditate, grow. Tentacles out through it as roots run out through chemic soil. A redwood forest.

"A pæan—we are here, alive together in America —for a while. We have art; we must have finer art. We have love—oh, many-surfaced love—a thousand points of life through which we have not touched. We must have vision—vision minute and vision wide and —the people shall *not* perish."

CHAPTER XXIX

OUR HOUSE IN PROVINCETOWN

"APRIL 14, 1913: Susan and I married by the mayor of Weehawken. Lunch at the Brevoort, with Lucy. The Fall River boat for Provincetown."

The smell of honeysuckle, one has known deep in the land, brought now by the breath of the sea; red roses moving between you and the blue water. Highland Light sweeps the harbor; Long Point glows. The stars and the rhythm of the sea. Through the wide quiet the song of the toads from their pond in the woods back of the town. Before it is light, sound of the oars as the fishermen go out to their boats. The robin sings as in Iowa.

Jig on the beach in his bathing-suit; the muscles of his big beautiful body have power and rhythm, and the sun on his skin is mysteriously different from the sun on the sand. He makes walled cities, with moats; with fervor he builds walls that must in two hours be washed down.

He stands by sea, arms folded; he does not like the cold water, and he is humorously, yet a little grimly, considering this combat there must be between him and the sea. He wets a foot, shakes it indignantly, stands there shaking his head like a lion about to fight. Then suddenly he plunges; one yowl, then he is swimming magnificently—under water, the Australian crawl, then resting on his back, voluptuously letting

the little waves lift him. And always somehow amused, as at a lovely prank, as if it were delightful, and a little incredible, that the sea will do this.

While he is getting dry: "The water was icy cold. Cold water is dangerous. Many people die of it. Yes, I feel it coming on; I am getting a chill. Any doctor in the world would prescribe what's left in that bottle!"

He drinks it looking out at the sea. "After all, there is some sense in swimming," he says.

Life is beauty and change and interest in a house by the sea. When the tide is in the spray stings your face as you cut the grass. When the tide leaves the Provincetown harbor it lays bare a long reach of flats, many curving rivulets and little pools that hold the light as the rest of the world goes gray. The fishermen walk in across these flats and their dogs run out to meet them.

From the left of us the Mayo ducks came down to the sea, and to the right, another flock of ducks. Jig liked to see them coming, soberly, like armies. Now the Mayo ducks had their drake, and the ducks from the Back Street had theirs. Jig observed the ducks, and made some discoveries increasing not alone one's knowledge of ducks, but of all life. There is a certain moment when a drake flaps his wings. It is a sign of great good accomplished for the race. A drake is a home-loving bird, for the most part devoting himself to his own females. That is true of the wild duck, but these were domesticated mallards, and this drake was acquiring ideas from civilization. Not far off are all those other ducks. He waddles nearer, joins the other flock. But ere he can mean anything to the race, he is driven off by the outraged drake from the Back Street. He retires with as much speed as a drake

can attain with dignity. But when he comes almost to the ladies of his own family he, the ignominiously vanquished, stops, quacks, flaps, gives himself all the airs of victory. His ducks turn, regarding, no doubt with mixed feelings, yet: "Oh, what a drake have we!"

Jig would call me to witness what I had unjustly claimed he invented. We speculated as to whether the drake had really persuaded himself he was a drake victorious, or whether he was just one of those male boasters.

To the left of us was a vacant lot, only beach-grass grew there. At first I did not understand Jig's attitude toward this land. He wondered who owned it. It was a nice lot, he said; wasn't treating it very well, leaving it uncared for. When he got up in the morning he would stand looking out at it, twisting his hair. Then I saw him over there examining the earth. He "stepped" it for its size. "We haven't time for a garden," he said, as if in the midst of an argument. "We wouldn't get another thing done all summer."

Next evening he came home announcing with glee at the eccentricities of the transaction, that he had paid one dollar rent for the garden, the owner having an ethical feeling against his land going for nothing, even to be improved.

Jig could make land do things it wouldn't have believed it could do. He knew about fertilizing with garbage, building soil with wood ashes, with last year's leaves; he went himself and found just what he wanted from barn-yards and the woods—he a sportsman and the handicap large. Old Cape Coders would hang over the fence watching him spade and sow at evening. "Well, if you'd lived here as long as we have—" "Oh yes, good exercise. Now lemme tell you something. The Cape ain't Iowa. Had you thought of

that? Hate to see a man throw his work away. I was born in this sand. Nothin' but beach-grass'll grow here on the shore."

But the vacant lot was coming to know better. That neglected earth asked only to be cherished; before frost came Jig was carrying cauliflower and egg-plant to the old-timers born on that sand.

The next spring we bought an old house across the street. We watched the woman get her last things in the moving-van; then she came over with the key. Jig shouldered the ax. Max Eastman was there. We entered our house and Jig took one gigantic swing at the partition that enclosed the stairs. "Could I have the second swing, Jig?" Max asked wistfully. The house trembled, and I for it; but dismal little walls came out here and there. Let there be light. And there was light.

Dad Cook and Ma-Mie were coming to spend the summer with us. But as they were about to leave, Jig's father died. We walked along the Front Street that night after the town had gone to bed. We felt anew how strange it was that we should be there, on this tip of land far out at sea—this farthest point, we who were from deep in the land. Saying little we followed the narrow street that curves as the sea curves. It was one of those nights when the sea beats against the town, and the feel of it blows over the Cape until land is not land and sea sea, but they are as two phases of the same thing. We walked out on the old wharf across from our house, sat there and talked about the Cabin, about that good man, Dad Cook. Of how all passes; of how quickly it passes. That life had been so real and so important. Now—"it is fading." Jig wished, as one does, that he had written more often to his father; that he had broken through reticence

and "thanked him for his long goodness to me."

Ma-Mie came alone, little and dark and shaken. She threw herself with zest into our new house. I see her walking around among the shavings, planning where to put the bath-room—and could there be a fireplace here? Driving home in the wagon with a chair she had found at the antique store, enjoying the old Cape houses in the lanes, shingle-sided, fat chimneys —drying nets and the smell of the sea she had loved at Nantucket, when she and Dad Cook were young. With energy and shrewd amusement she aided in a new home—Ma-Mie, who had made the Cabin.

Jig turned carpenter, plasterer, painter, with Herculean energy lifted and shifted and pulled into place. We kept the rented house until our own could be lived in, and I would go over and tell him dinner was ready. I would find him alone—in corduroys, sleeves up, perspiring as from combat, face streaked with dirt, tired out, but so deep in what he was doing that he couldn't pull out of it. "See?" he would point to the pillar and post of the open stairway. "I made the new all out of the old." He had schemed and patiently fitted until the material of the old stairway became the new. This made it a game to him.

That was the summer misfortune befell my heart, and the doctor said I could go up no stairs. I like to work in an upstairs room, feeling safe then, shut away from the world. Already the front bedroom that looked on the sea was mine and it was a disappointment not to be able to reach it. One evening as Ma-Mie and I were planning a downstairs room, Jig said, "Don't do anything about that for a day or two." Next afternoon I saw him coming up the Front Street, carrying a long plank, looking rather secretive and important. I went over to find him sawing violently,

and keeping his own council. Next day there was in the kitchen an incomprehensible assortment of bolts, lead pipe, rope. He was sawing out a part of the kitchen ceiling.

"What are you doing?" I gasped.

"I am making the elevator," he answered serenely.

All friends remonstrated with him. "It will terrify Susan, and be worse for her heart than the stairs! It will shoot through the roof! It will drop and jolt her."

I still ride in my elevator. It never shot through the roof; it never dropped and jolted. It is painted bright blue, and the pipes that balance my weight are silver, and look like organ pipes. When I go up, pulling ever so gently on the rope, the pipes go down, and with my descent, the pipes rise. For years we have worked together most understandingly. I can walk up the stairs now, but I use the elevator a good deal—so personal an elevator, not attuned to any one else as perfectly as to me. It was the marvel of the village; a strange sight indeed it must have been to the grocery boy, entering with his basket, to see me midway between kitchen ceiling and floor, floating down, he knew not how. Jig even devised an automatic fastener, so when I step out the elevator does not fly up. A satisfaction to him was that he made it out of the materials at hand, sending away for not one thing, but becoming well acquainted with blacksmith and ship-builder.

He loved his materials. As he worked with them, he gave himself to them, considering their whole past, considering their feelings, as it were, until there was a sensitiveness between his materials and him. "It doesn't want to be a doorstep," he would say, perhaps giving it up. "It's an honest hinge; it never wanted to be put on in that flimsy fashion." To restore to

rightness what had been wrongly used—as to drag a good old door from the cellar, this engaged his whole profound satisfaction in the fitness of things, in doing justice, creating harmony.

He loved the smell of the North Carolina pine of which he made our dining-table. At the lumber-yard on the wharf he chose each board, handling them reassuringly, as if he would have them know good life awaited, as if appreciative of what they could do for him. "It was a good tree," he would say as he sawed, and he would see the forest in which it had grown sound and tall. Not to betray this forest, he made a table perfectly fitted, of generous and dignified proportion. He burned it with gasoline paint torch, and because North Carolina grows pine part soft and part hard, in this burning the grain of the wood becomes a design. Then you wax it, and while you sit talking with friends, you rub your table as you would groom an animal you love. Your friends become interested and rub too, until the tree that was glows as with life, disclosing secrets of the forest—richer and more luminous it becomes with each evening's talk around it, until the new-comer exclaims: "But where did you get this wonderful wood?" "Oh, that's just North Carolina pine," you reply carelessly, hugging your loving pride.

In the Carolina forest, folded deep within itself the tree grew a perfect musical staff. "Why, it wants to sing!" said Jig, who was rubbing the outer board of the table. He had a song all ready for it. The year before he had written, "The Song of the Workers," adapting the music from an old song of Dutch sea-raiders against Spanish tyrants. This music which came into being from the waves of the sea, is now written into those other waves of life—waves like the

sea, and like music, the unseen pattern of a tree that grew alone in North Carolina disclosed by an imagination which itself had a rhythm like waves. So, at a certain moment of conviviality in our house we all bend over the notes on the table and sing:

> The song that we sing is the death of your day!
> The sledge that we swing is the smash of your sway—
> Blow after blow till your chains let go,
> And the hold of your gold gives way.

"Annie, Annie, come quick! If Mr. Cook ain't painting his windows bright red!" A little bright at first, but soon toned by sun and spray, and in the green window boxes, blue flowers. "The Gay House" some called it.

Friends come and dispute about what you are doing. "Where's Jig?" asked Charlie Demuth. "He's upstairs painting his walls orange." Our upstairs has sloping walls, in the Cape fashion of a story and a half. "Yes, the straight wall should be orange," agrees Demuth, but the slope must be yellow." "And the floor green," said Jig. "But the woodwork black." Demuth rubs orange into old plaster, sensitively as if it were a canvas. The wall is not one color, but many tones. On the darkest day, it is as if sunlight plays upon the wall Jig and Demuth painted.

It is an upstairs of queer little doors. One became "the blue door." Into the fresh white paint Jig rubbed the pure strong blue—that blue which later he loved on the dome at the Provincetown theater, the deepest blue of the sky, blue of eternity, it seemed to him. But Ma-Mie wanted a purple door. She did it herself. Those two little doors still face each other. Now the purple door is fading a little. But the blue door still glows.

When he had made the shelves we sent for our books. Two people do not really live together until their books become one library. You have known just how to classify your own—books you have had, some of them since you were eleven years old. Strange now to have them adapting themselves to the books of some one else—these two life-histories becoming one, two pasts uniting. It takes a long time, for there is much to pause with: Jig's "Mermaid" series he got the year he left Harvard, worked with that year he studied in the tent; books brought from Heidelberg. Sitting on the packing-case he dips into the Euripides he has read through all his years. Later so strange an exclamation, and I look to see him holding "Hours with the Mystics": "I read it by the creek when I was fifteen."

Friends come in to help. John Reed is there, Joe O'Brien and Mary Vorse; the Steeles; Hutchins Hapgood; Neith Boyce. They dust a few books, stop work to talk. People tell about themselves, unpacking their friends' books. Jig dusts Chaucer, reads a bit of it to us. Here are people to whom he can talk. These new friends can understand old days. Nietzsche. But Tolstoi is here too. He is loyal to all the days, becomes eloquent. They feel the deep life in him, with it the sweetness, the play. They value and love him, so they tease him. An argument starts. When we step outside in saying good-night, there is no sound but the incoming sea.

We were supposed to be a sort of "special" group —radical, wild. Bohemians, we have even been called. But it seems to me we were a particularly simple people, who sought to arrange life for the thing we wanted to do, needing each other as protection against complexities, yet living as we did because of an instinct

for the old, old things, to have a garden, and neighbors, to keep up the fire and let the cat in at night. None of us had much money, these were small houses we lived in: they had been fishermen's before they were ours. Most of us were from families who had other ideas—who wanted to make money, played bridge, voted the republican ticket, went to church, thinking one should be like every one else. And so, drawn together by the thing we really were, we were as a new family; we lent each other money, worried through illnesses, ate together when a cook had left, talked about our work. Each could be himself, that was perhaps the real thing we did for one another.

A black kitten with a white spot to the left of his mouth ran in and out among the books we were unpacking, sleeping on the "Arabian Nights." Some of our friends had domesticated their male kitten—"altered," they called it. Jig was not for this, and as a pledge to our kitten that he should live to the fullest all his days, Jig said we would call him after a translation in one of the notes of Burton's "Arabian Nights," plainly this kitten's favorite work. But how could I call him in at night? The name was not one which lent itself to getting in the cat; to say nothing of the neighbor's feelings. We would abbreviate, said Jig. But names have a way of making themselves, so our kitten who was to be denied none of the things of life, became The Copy-Cat.

Jig taught him to "rabbit," and on Friday afternoon, when the Wellfleet oyster man was smelled far down the street, Copy-Cat would come running home, sit on his hind legs, paws neat, crying—"I smell my oyster! Give me my oyster!" Wise Copy-Cat, running home instead of to the wagon.

Here is Jig's Ballad of the Copy-Cat.

The Copy-Cat was sleek and black,
The grocer's cat was yellow,
The Copy-Cat ate salmon, he
Was one hell of a fellow.

The Copy-Cat went to the groc'ry store
He thought the business curious;
The yellow cat espied him
And forthwith he waxed furious.

What are you doing here? he said,
You cat that folks sing songs to?
I'll show you pretty goddam quick
What cat this store belongs to.

The grocer's cat he crouched and sprang
His yellow eyes malign,
The Copy-Cat jumped back eight feet,
The yellow cat jumped nine.

From underneath the yellow cat
A yowl of protest rose
From out of glossy Copy-Cat
In an ungraceful pose.

I am the Copy-Cat, he said,
This is not done to me,
But I, remarked the grocer's cat,
Am doing it, you see!

One pays a price for the fulness of life. Copy-Cat, out one night in the cat world, was killed by dogs. But Jig's pledge having been kept, Copy-Cat was the father of the two kittens next door. One became Carbon-Copy, the other Mimeograph. They played over the grave of the Copy-Cat, and knew not, for such is life. But Jig and I remembered always the Copy-Cat, who came running home to rabbit for his oyster. The next summer Jig's children, Nilla and Harl, were with us, and to their uncontainable delight Jig built "Purr Cottage," where Carbon would chase Mimi up the cottage stairs, and he would lean out the window and paw down at her in the front door.

There are not so many lonely pieces of paper these days, yet at times he would put down the things in his mind at the moment, perhaps leave them where he had been sitting.

"Youth, knowing only growth, cannot think of change except as gain. A young man thinks of experience as of a treasure that shall be added unto him as he then is—not knowing that he, the grower, will never have experience nor its wisdom, which, could he have it, would be power. For the experience as it comes insensibly remolds him into some one else, his soul is no longer an expanding thing, he has lost his fiery quality, lost the power to project the rainbow from his mind upon the world. He has gained experience, but—chief defect of human life—he has lost youth.

"The seed as the living epitome of a million centuries of racial life. The surf—how it will curve and fall a million years after we are dead. But the life in us is almost as indestructible as the water. Not only will water leap in waves under the wind a million years from now, with equal certainty man and woman will come together—new lives arise under an urge as powerful and as sure as the urge of waves to the shore. The stream, the broad web of human lives goes on—imperishable as water on the earth."

"Well, you didn't lose much time, did you?" said the jovial doctor who came to our house that first year, the year of the rented house on the shore. "Oh, no," said I, jovial too, "there isn't too much time to lose."

A friend sends a little muslin dress; a sister-in-law knits pink boots.

But the doctor is not jovial that day in the fall. The other doctor is out of town—no one to give the anesthetic; the nurse has not come from Boston. Jig

helps the doctor. I was turned the other way, but saw his face in the glass, as he was carrying things away.

But beautiful to remember his face as he read to me through the next two weeks, while I lay on the balcony of my room, balcony like the deck of a ship. "Another time," we said. "It will be different another time."

"It's a fibroid tumor," said the doctor in New York, the next year, "and you'd better just let it alone. You won't have children while you have it, and you mustn't have them, with that heart lesion."

But the heart gets better, so one afternoon Jig and I have tea at the Brevoort, and walk over East Fifteenth street to the hospital. Curious to enter a hospital feeling quite well.

Spring came during those three weeks. One day I could go out, and we walked in the little park near by. Good to have the smell of trees and earth, after smells of hospital.

I do not know how to tell the story of Jig without telling this. Women say to one: "You have your work. Your books are your children, aren't they?" And you look at the diapers airing by the fire, and wonder if they really think you are like that. . . .

There were other disappointments, and Jig and I did not have children. Perhaps it is true there was a greater intensity between us because of this. Even that, we would have foregone.

We had Nilla and Harl almost every summer. We would put away bathing-suits and little boats in September, and get them out again in June.

CHAPTER XXX

THE RHYTHM OF THE DAYS

"NOW for a book with beauty for its end—strange soul processes, the actual living minds of some men and women in curious intimate relations; truthful surprises."

You make your house, then you sit down to write in your house.

"There are no beautiful places or moments which may not be woven in. There are no paintings seen, no music heard, no poems known to me which may not contribute. All that I know of nature, life and art is a mine from which to draw. The long-ago of my first youth—its spiritual ecstasies, its immense dreams may live again in this.

" 'The Rhythm of Life.' Is that the title?

"To mark an ideal way to live, to seek for it, to seek for real education, to seek to train a perfect man. I know only 'Richard Feverel' and Pater's 'Marius' of such books. Milton's letter on education has something of this fascination.

"The allurement of love pulling into mad forgetfulness of the mapped-out course. The monastic ideal, the vast idealism, the dream of purity of soul. The mystic powers within one's self. The burnt-out candle of theology; the false light of so-called new religions. The rise anew of idealism within the bounds of truth.

"The shattering of ideal love for beautiful insincere girl. The grief at death of the finest man. The ap-

proach of two grown grave and utterly sincere. Drinking. Every time I have approached the idea of a new book, the same motives and ideas are there. They come now under one mask, now another.

"To me my own nature is more fascinating than Rousseau's, revealed in his 'Confessions,' or Goethe's in his 'Poetry and Truth.' There are billions of minds on earth and have been trillions, but of them all I have concerning one only thoughts worthy the name of knowledge.

"I know that at this moment part of my mind is laughing self-satirically, and that another part is grieving, like Beethoven, before the more than adamantine walls that make each human soul a prison to itself.

"Yet what a prison! Stars are in it—illimitable depth of space—æons of time—hoarded treasures of thought, remembered ecstasies of love and grief. My mind throws upon that sheet of consciousness by me called 'I' a series of significant pictures. Thoughts form and fade, giving me such pleasure in their passage as I derive from exquisite musical phrases.

"Widen and deepen 'The Rhythm of Life.' Dream the new things into it. I will not write many more books this side the grave, and none on the other. Don't throw away any. The very next one must hold the soul of my knowledge of life.

"Put some fun in it. Life is fun, after all."

And often the two words—"Mystic emotion."

Jig had a great moment in the Doge's Palace in Venice, discovering a plan, a meaning, in Tintoretto's "Il Paradiso," which no one had told him was there. ". . . The inner light with the dove in the center—the sudden widening as the eye catches the far-off *other side*—the inner, luminous side of the vast living sphere of splendid people. The depth of Paradise increases

suddenly to the eye ten thousand times, a visual plunge that takes one's breath.

"Well, say the youth of this vision, who finds his way from outer darkness to inner light, is the four-year-old boy who began life by looking down into the Grand Canyon. Say he is the sixteen-year-old boy in the Iowa City Library who, in the silence of noon, spread wide his arms to the infinite. And he it was, in John Alden's room that moonlight night, who talked of the life of the spirit and the life of the flowers."

So he relived great moments of his life. "The locked door. The compassionate dogs. Brooders in billiard-room. The wagon-road and the railroad-track."

"The friendships of an artist have an intimate relation to his work. It is in art that the likes and dislikes, the attractions and repulsions are disclosed. A man comes with a new idea. That philosophy colors the artist's next work. Part of the new friend's soul is in the work."

These were days of great new friendships—Hutchins Hapgood, John Reed, a time when life itself had a vital, reassuring rhythm.

"A beautiful love—as beautiful as the love of J. and S.

"The poet scientist. Take this new world and fuse it in passion in the mind—till it is no longer strange to the heart of man—till man's heart fits it as man's heart fitted the old religion."

While "The Rhythm of Life" moved in his imagination he was writing other things. It was now he published in the "Forum" his articles about the power of trustee over thinker in our universities. "Our professors are not Freiherrs. Their humiliating dependence on the will of other men deprives them

of the spiritual qualities which create discipleship. There was no board of financier trustees at Jena to tell Haeckel to soft-pedal his subversive evolutionary ideas, and dismiss him without trial if he declined."

He proposed organization. "Perhaps it is because we are not accustomed to look to them for anything requiring so much guts as the formation of a union that the two ideas, professor and union, clash. But 'union' is capable of taking 'professor' out of the category of the ridiculous." All that year he was in correspondence with university men about the College Teachers' Union. The C.T.U. was not a little laughed at at the time. It exists now.

He continued to write for his old paper in Chicago and he wrote short stories. Some of them were printed, some not. One day a big envelope came back, and this one we had thought would not return. We were making our living by writing, and the postman had returned envelopes to both of us that week. So we did not joke about this one. Jig put it on the table and went out to hoe the garden. A little later I looked from the kitchen window. He stood there, one hand on his hoe, head a little bent, looking down at the earth, troubled.

The other day I reread Jig's story, the one that lay on the table while he went out to hoe the garden, and I found in the attic some old magazines of that year, and read them. It did not make me respect those editors. Here was a man who felt profoundly, and whose mind played. He needed the feeling of a waiting audience, of some one at the other end who would see what he had done and be glad. He felt this was not there for him. More would have come had more been expected. There was the hurt feeling of one who isn't wanted, and the bewilderment of one who knows

he has much to give. He began to think about that smaller audience which must be there within the big audience, the creative possibilities in sympathy of writer or artist or actor and audience. As a creator, he was social. He talked of older communities. Always he talked of Greece. He talked of that possible American Renaissance.

"Suppose the nascence depends not on blind evolutionary forces, involving the whole nation, but on whether or not the hundred artists who have in them potential power arrange or do not arrange to place themselves in vital stimulating relationship with each other, in order to bring out, co-ordinate and direct their power. Suppose the stage of economic, political and social evolution is such that a great creative movement can either appear or not appear in the second decade of twentieth-century America, according to the deeds or omissions of a hundred poets, painters, novelists, critics, scholars and thinkers."

One day in Fred Burt's studio at the Modern Art School, Jig picked up a lump of clay. "You don't need this, Freddie," he smiled, and took it home with him.

It was as if his fingers had wanted that clay a long time. They did not meet as strangers. "You never did it before? You have not studied?" our artist friends demanded, and talked of an instinctive sense of form. Yes, but do you remember that potter at Cambridgeport, with his catalogue of Greek vases, who hated to press down the stick and make the flowerpots just alike? The potter who was to have a place of honor in the dream city? "There is a fascination about a pliable lump of potter's clay," he wrote at Harvard, after he had thought about the potter. "As it changes shape beneath the fingers a hundred traits of human character combine, dissolve, shift and recom-

bine. That push beneath the chin made the whole face firm, this weakens all. The imagination is quick to take hints and fill the shifting line with noble or ignoble life. Wild faces start half accidentally out of the crude clay, only to melt back at some less happy touch."

To make it happen under his hand—form where there had been but the possibility of form, to *see* it changing (this creation a symbol for all creation)—the little boy who built the city of Troy in the sand and the man who felt the wonder of those first specks of plasm alive to-day in you and me, both found satisfaction in that lump of clay.

Later he wrote for one of the Provincetown Player circulars, "Work done in the spirit of play has the only true seriousness." The theater sometimes lost its true seriousness, and was just work, but the modeling remained as a playing off from school—pure, joyous, intense.

When you are happy, you may dance round the upstairs of your house before you get dressed. "Hold that!" Jig commanded.

Too hard to hold, except at moments, so he could "check up," feel it anew.

"The arts fertilize each other; the dancer creates in space attitudes of sculpture and in time makes them flow rhythmically into each other like the successive notes of melody. Our minds are now full of the madness of painting that wants to be like music."

One of the Duncan pupils came to Provincetown. At a supper on the shore, this girl left her place by the fire, and in her short tunic danced at the edge of the sea, against the moon. "She makes the whole sea Greek," Jig said; he talked of those noble rhythms, old as the myth of Dionysus.

I think it was while the moonlit tide came up to our fire that night he talked of another noble ancient art awaiting its Isadora Duncan. We must gain control over the tunes of the speaking-voice—the actual melodies created by successive changes of pitch when we speak to one another. Sidney Lanier and Yeats had begun it, and helped us to understand better the power of the Grecian and Celtic bards and Saxon skops who wrote their poems to the sound of lyre or harp. This gaining control of the subtle speaking-voice tunes, their intensification by an instrument designed for them, might bring to our over-literary poetry the power and freshness which poetry had among men before the days of writing.

(I see him, in his room in Delphi, speaking Homer, and trying to write it down—the elusive "tunes" of his own rich speaking-voice.)

Bringing clay to meaning; dancing that is like sculpture, and sculpture that captures dancing; the unwritten music in the words we speak, these things, from an underlying oneness, created the rhythm of the days.

Sunshine on the beach. Greek poets with Harry Kemp. Building the boat with Joe O'Brien. Playing ball with Wilbur Steele.

CHAPTER XXXI

THE OLD WHARF

WINTERS we went to New York. Our friends were living down-town in "The Village," so that is where we lived; it was cheaper, and arranged for people like us. Nice to have tea before your glowing coals in Milligan Place, and then go over to Polly's or Christine's for a good dinner with friends. Every once in a while, in the Sunday paper, I read of Greenwich Village. It is a wicked place, it seems, and worse than wicked, it is silly. Just what Greenwich Village is now, I do not know. Through the years I knew it, it was a neighborhood where people were working, where you knew just which street to take for good talk when you wanted it, or could bolt your door and work all day long. You had credit at the little store on the corner, and the coal man too would hang it up if the check hadn't come. I never knew simpler, kinder or more real people than I have known in Greenwich Village. I like in memory the flavor of those days when one could turn down Greenwich Avenue to the office of the Masses, argue with Max or Floyd or Jack Reed; then after an encounter with some fanatic at the Liberal Club, or (better luck) tea with Henrietta Rodman, on to the Working Girls' Home (it's a saloon, not a charitable organization) or if the check had come, to the Brevoort. Jig loved to sit in the cellar of the Brevoort. He had his own corner, and the waiters smiled when he came in.

We went to the theater, and for the most part we came away wishing we had gone somewhere else. Those were the days when Broadway flourished almost unchallenged. Plays, like magazine stories, were patterned. They might be pretty good within themselves, seldom did they open out to—where it surprised or thrilled your spirit to follow. They didn't ask much of *you,* those plays. Having paid for your seat, the thing was all done for you, and your mind came out where it went in, only tireder. An audience, Jig said, had imagination. What was this "Broadway," which could make a thing as interesting as life into a thing as dull as a Broadway play?

There was a meeting at the Liberal Club—Eddie Goodman, Phil Moeller, Ida Rauh, the Boni brothers, exciting talk about starting a theater.

Jig spoke the first word spoken by the Washington Square Players; amusing, in view of his feeling about the audience as collaborator, that he spoke it from the audience. "I've had enough of this!" he cried, and I said, "S—sh;" but he went into a violent outbreak about it being a quarter of nine, and the curtain not yet up. Whereupon Edward Goodman, hastening before that curtain, explained why it wasn't up, and told what the Washington Square Players were about.

Two nights before Jig opened the season at the Bandbox, "we got off the car in the neighborhood of exuberant push-carts with flaring torches, black-eyed women in shawls, old men with patriarchal beards, and violent juvenile squadrons of roller-skaters. At No. 466 we located the Playhouse. It looked like the eighteenth century when it was new." He always loved the Neighborhood Playhouse, walls like old parchment, letting you know just how bad the gilt rococo of the ordinary theater is. That opening night,

when we saw "Jephthah's Daughter," we knew why the things we had been seeing uptown found no feeling in us. "Full of a strong inherited religious feeling beyond the command of any commercial manager, danced the Jewish youths and maidens of that neighborhood, their drama, much of it taken from the Hebrew ritual, full of feeling immeasurably old, the tribal religious feeling of the ancient Jews still a living thing to some of the Jews of Henry Street."

That night, before the glowing grate in Milligan Place, we talked of what the theater might be. It is one of the mysterious and beautiful things of the world, if you are true to the thing you feel, across gulfs of experience you find in another the thing he feels.

That winter, while I was in Davenport, Jig saw the "Lysistrata" of Aristophanes. "I sat there in the darkness of the second balcony with the tears streaming. Something in the play (its beauty, its coming from so far away in time, its revelation of man and woman as they were two thousand years ago—and are —something in its great 'abstain from love' [as we are abstaining], 'I suffer—I suffer with need of you') struck something tremulous in me and made me very sad. I think maybe you were disappointed in not having a letter Monday, and I felt your sadness. Of course that may be only a fancy—that we can feel each other's emotion at a distance.

"I told Grace Potter of this sadness I felt as 'Lysistrata' and tried to explain it as due to feeling through the Greek play something which was in Greek life and is not in ours—something we are terribly in need of. One thing we're in need of is the freedom to deal with life in literature as frankly as Aristophanes. We need a public like his, which itself has the habit of think-

ing and talking frankly of life. We need the sympathy of such a public, the fundamental oneness with the public, which Aristophanes had. We are hurt by the feeling of a great mass of people hostile to the work we want to do. We can write about taboos. If we do it just right, it will go. But that is not swinging free, like Aristophanes, with all the elements of life.

"I've been thinking how a people reflects itself in literature, regardless of what such-and-such writers want to write. It's interesting."

There was the great strike in the Paterson silk-mills. John Reed brought the strikers over for a pageant at the big Madison Square Garden—"the first labor play," though not a written play, not even a designed pageant, but what he was able to do in suggesting them into showing some things from their experience. He put into it the energy of a great desire, and in their feeling of his oneness with them they forgot they were on a stage. That too was a night when we sat late and talked of what the theater might be.

Those were the early years of psycho-analysis in the Village. You could not go out to buy a bun without hearing of some one's complex. We thought it would be amusing in a play, so we had a good time writing "Suppressed Desires." Before the grate in Milligan Place we tossed the lines back and forth at one another, and wondered if any one else would ever have as much fun with it as we were having.

We wanted our play put on, as who doesn't, but even the little theaters thought "Suppressed Desires" "too special." Now it has been given by every little theater, and almost every Methodist church; golf clubs in Honolulu, colleges in Constantinople; in Paris and China and every rural route in America. I wish I had the records of how many thousands of times Step-hen

has been asked to be rooster. He has been far from special.

Well, if no one else was going to put on our play, we would put it on ourselves. Neith Boyce had a play —"Constancy." We gave the two in her house one evening. Bobby Jones was there and helped us with the sets. He liked doing it, because we had no lighting equipment, but just put a candle here and a lamp there.

A few minutes before it was time to give our play, Jig and I took a walk up the shore. We held each other's cold hands and said, "Never mind, it will be over soon."

But when it was over we were sorry. People liked it, and we liked doing it.

Neighbors who had not been asked were hurt, so we gave the plays again. Margaret Steele had taken for studio the old fish-house out at the end of the Mary Heaton Vorse wharf, across from our house. She let us have this, so more people could come. Jig became so interested he wrote another comedy, "Change Your Style," having to do with Provincetown art schools, a jolly little play. Wilbur Steele had written "Contemporaries," and those two we gave together. Thus ended the first season of the Provincetown Players, who closed without knowing they were Provincetown Players.

It might have ended there—people giving plays in the summer, if it hadn't been—Do you remember Jig's dream city, how there was to be a theater, and "why not write our own plays and put them on ourselves, giving writer, actor, designer, a chance to work together without the commercial thing imposed from without? A whole community working together, developing unsuspected talents. The city ought to fur-

nish the kind of audience that will cause new plays to be written." "The Will to Form the Beloved Community of Life-Givers"—that is written through the papers of his years.

The summer people had gone. Jig would go out on the old wharf and "step" the fish-house. Weren't there two feet more than he had thought? He would open the sliding-door that was the back wall, through which fish, nets, oars, anchors, boats, used to be dragged, and stand looking across the harbor to the Truro hills, hearing the waves lap the piles below him. He would walk back slowly, head a little bent, twisting his forelock.

"To write alone will not content me. The blood of backwoods statesmen is in my veins. I must act, organize, accomplish, embody my ideal in stubborn material things which must be shaped to it with energy, toil."

We were back early in the spring, after seeing more Broadway plays. Jack Reed came home from Mexico, where he saw a medieval miracle play which has survived in unbroken tradition among the natives of a certain village, as the poems of Homer existed for some centuries in the Ionian villages of Asia Minor.

Students of dreams tell us our dreams use the things of the moment as vehicle, pattern, symbol, for the deeply-lying thing. In our activities, as in our dreams, the accidental is seized to be shaped by our deep necessities.

"One man cannot produce drama. True drama is born only of one feeling animating all the members of a clan—a spirit shared by all and expressed by the few for the all. If there is nothing to take the place of the common religious purpose and passion of the

primitive group, out of which the Dionysian dance was born, no new vital drama can arise in any people."

He and Neith Boyce said it together. He came home and wrote it down as an affirmation of faith.

The people who came back that next summer had little chance of escaping. Purpose had grown in him, he was going to take whom he wanted and use them for the creation of his Beloved Community.

We hauled out the old boat, took oars and nets and anchors to various owners, bought lumber at the second wharf "up-along," and Jig, Nordfeldt, Ballantine, Joe O'Brien, others helping, converted the fish-house into the Wharf Theater, a place where ninety people could see a play, if they didn't mind sitting close together on wooden benches with no backs. The stage, ten feet by twelve, was in four sections, so we could have different levels, could run it through the big sliding-door at the back, a variety of set surprising in quarters so small.

We gave a first bill, then met at our house to read plays for a second. Two Irishmen, one old and one young, had arrived and taken a shack just up the street. "Terry," I said to the one not young, "haven't you a play to read to us?"

"No," said Terry Carlin, "I don't write, I just think, and sometimes talk. But Mr. O'Neill has got a whole trunk full of plays," he smiled.

That didn't sound too promising, but I said: "Well, tell Mr. O'Neill to come to our house at eight o'clock to-night, and bring some of his plays."

So Gene took "Bound East for Cardiff" from his trunk, and Freddie Burt read it to us, Gene staying out in the dining-room while the reading went on.

He was not left alone in the dining-room when the reading had finished.

Then we knew what we were for. We began in faith, and perhaps it is true when you do that "all these things shall be added unto you."

I may see it through memories too emotional, but it seems to me I have never sat before a more moving production than our "Bound East for Cardiff," when Eugene O'Neill was produced for the first time on any stage. Jig was Yank. As he lay in his bunk dying, he talked of life as one who knew he must leave it.

The sea has been good to Eugene O'Neill. It was there for his opening. There was a fog, just as the script demanded, fog bell in the harbor. The tide was in, and it washed under us and around, spraying through the holes in the floor, giving us the rhythm and the flavor of the sea while the big dying sailor talked to his friend Drisc of the life he had always wanted deep in the land, where you'd never see a ship or smell the sea.

It is not merely figurative language to say the old wharf shook with applause.

The people who had seen the plays, and the people who gave them, were adventurers together. The spectators were part of the Players, for how could it have been done without the feeling that came from them, without that sense of them there, waiting, ready to share, giving—finding the deep level where audience and writer and player are one. The last month of his life he wrote:

> I who am audience insofar as the author is one with me,
> And author insofar as the audience is one with me,
> More than any person's name and fame
> I will to hear
> The music of the identity of men.

People sometimes said, "Jig is not a business man," when it seemed opportunities were passed by. But

those opportunities were not things wanted from deep. He had a unique power to see just how the thing he wanted done could be done. He could finance for the spirit, and seldom confused, or betrayed, by extending the financing beyond the span he saw ahead, not weighing his adventure down with schemes that would become things in themselves.

He wrote a letter to the people who had seen the plays, asking if they cared to become associate members of the Provincetown Players. The purpose was to give American playwrights of sincere purpose a chance to work out their ideas in freedom, to give all who worked with the plays their opportunity as artists. Were they interested in this? One dollar for the three remaining bills.

The response paid for seats and stage, and for sets. A production need not cost a lot of money, Jig would say. The most expensive set at the Wharf Theater cost thirteen dollars. There were sets at the Provincetown Playhouse which cost little more. He liked to remember "The Knight of the Burning Pestle" they gave at Leland Stanford, where a book could indicate one house and a bottle another. Sometimes the audience liked to make its own set.

"Now, Susan," he said to me, briskly, "I have announced a play of yours for the next bill."

"But I have no play!"

"Then you will have to sit down to-morrow and begin one."

I protested. I did not know how to write a play. I had never "studied it."

"Nonsense," said Jig. "You've got a stage, haven't you?"

So I went out on the wharf, sat alone on one of our wooden benches without a back, and looked a long time

at that bare little stage. After a time the stage became a kitchen—a kitchen there all by itself. I saw just where the stove was, the table, and the steps going upstairs. Then the door at the back opened, and people all bundled up came in—two or three men, I wasn't sure which, but sure enough about the two women, who hung back, reluctant to enter that kitchen. When I was a newspaper reporter out in Iowa, I was sent down-state to do a murder trial, and I never forgot going into the kitchen of a woman locked up in town. I had meant to do it as a short story, but the stage took it for its own, so I hurried in from the wharf to write down what I had seen. Whenever I got stuck, I would run across the street to the old wharf, sit in that leaning little theater under which the sea sounded, until the play was ready to continue. Sometimes things written in my room would not form on the stage, and I must go home and cross them out. "What playwrights need is a stage," said Jig, "their own stage."

Ten days after the director said he had announced my play, there was a reading at Mary Heaton Vorse's. I was late to the meeting, home revising the play. But when I got there the crowd liked "Trifles," and voted to put it in rehearsal next day.

It was a great summer; we swam from the wharf as well as rehearsed there; we would lie on the beach and talk about plays—every one writing, or acting, or producing. Life was all of a piece, work not separated from play.

I like to remember certain times late at night. The audience had gone home, the big door had been drawn shut; the last actor who wanted a drink had the last drop there was at our house, and Jig and I might stroll out on the wharf before going to bed. The sea had taken it all again—the wharf was the old wharf and

the theater the fish-house that had been there while so many tides came and went. Fishermen, people from deep in the land who wanted to write plays about both sea and land that—Why? At such times one wondered. It seemed now, on the wharf that jutted out from a sleeping town, as if we had not been at all; and before many more tides came in, it would indeed be as if we had not been at all. And yet, would it? Perhaps we wanted to write plays and put them on just because we knew, more intensely than the fishermen, that the tide comes, the tide goes. You cannot know that and leave things just as they were before.

One night I was lonely in the house, suspected where Jig was and went out to find him. The theater a dark bulk behind him, he was sitting at the end of the wharf, feet hanging over. "Thinking about the theater?" I asked after a little—things hadn't gone so well that night.

He shook ashes from his pipe. "No," he said. "I was thinking about raft boats on the Mississippi."

I was appalled the day Jig said, "When we go to New York for the winter, we will take our theater with us," That, I thought, was a very different thing. I was afraid for him. I knew how it had been through the summer. Many had been interested, and some of them had worked hard, but after all the others worked when they wanted to. "What is Jig going to do about this?" they would say when a real difficulty presented itself. There were people who would be animated when they were with him, and then next day—"But really, I haven't time for it, you know," and they would have to be captured anew, or let go, and some one else captured. He was the center; for the most part, he made the others want to do it, as well as

persuaded them it could be done. I felt the energy must go into keeping that fire of enthusiasm, or belief, from which all drew. It was hard to see Jig hurt—he always seemed so surprised it should be like that. He had so much trust, valuing people by the finest moment they showed him—sometimes largely a radiation from his own glow. And I was afraid people would laugh at him, starting a theater in New York—new playwrights, amateur acting, somewhere in an old house or a stable. He himself never thought of this, too concentrated on the thing to be done.

I said I did not think we were ready to go to New York; I feared we couldn't make it go. "Jack Reed thinks we can make it go," he said.

Those two were the first to believe—adventurers both, men of faith. "Impractical."

One of Jig's notes: "The deep and original creative feeling that is found in some American men." I do not know of whom he was thinking when he put that down, but as I look at it now, I think of Moscow, I think of Delphi.

"Where will we get the money?" I asked.

"Our associate members will subscribe for the New York season. That will be our nucleus."

It was one of Jig's warmest satisfactions that members of our audience that summer of Nineteen-sixteen were members every year thereafter. There was our strength, he said; we did not need to take money that would threaten what we were; our audience was part of us.

We were going to call ourselves the Provincetown Players, but Gene proposed we be also the Playwrights' Theater.

Two hundred and forty-five dollars in his pocket, in the glow of vision, energetic with belief, Jig boarded

the train to look for a place for the Provincetown Players in New York. He stood alone on the back platform, waving to me. "Don't worry!" he called, as the train was starting. Then something I couldn't hear, and I went running after him. He cupped his mouth with his hands to call back: "Write—another—play!"

CHAPTER XXXII

FIRE FROM HEAVEN

"WRITERS, critics, adventurers, painters, having in common a feeling that it would be better to be destroyed than not to create one's own beauty." Jig said this of the group from which the Provincetown Players came.

You have the police to reckon with in creating your own beauty in New York; you have small boys who kick tin cans down Macdougal Street while the curtain is up, people upstairs who put their garbage in front of the theater just as the audience is arriving, the phonograph next door.

A little disheartening, when finally he found a ground-floor at 139 Macdougal Street, to learn that two hundred of the two hundred and forty-five dollars, capital from Provincetown, must be paid for putting in a steel girder, or the partition which would give the stage couldn't be torn out.

When I arrived in New York, having dutifully written "The People," my first glimpse of Jig was standing amid shavings, lumber and bags of cement explaining the Provincetown Players to a policeman and an impersonal-looking person from the building department. "Now here is Susan Glaspell," he said, as if I had entered for just this. "She is writing plays. And there is a young Irishman, O'Neill"—turning to the Irish policeman. We all went downstairs to have a drink and talk it over. Broadway. That wasn't what we

GEORGE CRAM COOK

wanted to do. In fact, we weren't doing this for money at all. "My salary is fifteen dollars a week," said Jig. The person from the building department looked a little less impersonal as Jig talked to him of plays out of American life, quite as if this were one of the man's warm interests. The Irish policeman remained a friend to the last, more than once telling us what to do when we would have blundered.

I have heard Jig explain the Provincetown Players to firemen, electricians, women tenement inspectors, garbage collectors, judges. Our Italian landlady, our real estate agent, our banker, were drawn into the adventure. "We are doing it for fun," Jig said to a judge, when the question of our playing Sunday nights was up. "Oh, of course, profound fun. The fun of death, for instance—the profound amusement of imagined death, followed swiftly enough, your honor, by the real moment."

The judge gave him a swift keen look. The look held between them.

"But what shall the sergeant do?" said the gentleman from the police, "if they play again Sunday night?"

"Oh, tell him to do something else," said his honor, and subscribed to the Provincetown Players.

It didn't always come out so charmingly. Many nights Jig would sleep a couple of hours, then figure in his little book—how to prevent a threatened disaster. We had no theater license; often we did not know whether we would play once more, or be closed that night.

Hard, too, to create one's own beauty without dressing-rooms, without space for shifting scenery. Even knowing we did it, I am disposed to say what we did that first year couldn't be done. I can see Jig, say, an afternoon of dress rehearsal, coat off, sleeves up,

perspiring as any other laborer perspires, lifting, pounding, working to help finish a set; wrestling with a stage-manager who says a certain thing can't be done, checking up on props—himself going over to Sixth Avenue for some of them—yes, sweeping the theater, if the woman who should have done it failed to come. "You must have your lunch," I say. He shakes his head. I go out and get a bottle of milk, and he works through till performance time—works as if it were death which waits if the thing is not done.

He believed that the gifted amateur had possibilities which the professional may have lost. It was with an amateur group he worked in those early years; with no money, the only hold he had on them was through making them want to do it. It was his intensity held the thing together. They would cut rehearsals, be late—things professionals would not dream of doing. He would reorganize a whole scene-shift, rehearse it, himself drive it through to save three minutes, only to have the gifted amateur actress hold the curtain while she finished her make-up. There are people who are not equal to the intensity of the theater; they are there to thwart your own intensity, and from their superior calm look with amazement upon your righteous fury. "I sweat blood for that three minutes, and she threw it away powdering her nose!"

And the thing it was all for? The beauty created? Judging that first year by itself alone, it was not worth the struggle of making it possible. Bad acting and producing, plays there seemed little reason for giving. Sometimes it would be almost impossible to cast a play. Why then did his faith hold?

Because beneath fatigue and disappointment, he believed in the thing as a whole. In a theater for experiment you may do things which in themselves are

not worth doing. Yet he would feel something in that play—a thing that was on its way to something else. Why not give this boy a chance to see it in action, see how he can improve it in rehearsal? Let him know that here is a stage for the better play he can write.

In those years there were no tickets for critics. If they wanted to come and pay for a seat, they were as welcome as any one else. We were not doing it for them any more than for other members of the audience. "We knew the joy of the theater last year in Macdougal Street," he writes at the beginning of our second season, "and that joy, strangely uncommon in our great play-giving, play-going world is, like beauty, its own excuse for being. There ought, moreover, to be one theater for American writers to play with—one where, if the spirit move them, they can give plays which are not likely to be produced elsewhere. We mean to go on giving artists of the theater a chance to work out their ideas in freedom.

"We have no ambition to go up-town and become 'a real theater.' We have a theater because we want to do our own thing in our own way. We believe that hard work done in the play spirit has a freshness not found in the theater which has become a business.

"There are rich backgrounds behind the people of this group. They were accustomed to deal imaginatively with life before they came together and began to focus their creative impulse upon their untrammeled little stage. There are more interesting things latent in their minds than they have yet written or acted. Their hope is greater than it was in the beginning.

"We are still not afraid to fail in things worth trying. This season, too, shall be adventure. We will let this theater die before we let it become another voice of mediocrity. If any writers in this country are

capable of bringing down fire from heaven to the stage, we are here to receive and help."

A beautiful thing had happened. That "fire from heaven"—had it been withheld? The scenery might totter at times, the waits were long, the ventilation bad and the seats uncushioned, but that audience is already an historic one. For one after another they were seeing those dramas of the sea written by Eugene O'Neill. No one else was producing him then, and I leave you the story of the unfolding of his career, of his growth in power upon that tiny experimental stage, as justification of the idea of this man George Cram Cook.

Yet because of his integrity of idea, that conspicuous success never made him see as less important the work of those who had not yet succeeded, who might never, in the usual sense of the word, succeed. If certain things we did reached the larger public, then perhaps our intensity should more and more go into the work which also had meaning, but which might be harder to project. The things that others would do were not so particularly our individual job. To *cause* better American plays to be written—that is what he kept saying.

As when he was teacher at Iowa City, he would give of himself to whomsoever wanted him. There was perhaps one of his faults as a director. He did not hoard himself. He had none of the usual exclusions. Though busy or tired, he would talk half an hour to a person if some one thing intrigued his mind, if there was chance for the serious things of life to take form as play. Once in a deeply serious talk, Jig asked me quite simply why people undervalued him. And I spoke as truly as I could when I said, "Because you are so generous. Because you are not afraid." Most people hold back—cautious, that they may seem im-

pressive. But with Jig, the idea, whatever might be the imaginative content of the moment, was a thing in itself, so important that it must have its way, not limited or shaped by the kind of impression he himself might make. This is more than courage. It is purity. And it was a growth; an achievement in personality, for in the early years, as we have seen, he had good measure of self-consciousness and vanity. He reacted from the dangerous self-abnegation of those days at the Cabin, when he followed God's orders, yet the man who came back to the good old dimensions had a new sense of what life is worth. Life is worth play. I have seen poor-souled people hug their reticence that it might pass as superiority before Jig's experimental fooling—that rich, sunny unashamed play, which honored the most serious things of life by including them. When he found one who could play with him—nothing else was so important. A solemn business appointment waited while he and Joe O'Brien and Hutchins Hapgood "recreated religion" at the bar of the Brevoort. We cannot measure him without reckoning with those radiant moments he called into being; and those, we know, cannot be measured. They are perhaps of that All to which he spread his arms in the silence of noon in the Iowa City Library. No specific achievement could so secure one.

After a first night there would be a party in our club-room over the theater. We were very poor at times, but never so poor we couldn't have wine for these parties. It was important we drink together, for thus were wounds healed, and we became one again, impulse and courage as if they had never been threatened. We had said hard things to one another in the drive of the last rehearsals, the strain of opening night. Now I might see Jig's arm around a neck he had

threatened to wring. "Jig, you are getting drunk," some one would say. "It is for the good of the Provincetown Players," he would explain. "I am always ready to sacrifice myself to a cause." When the wine began to show the bottom of the bowl, "Give it all to me," Jig would propose, "and I guarantee to intoxicate all the rest of you." He glowed at these parties. Things which years before had lain lonely in his mind flowed into a happy convivial hour, and dawn might find him eloquently espousing the cause of the elephant as over the lion, perhaps closing with a blaze of prophecy of a world in which men did not tear each other as lions tore, but where the strongest was he who did not feed upon his brother.

These parties restored and fortified, yet I wonder if the theater could have gone on without the Greek language. Nights when there were no parties, when he came home from rehearsals, not only tired, but thwarted, perhaps resentful, it was the poets of old Greece gave him the hour that restored and fortified. The Greek letters could take him into a world where he knew who he was.

"Hadn't you better turn off the light, Jig? You have that rehearsal at nine."

"We will go to Athens and learn modern Greek," he would reply. "We will talk in Greek. It will make the whole great language a living thing to us."

After rehearsals we sometimes stopped at a Greek restaurant for a bite to eat. "See, Jig, there is the Acropolis," friends would tease, pointing to a gaudy picture.

Jig would turn his head to look at it—nothing daunted, smiling curiously, as if both he and the Acropolis knew they could afford to meet on Sixth Avenue.

CHAPTER XXXIII

CERTAIN WOMEN

"SEVEN of the Provincetown Players are in France, and more are going. Not light-heartedly now, when civilization itself is threatened with destruction, we who remain have determined to go on next season with the work of our little theater.

"It is said that theatrical entertainment is socially justified in this dark time as a means of relaxing the strain of reality, and thus helping to keep us sane. This may be true, but if more were not true—if we felt no deeper value in dramatic art than entertainment—we would not have the heart for it now.

"Makers and players of plays must help keep alive in the world the light of imagination. Without it the wreck of the world that was cannot be cleared away and the new world shaped."

One of the events of the early years of the war was finding in an Egyptian tomb a new poem by Sappho. "By an accident, the two love poems which gave us 'burning Sappho' survived Christianity. A third lay silent with the dead Egyptian another 841 years."

A prose translation of what remained of this poem was cabled from London. We were in Provincetown. After an impatient wait he got a photograph of the Greek. Getting out Greek books he had at Iowa City, he sat at the big white desk we bought on Third Avenue the first winter we were in New York—now placed in a dormer-window looking up the winding street that

follows the harbor into which the Pilgrims first came, and with scholarship and imagination he filled gaps and formed the meager but precious words into Sapphics.

This gave the war new reality. After its centuries in the tomb, the poem came back to the sunlight and to a world trying to destroy itself.

> Though we know that never a longing mortal
> Gains life's best—oh better it is to pray for
> Part in what we cherished and shared of old than
> Fail to remember.

There came another woman's voice—this one from the farthest side of that tomb which is all the human life we have known. This voice was the more eloquent because itself it had not had a voice. It was from before time was for the human voice—or before the human voice was for time. "The oldest skull known to us has been discovered . . . The skull being female, she whose brain filled it with conscious thought was a speechless ape-woman. For some reason she appeals to the imagination more than he would have done. This near-woman, contemporary of the eohippus, has been resting there in her tertiary gravel about four hundred thousand years. What, beside this, is the sleep of those female bones which Thomas Browne made to rest quietly through the drums and tramplings of three conquests? Besides this woman the earliest man we know in Egypt is our contemporary. She was before all the ages of ice.

"And yet she is not alien to us, for the chances are that her blood flows in the veins of every human being now alive. Between her and us ten or fifteen thousand generations have come and gone and yet, if Alala had grandchildren, if the stream of human life came on through her at all, then not one single individual who

is in the world to-day would be here but for her. The actual men who dug up and touched her skull would not have existed, but other men like them. You and I would not exist, but others like us.

"The River Ouse, which made the gravel in which she lay, has cut its bed down eighty feet through rock since it left her there. It may have drowned her, taking her life, and transmitting knowledge of it and the life of all her kind across a little eternity to us."

After she, our ancestor, was drowned in the River Ouse, we learned to speak to one another. Years by the thousand went by, and Sappho lived. Words. The light of creative imagination. Those words lie in a tomb for centuries, then they too return to the light. And when they come into our later sunlight, what do those women, our ancestors—she who had not learned to speak and she who spoke as woman had never spoken—what do they find us saying to one another?

Something about those sweeps of time, the insistent thing in him that would not permit the light of creative imagination to have been in vain, made Jig write a story of how, after inconceivably more thousands of years have gone by, and when the earth is dying of cold, the race of man, fired by the vision and will of a woman, using all the knowledge there was behind them, build an ether ship which is itself a minute heavenly body, manifold dynamos built as for eternity, and set sail for the sun, which then had cooled. Thus might the earthly race survive the earth. "This expedition is called the divine event toward which all earthly life has dreamed and blindly striven. They say it sheds a glory back over all our past. As to that, the woven phrases of a work of music do not exist for one closing chord, nor life's successive ages for one crowning

deed. The struggle of life has been worth while for its own sake, regardless of the fulfilment of this dream creating immortality. And yet, as in an archaic dream, earthly life shall transcend the earth!"

It is a long fight winning men of the dying planet for the journey to the sun, and a skilful thrilling tale it becomes. I like finding old loyalties in this story of long-lived men whose inconceivably remote ancestors we are. "She scorned him because he would not admit that the change demanded of earthly life on the sun was no greater than the change when fishes breathing water through gills transformed their race into amphibians breathing air through lungs."

One night while Jig was writing "The Ether Ship" we went out on the wharf and looked at the stars. Then came the wondering, which he went home and put into the story: "May it not be that this hope of ours is the mere fulfilment of a solar system's normal life? This may be their inmost law—that life shall rise in planets and move in to suns. To receive back as life what it sent out long ago as light may be as natural to a sun as love to us."

For ten years they built the ship and made it the seed of the earth. "That departure—felt by all to mark the moment when one race became two. While we who remained on earth swarmed in the hangar, bidding farewells as long as death to friends and kin, my spirit felt that like a plant that packs its future into a seed and sends it forth, the earthly race was now to wither and die. What did we who remain get for this—the supreme work of our generation, into which the memory and will of our world had gone? Perhaps—motherhood. The birth of a race more splendid."

Those were the days when we met every train to get the papers. But with historians of the latest edition,

Jig read also an older historian—Thucydides. While our war was fought he studied the Peloponnesian War. "With almost incredible foreknowledge the historian of the Peloponnesian War knew that he was writing in little the history of a greater war. 'In all human probability these things will happen again,' the Greek wrote centuries ago." And Jig writes underneath: "We can feel this story more than any generation between yours and ours."

More Greek history was lived than could find its way into austere Thucydides. Drama began to form from his inferences, his exciting excavations in Greek life. "Looking from the tragedy of our time, I seemed to perceive the inner truth of those Athenian events." After he had written "The Athenian Women," he says: "As I look back to Thucydides and Plutarch, and through Aristophanes look back to the life he loved and mocked, it seems possible that the events in this play diverge more from our historical accounts than they do from the events themselves. I make so proud a suggestion not proudly, but with wonder at the brooding dream which brings a play to life. It may be of a nature to bridge with truth gaps not filled by those poor piecemeal records from which even the truest must write history."

His Aspasia says to Pericles: "It means the death-struggle with Peloponnesos—the ruin of this Hellas which is the brain of the world. Not one hour undarkened by this threat which lies like a nightmare on the clear soul of Greece. Will they who come after us know how dark it was? If the light of Greece goes out, what will there be but darkness? Is the future to be shaped in the coarse and cruel minds of Carthaginian or Roman, and not in the sensitive strength of the beautiful mind of Greece?"

She frees within him powers that shall work shapingly upon the world. By her artists, not her soldiers, Athens shall become the foremost city of the world. The master of force renounces force, that "Athens may come to have the artist mind, which out of discordant things builds harmony."

Without those years would be "no curved Odeion there in its hollowed rock, no Thesion to dignify the market, no Erechtheion, no Propylæa, no Parthenon forever sending down into our fevered noons its mood of starlit calm."

But they who have made Athens the very eye of Greece are attacked. "Phidias, Anaxagoras, Aspasia —the Artist, the Thinker, the Woman of Life. These Hermippos hates because they make plastic the world which is and mold it new. He hates them because those who are without art and thought and love have not power to mold the world. This is the hatred of you oligarchs for the democracy, the hatred of old-fashioned Sparta for creative Athens. Whatever happens now or hereafter" (it is Pericles, man of force, who speaks), "I thank the gods and our own strength, that for a few immortal years Aspasia and I have been able to subject one city to the generous will of its artists, thinkers and lovers."

Of what war was Jig speaking when through Aspasia he says: "Democracy! Aristocracy! O Kalia, do you not know in your heart that there is no other such disaster as this war of exhaustion which has become the nightmare of our lives? The evil brought into the world by such a war outweighs a thousand-fold the good which victory can bring to either democracy or aristocracy. Take heed lest ten or twenty years from now, with Athens and Sparta bleeding to death, their splendid vital energy forever gone, their generous

spirits grown hateful with long hatred, you are compelled to look back at this night and say—'I might have prevented this!' "

Which war? Which aspiration? Which will to beauty? There are moments when it seems it is time which is our great unexplored country, the dazzling adventure which waits, and that already, through a few who have lived, have come hints to let us know the poverty of our conception. I cannot be sure whether it is as if he spoke for her, or as if she had spoken for him. Perhaps the "brooding dream which brings a play to life" is free of that mold into which our limitations have constrained time.

We accomplished what seemed the preposterous undertaking of giving this long play—with its many Athenian citizens—on our Macdougal Street stage. The actor we had hoped to have for Pericles disappointed us. Jig played this part, and I remember the closing lines which Ida Rauh, our Aspasia, spoke to him: "O Pericles,—our great, bright circle—this life which has created beauty—we have been but a candle burning in the darkness —a point in space—a bright ripple on a black wave—a boat on a shoreless sea!"

We were living in Charlton Street then, and as we walked down Macdougal Street after those closing words had been spoken on the closing night, Jig said: "After a few years, we will go to Greece. Maybe I can translate 'The Athenian Women' into modern Greek, and produce it in Athens."

CHAPTER XXXIV

NEZER

WHEN we got back to Provincetown that spring the man who brought our eggs and vegetables wanted to know if he couldn't also bring a collie pup. We knew we would love the pup too much, and what about going back to New York in the fall? But he shrewdly read desire in our hesitation, so the next Tuesday put all the puppies among the potato sacks. Once you have a lapful of collie pups, you are not likely to let all of them go. The black and white one kept coming back to us in a way that said he was our dog. He had clear deep eyes. "He is a religious dog," Jig said.

As he appeared serious-minded, we decided to call him Ebenezer, a family name. Jig saw no reason for withholding a respected name from one's dog. But we soon shortened to Nezer, and this is perhaps what turned him frivolous. There were times when the religious pup would leave no shoe unturned.

To divert his spirit from destruction to creative play, Jig began Nezer's education. We had breakfast in my room, eating freely of what Jig called "perfect moment toast," which he made himself. Nezer shared the family taste for this, and if you put a bit of egg on a bit of toast there was nothing he would not attempt. He soon mastered the elementary tricks and became a dog who counts. One—two—three—four, Nezer would bark the number. Marvelous indeed he

seemed the day he learned the numbers out of their order; when Jig said "four" would bark four times, and then immediately give the correct response to "one." But he seemed to say, "My dog brain cannot go beyond five." Six was likely to be an indefinite number of excited barks.

After his morning lesson he wanted to go out and play with his brother Doughboy, who lived up the street. Quickly he learned that Madeline, washing dishes below, had no power to let him out until her name and his were spoken from above. He would run from us to the head of the stairs, whine to call attention to himself, stand there, head cocked towards us, one paw starting down the stairs, poised, until: "Madeline, will you let Nezer—" then a bark and a rush for the door.

The children, Nilla and Harl, were there that summer, and they romped with Nezer on the tidal flats—a delectable playground for children and dogs. Often they brought friends home that Jig might have Nezer give an exhibition. He would chase his tail and lie down and roll over for the rest of us, but he never had quite the form, the zest, with any one else that he had with Jig. "This is my beloved master, who has taught me to count," he seemed to say, and gaily, with style and devotion, he would do each thing as a thing in itself, not blurring one into another. "He still wants to learn things. This is his radiant moment," Jig would say. If Nezer were neglected at a party he would come and ask to do his tricks, making the suggestion by beginning them. Mornings when he felt particularly good he would lay his long nose on Jig's knee, raise his clear religious eyes to say, "Come, teach me some more." Other mornings, less keen, if Jig were trying to induce him to catch bread tossed from his

nose, he would industriously chase his tail, as to say, "See? I know a good deal already. Isn't this good enough?" But Jig would not let him off at that; a thing begun must be put through, as Nezer came to know, though he became an educated dog with never a blow. It was not necessary, such was the love and understanding between them, a tone, a gesture would suffice.

All the town knew gay handsome Nezer, "Mr. Cook's dog," the dashing collie who could count.

Nezer would play with the Carbon-Copy-Cat kittens, descendants of the glossy Copy-Cat who, in his own radiant moment, came running home to rabbit for his oyster. Seldom a meal when some kitten was not running up Jig's corduroy trousers. He would cross his knee in a way that left a place for kitten to play hide-and-seek. His laugh would seem very big to the tiny kitten, who might look up in surprise, but not in fear. The kittens played with Nezer's tail, and sometimes he would roll his eyes to say, "Do I have to stand this?" At times Carbon-Copy would herself become kitten again and she and Nezer played tag all over the house. Then she would lie down and pound her tail and growl at him; and he, lying close by, facing her would talk back in staccato collie barks.

After a long time of working with a group of people, Jig found it good to work by himself at his modeling. He had often talked of that deep level in the spirit of each where all spirits are one, and he had need of these reaffirmations, for it was only at times we touched the spiritual oneness underlying our differences. It would have been so much easier to do it the way of the autocrat. His instinct as artist was for having its own way; much as he wanted to leave not one unfree spirit in the theater, he had a peculiarly strong urge to put

right a thing that was wrong. Sometimes Jig was about as true as a hurricane to the group ideal. Yet knowing the necessities of his spirit, it seems to me extraordinary how long and how patiently he gave himself to the dream of creating together. Prodigally he gave to other people's work, working from the ideas of others even against his own instinct, believing that thus might the beloved community come to be, itself a creation, and greater than any one of us. I remember anger, failures in working together, but I remember many times of going over to the theater to find Jig giving of his patience, his charm, to one of lesser vision, an intellectual equipment beside which his own had the riches of the world. He would often restore himself by going and working alone at something on the stage—some little thing he wanted to make right. After he had done this awhile, some one would come along, possibly the stage carpenter; they would joke, have a drink, talk of a better way the thing might be done, and in coming to work again with that one person he won back his gift for working with us all.

Some of these adjustments were hard for him, and generosity did not always meet generosity; so now he loved the clay under his fingers, loved the solitudes connecting with the solitudes of all his life.

Some one had stolen his violin, the one Ma-Mie gave him when he was a boy; Jimmy Light gave Jig his violin, and then it happened this, too, was stolen. It hurt him that this should have twice occurred, for he needed his violin. One day, looking for props on Third Avenue, he found an ocorina, a "sweet potato" boys call it. He blew into it, got a note he liked, so took it with him. Now when the robin sang in the tree outside his window, he would answer. The robin would

reply. There were concerts. He wrote down the robin's song, and tried to get the song of the thrush he had loved by the creek in Iowa. At dawn you might hear him thus talking to the birds.

"The last note of the robin's song is sad because the first is silent in its everlasting tomb." Sculpture holds, for a moment. He modeled the great embrace, the great moment, which also passes. When he had finished it we were at a loss to know what to do with it. Jig said he would like to get it into the most enduring material, then bury it. After our civilization had passed men of the future might come upon it and arrive at conclusions about New England—a place of great erotic freedom. We amused ourselves by reconstructing our civilization from the excavation of what we called "the couple," or "the wicked couple."

All that he did drew from his emotion about time, and gave to it. He would like to make a sundial. But as he began this it was time to go back to the theater. The Hapgoods had lent him Frederic Meyers' "Human Personality." He wanted to read those volumes with care and think about them. He wanted to do another play of his own, instead of so quickly returning to the plays of others. And anyway, what would we do with Nezer and the cats?

Why not let the younger members have the theater for the year and see what they could do with it?

I like to remember that winter in Provincetown. The wind would shake the little house on the sand, but we kept the fire bright in the big stove in the dining-room. Jig was modeling the four figures for his sundial. Dawn—or the dreamer. She who faces the south—Noon, the work of the world. Sunset—work done, old age, the grave. And the North Star, the beyond-the-sun. While he modeled the figures he

thought of them as a play—things the youthful dreamer, the doer, the years of the setting sun, and the beyond-life would say to one another as the sun marked passing days on the dial they support.

Work on the sundial was interrupted by Nezer going to look for his sheep. At least we decided that is what a collie is about when he leaves the home where he is cherished. "Oh, this is all very well," a receding tail seems to say, "but for hundreds of years I have roamed the hills with sheep. How can I always play in that little yard?"

One Sunday he was gone all day, and we were concerned when for the first time he was not lying before the fire in the evening. No sharp bark demanded we get up in the night.

Next morning we heard that Nezer was last seen following a tall man out of town. The stranger had a pack on his back. And alas, I had taken off Nezer's collar, because I liked to see his ruff all fluffed out.

Jig went to the telephone and called the first town up the Cape. Tall man, pack on the back, black and white dog? Yes, there for lunch yesterday. Two sweaters. White woolen socks. Walking up the Cape. After Truro, we called Wellfleet, Orleans. Yes, cap with ear tabs tied back over it with a string. Two sweaters. White socks. Boston lawyer on a walking-trip. Fed the dog right at the table, and took him to his room at night. Said he couldn't get him to go back, so now he'd have to take him on to Boston.

Oh, would he? Jig telephoned for a taxi; also telephoned a few deputy sheriffs along the Cape.

Thereafter, when we took a ride up the Cape Jig would say, "I must stop and see this nice woman. She was so indignant about Nezer." Or, "Here's the

hardware store at South Yarmouth, where Nezer took the train for Boston."

For Nezer and his lawyer got tired of walking—that's why the taxi-ride was long. The whole Cape finally took part in the hunt. Interesting how much you can find out about a man and a dog who are a lap ahead of you—little do we know what curious trail we leave behind us! Nezer particularly enjoyed the bones at Daniel Webster Inn and was loath to quit that place.

Jig got the Boston address of Nezer's friend and telephoned. "What?" cried an indignant stenographer, "You say Mr. D—— has stolen your dog? Oh, no. Why, Mr. D—— wouldn't steal anything, certainly not a dog." "But I assure you"—loyally getting angry—"Mr. D—— wouldn't steal— Oh, wait a minute—hold the wire"—Voices, laughter; Mr. D—— had just walked in with the dog.

"Keep him there," commanded Jig.

Nezer was lying with his back to the door when Jig walked in. "Chase your tail!" Instantly Nezer was up and chasing. "Guess he's yours all right," said the contrite lawyer.

"Now I'll tell you one thing," said Jig, as he fed Nezer at home that night. "I don't want you to run up any more fifty-dollar taxi bills. We can't afford them."

There were hours when Nezer was locked out of the house. So was every one else. We were casting. Jig had worked out a piece-mold system whose operation involved speed and tension demanding the exclusion of the world. I was the assistant. It was my business to have more plaster right there, the water at just such a temperature, and to pour at precisely the right tempo at the exact moment or—"God damn it, it's ruined!" At first I was hurt by profanity; had I

not been getting the things ready for hours? Had I not done my best? Could angels ask more? Yes, indeed they could, and did. I do not know just what went on in the house of Benvenuto Cellini, but in our locked house you had the feeling death would be done for a slip of the arm. And why not? Was not this the work into which the moods of the days had gone? Were not these the figures to support the sundial, and symbols of our relation to truth beyond our world?

You make the mold; you glue and tie it together; you pour in the smooth liquid—you wait. With sensitive fingers you begin to loosen it; then within the rough plaster—pure, untouched, you see the waiting form. "It's like birth," I said one day, as Jig lifted the mold and we could see the head within.

After he had made a plaster sundial he cast one in concrete, dug into the garden and set a pedestal. The clocks only approximate time, but our sundial is true to the North Star. Jig would put the kittens on the dial and let them paw the shadow.

"Will the sundial appear in the play? The mold? A compass worn on a red cord around the man's neck. The dogs have left. There must be a wagon-road and a railroad-track. A tavern on the river-bank, with a waning moon in the east at daybreak. A sot standing at the bar drinking."

In January the four figures of the sundial emerged from a snowdrift. Nezer would dash into it and toss the snow with his nose.

I liked walking with Nezer in the winter woods. We wanted Jig to go with us, but he did not so much like the walks for their own sake. He wanted a reason for going. Fortunately he loved to make maps, was now making one of our part of the Cape. "Today we found a pond you haven't got in your map,"

I would say, and next day he would go with us—Nezer running far ahead, then making great circles around us, very black in the snow, barking his joy.

The walls of our house have maps of the Cape, of Greenwich Village, of the Mississippi, Athens, of Kalania on Parnassos. He liked imaginative maps too, saying the writers who put maps in their stories combine romantic hearts and realistic methods. A nice map in "Treasure Island," and there was one in the "Swiss Family Robinson." Too bad there was none in "Robinson Crusoe," a book that would seem to be written for the purpose of putting a map in it. The map of the dream country in the "Brushwood Boy"—the map of the Lily Lock and the Seventeen-Mile Road and the fearful region where "They" were to be met—these were mapped upon one's imagination.

One evening he turned from the map spread upon his big table to write:

"It must have required great determination on the part of text-book writers and teachers to make geography as dull as it is in our schools, for there is magic in a map. To draw such a map as the one in 'Treasure Island' is only a little less satisfactory than creating the island itself. There it is with all its shores and bays and streams, its woods and hills and open spaces and strategic points. The scale of the map—say, half an inch to the mile—is the very type of a symbolism which is mathematically perfect. Your map puts your island in your power, as little wax effigies in the hands of witches, savages and voodoos gave them the feeling of power over the persons so symbolized.

"While it is true that fictitious maps would be no good if there had been no real ones to teach us the map language, there is in an imaginary map a charm hardly equaled by those which have to conform to

actual regions. Alter a line in the map of a real island and your pencil has merely lied—the shore draws the line differently there in the sea to reproach you. But one of those islands where Love is 'still climbing trees in the Hesperides'—a change in its map alters the fact itself—all the fact there is. Such a map gives its maker dominion over land and sea."

One day Nezer did not care to go walking. And that night we heard him coughing.

We learned that many dogs in Provincetown had distemper. Several of the collies had died of it. We wrote to the dog hospital in Boston, wanting to take Nezer there. They advised that we keep him at home and follow the treatment they were sending.

Our dashing Nezer grew thin. "But he is strong," we said, "with this care he will come through." Jig would get up in the night to make sure it was warm enough for him. We took care of Nezer as if he were a child. We came to love him more in caring for him, and in his beautiful trust that we would make it all right. "He's stronger this morning," we would say as he lay in the shaft of sunlight that fell across my floor. Jig was happy when Nezer would come and lay his head on his knee, as of old. But he did not try to teach him anything now, or let him do his old tricks, but talked to him gently, encouragingly, that he might conserve his strength, for he had need of it.

It seemed we had brought Nezer through. When he came asking for food, or, however languidly, chased the cat, we were as happy as if some one had left us a fortune. "Keep him quiet for a time longer," the doctor instructed from Boston, "to make sure there is no nervous reaction."

But he got out and romped a long time before we could get him back in. It was a wet day too. A couple

of days later Jig cried: "Why—look, his eyes don't focus," when he had held something up to Nezer. The next day we noticed that though he seemed to drink and drink, the water in the pan did not diminish.

Telegrams to Boston did no good; our own doctor could do nothing. Small hope now, they said—the central nervous system was attacked.

When Nezer felt he was going to have one of those convulsions he would come to Jig, as to say, "You will help me, won't you?" Jig could not help him, and more than once he broke down because he could not.

"We won't let it go too bad for him," Jig said. "When we can see for ourselves there is no hope . . ." He could not finish it.

One afternoon it seemed that time had come. Yet he was quiet for the moment. "Let's take a little walk," Jig said. "We've got to get away a little." We walked along those paths where Nezer had romped ahead. We said almost nothing at all.

But when we got back home Nezer wanted to come outside. "Why, Nezer dear," said Jig, "of course you can come outside. You can do anything you want to do." Nezer was a little afraid, but we sat on the bench by the sundial, and he at our feet. It was the first day of spring. "Maybe the spring can make him well," said Jig—"even yet."

But a little later he had to carry Nezer back to the house.

It was our wedding anniversary, so the O'Neills came up to see us. No one felt festive, but it was good to have these friends in the house. "I need help!" we heard Jig cry, after he had gone up to see Nezer.

"I'll do this for you, Jig," Gene said, and Jig and I left them alone in our house while we went and stayed all night at their house.

The next morning Jig dug a grave by the sundial. When I went out he was standing in it, shoveling, and the tears were running down his face. "I made this box," he said; "but now, as I see this deep hole, and think how he loved to make a hole and lie in it . . . he wouldn't like to be shut up in a box, do you think? No, right here in the earth he loved. Back to the earth he loved." He sobbed with every word he said, and he was not ashamed to sob.

He carried Nezer out and laid him on the earth which would cover him. "Get his collar, Susan. We will put it on. And one of his bones . . ."

So Jig laid Nezer in his grave, and covered him with earth.

We could not stand our house, and the next day took the train for New York.

CHAPTER XXXV

PATHS TO "THE SPRING"

ONE day in 1920 Jig and I walked across the dunes to the O'Neills'. We were having the big storm with which we often close August on the Cape, and it was a thrilling struggle getting from the town on the harbor, across that curving arm which is the tip of Cape Cod, to the abandoned life-saving station on the outside shore, now the home of Eugene O'Neill.

We had come because Gene had a play to read to us—an idea that had been in his head for several years. He used to speak of it as "The Silver Bullet," but at dinner that night he told us he wanted to call it "The Emperor Jones."

Before the cheerful logs in a room where life-boats had swung Gene read us his new play. Then Jig knew he wanted to go back to the theater.

He had been wavering. "We never meant to do it forever," we said. Now that we had shown our idea, set a number of things in motion, would we not rather return to our work as individuals? The theater left small chance for Jig's writing, and took a great deal from mine.

But walking back across the dunes next morning, Jig said he must leave instantly for New York. "Here is a challenge! This is what I have been waiting for —a play to call forth the utmost each one can do, and fuse all into unity."

I have a picture of Jig at the edge of the dunes,

standing against the woods, that line he and I loved where the woods sent out the life that can meet the sand, and the sand in turn tries to cover the woods—a fighting-line, the front line. It seemed to us a valiant, a dramatic line and we seldom passed without noticing, as in tribute. We reached it now at a high place, stood looking back across our theatrical dunes to Gene's house on the outside. The sea was deep blue and quiet after the storm, but Jig more electric than the day before. "This marks the success of the Provincetown Players. Gene knew there was a place where such a play would be produced. He wrote it to *compel* us to the untried, to the 'impossible.' "

We talked of it as we started into the woods. It seemed impossible to give this play on our few feet of stage. "But we will rise to it! We will work out new ways of doing things." Much more exciting, Jig said, than having an equipment at one's hand. "Our very limitations will create. I'll get the afternoon train."

The first thing he put in his bag was the manuscript of his own play "The Spring," about half finished, a psychic play, American Indians as background. "But when will you finish it?" I asked, hating to see him gather up those sheets with which he had worked so happily, elements that were his own. "I'll work on it when I can, but I've got to reorganize the Provincetown Players and produce 'The Emperor Jones.'

"One thing," he said, as I walked with him to the train, "we've got to put in a dome. Money or no money—the Emperor has got to play against that dome. And the Emperor has got to be a black man. A blacked-up white is not in the spirit of this production."

Edna Kenton gives this picture of him:

". . . standing at the extreme rear of our Playwrights' Theater in Macdougal Street, in a morass of steel netting and iron bars and cement, and in workman's clothes, suddenly poising himself against expected attack, as, troubled and astonished, I came down the aisle toward him. I had come in to learn if the delayed script of 'The Emperor Jones' had come down from Provincetown. It had not, but the 'dome'—the unique semi-circular plaster backing to our little stage—was being built. It was our single luxury of stage equipment out of four years; and it was a luxury which, however longed for, had been put aside. Here I had come suddenly face to face with 'dictatorship,' a deliberate 'going against the group,' a reversal of an executive decision, with no warning.

" 'There's to be no argument about this,' he told me without preface. 'I've had enough from everybody. "The Emperor" has *got* to have a dome to play against. You see, Edna, it begins . . . thick forest at first . . . steadily thinning out . . . scene after scene . . . to pure space. . . .' It was happening, one of his hours of rare creative fancy, and, for the hour, the work dropped, he stood in his workman's clothes, against the plastery dome, thinking aloud the values to be found and given from the playwright's brief directions for his scenes I was to see many times over the play that made Eugene O'Neill famous, played against the dome 'down-town,' against wrinkled cycloramas 'up-town,' with different casts and directions, but never so clearly as it played itself that morning in the dim little theater, with no voice but one, no audience but one. Against the rough plaster unlighted but by words and by high faith in the scenic values of an experimental eight-scene play that was all but monologue, it took form and became."

We had five hundred and thirty dollars in our treasury for starting the year. The dome took five hundred of this. "Jig has taken leave of his senses," said Provincetown Players.

Then he went to Harlem. The negro actor he was searching was out of town. "But why not try Charlie Gilpin?" some one in the restaurant asked. After a good deal of running around he found Gilpin and took the subway for Macdougal Street. When he heard that voice on those lines—"It's a go," said Jig to Gilpin.

"Here is a man who for years has had it in him to mount to the top of the ladder, and there was no ladder on which a man of his race could set foot." Jig was proud that the Provincetown Players, existing for native drama, could give this black American his chance. Here again was his dream of the community —the drama-dance of the tribe—its religion.

At first one heard the word monologue a good deal around the theater; many did not "see" the play. While he worked, overhauling for dome and dressing-rooms below, he talked of what he could see taking place on the stage. "When we watch Gilpin in this play we do not stop at feeling what a negro in these circumstances feels and does and says; we are made partakers of the experience of man in the grip of terror." He dwelt with it in his imagination and then, with a pure hard concentration he set out to make it be. He it was who produced "The Emperor Jones." That production is history now. The director's faith and intensity were burned into it, and as he had foreseen, our very limitations forced us to create methods which later took their place in "the new technique." "We never could have done it without Throck," Jig always said of Cleon Throckmorton, whom he loved

none the less for having a Greek name. Throck arrived from Washington and in five terrific days remade the scenery; it was as if he and Jig became one in that intensity, and always after could work together.

Opening night was too tense for much satisfaction, and through the first days there was much work to do for the play; but one evening Jig slipped into the theater as house lights went off. The eloquent negro actor against the dome, "where ten feet can give you infinity. . . ." The producer sat as spectator, and had his reward.

Jig was so exalted we had an impromptu party that night. Some one had been getting "inside dope" on what at that time seemed the tendency of the motion pictures to buy the theaters, converting them into launching places for the products of their industry. If this continued only such plays might see production as could afterwards be used for the films. The art of the theater would survive only in places which make a new start from the side of art, and remain uncaptured by the side of business. Jig said: "Perhaps groups like ours are about to inherit the whole duty of dramatic man."

Some of us laughed, saying that was a large order. He smiled, but fervor did not go. "We ought to make ourselves more equal to the job," he said.

When "The Emperor" was closing at our theater, Jig, who was to have a little time for finishing his own play, while Charlie Kennedy produced "Dif'rent," tacked this on the wall of the club-room, on his way to the Fall River boat for a fortnight in Provincetown:

"I have to go away without seeing the cast together, and so write this—

"I want a party to be given by the Playhouse

treasury to the above-named corking workers. I wanted to be at that party. I intended to get myself just exactly drunk enough to say what ought to be said in appreciation of the unselfish devotion of this cast. There's the finest stuff in every one who has stuck through rehearsals and performances—especially those who have endured the discomfort of blacking bodies—and those whose rôles are such that they have to be done without reward of individual glory. These rôles are to be regarded in a different light from similar rôles in a commercial theater, where the pay for them amounts to a living wage. We wish the pay here could amount to that. It ought to. Fitzie must figure out how much it has to fall short of it.

"I hope every one in the cast will feel that it has been worth while to be a contributor to the historic success we have jointly made. I hope the friction and discomfort and momentary failures of just appreciation—or rather, failure to express appreciation—will be generously forgotten, in view of lack of a smoothly-working system with which we had to begin the year. Every one ought to feel that going through the bill has made him (or her) a Provincetown Player—an initiate of our community. You must understand, for instance, that the coffee-house club is your club—a place to loaf and talk and read and get acquainted in. We want it to be a center of stimulating life. As to the big rôle, I guess all of us are thrilled at being in on the fine romance of seeing such a part in such a play so superbly filled. It is the sort of thing which doesn't happen very often in any quarter-century."

Provincetown was no longer the quiet fishing village for which Jig and I took the boat in 1913, after a visit to the Mayor of Weehawken. In summer motors

jam the narrow winding street which faithfully followed the line of the sea, and never meant to be a highway. Having been much tormented the summer before, by both horns and people, we bought an abandoned farmhouse a little way up the Cape, near Truro. "The peace of God is in this valley," Jig said one twilight as he turned off the Ford, after a trip to Provincetown. So to his valley of peace, where the outside sea sounded just over the hill, he went now for that brief time he had to finish "The Spring."

"To get the richness of sub-conscious invention into the web of my play. The play must be dream-like. Make play the imaginative impulse to the new religion." Such notes were left among depleted sacks of Bull Durham in the drawer of his writing-table at Truro.

People say to writers: "How do your ideas come to you?" The question is not satisfactorily answered, for the writer has forgotten the things that came to him, or to which he came by a certain path, dwelt with for a time, only to leave by a quite different path, taking with him a feeling unlike that which took him there in the first place. But here are landmarks of this writer's way to "The Spring."

"A man disgusted with 'civilized' life seeks purer politics and society and religion in Saugenauk, the Sac village on Rock River, about 1830. The white men have not yet come there.

"He meets Black Hawk, is moved by the chief's stories of his solitary meditations, his visions that guide him. In the small Indian community he thinks he has found the pure norm of human society, lost in the big units, modern nations.

"The scalp-dance. The passionate oneness of the warriors, all excited by the same rhythmic ecstasy.

"But strategy, deceit, the way religion is used as an

instrument of governmental control, the shrewd duping the credulous—the life of the Indian tribes finally appears as rotten as the life of the European nations.

"The ideal of a better way for a human community to live than by murder and deceit has perhaps never been realized any time any place.

"Yet if the hope of that better community were once extinct in all men, it would be better that the human race cease to exist.

"Perhaps some future-faring people—a whole people—may succeed, as the Russians predict of themselves, in the mission of 'bringing Christ into history.'

"Play of Madame Curie and her husband—she discovering radium through the guidance of his superior sources of knowledge, he having sunk back into the unconscious. She tapping the sub-conscious mind of the whole world through her belief in the vitality of his dead mind."

For several weeks he had thought his play was going to be about Paracelsus, who in the Sixteenth Century says, "It is within the power of the mind of man to compel lead to become gold."

"Now, some 392 years later, another professor fulfils the dream by transmuting another metal into gold.

"It throws some dignity back upon that first dreamer of this derided dream.

"The dreams of men are great but vain.

"The dreams of the alchemist come true after four hundred years—but what of it?

"Man discovers the secret of matter. He becomes magician—possessor of power no longer occult but open. It is no resting-place—this knowledge. The fulfilment of the dream makes it necessary to dream a new dream and begin to work toward the fulfilment of that.

"The religion of the oneness of men supplanting class-struggle, the oneness of matter and mind, the oneness of all men's mind in the human mind. The undiscovered powers of mind, of which telepathy is with certainty foreshadowed, will join all minds more closely into one. There is no reason why the power of the unconscious mind of mankind, when once brought under control, should not place itself in telepathic contact with whatever minds highly enough developed for it exist in the whole starry universe.

"Half-understood 'matter' came to seem the only reality—self-sufficient. Better understood, it dissolves back into something more and more like spirit. When Paracelsus' cycle returns to him completed, capitalist and working-man must merge into man, and man—master of matter—must enter the arena of mind.

"The real alchemist dream is control of human life by man, control not for selfish power, but control for transmutation—to transmute the base metal of life as it has been into noble gold.

"Paracelsus is one of the flaming minds of the world—his soul a crucible in which the elements of nature are transmuted into a new form of existence."

He began a form for this play: "Peasant with whom Paracelsus spent the night drinking.

"Scene of Paracelsus' dazzling discourse under influence of the laudanum he has invented.

"He is in conflict with the religion and government and scholarship of his age.

"Of course there must have been a time when the tension of Paracelsus reached the point of madness.

"Browning's vague 'I am he that aspired to know' is insufficient. The man who wants naked knowledge divorced from love is not my Paracelsus. Mine is a man ecstasy—his road to it rapturous insight into the

nature of things; and when the pure-nerved rapture fades with youth—wine and laudanum to open the clogged road.

"Paracelsus comes in from a drunken horseback ride with three wild friends. They got drunk with a farmer wine-grower, in his cellar. Leaning over the shoulder of his mare he caught sight of the crescent moon shining far beneath him in the runnels of the road, as though he were riding through the sky."

(Now we know it is not Wien, but Iowa City, to which he rides.)

"This opens up for me the life I know. University professor who scorns the university.

"Those illuminating stabs of thought, dear sir, surprise me as much as any one else. They happen in my mind as involuntarily as the print of flashes of lightning on my retina. And they fill me with ecstasy —*the wonder of the world is so much vaster than any one else seems to have felt.* Then my words soar and flame and quiver from my mind in a vain attempt to convey the hundredth-thousandth part of the glory and wonder of the dust of the street.

"Permit the unconscious fantastic make-believe from an inner spring of happiness."

After the Sixteenth Century and the making of gold, what we come to is a spring in Iowa. Black Hawk first drinks there, then a young professor, who asks: "Does each soul connect with every other? Am I in some way one with every man? If we find this true, it will transform our conception of what mind is—of what a human being is. We may not be the disconnected islands we supposed. The islands join beneath the sea."

A generation before, at that same spring, Black Hawk has said to the white captive with whom he

smokes the pipe of peace: "As my smoke and your smoke become one smoke, so shall your spirit and mine be one."

It was a satisfaction to let that spring break through the stage of the Provincetown Playhouse (for it was really Jig's creek at Buffalo for drama concentrated to a spring). The music of water went all through the play. "It will hypnotize the audience," he said, "and make it easier to reach that deep level where I am you and you are me!"

One of the great white-oak trees loved at the Cabin is by the spring—in the first act, a sapling; in the second, a stump.

The young professor's father (that good man Dad Cook) says: "My grandfather cut that tree in 1843. Look at these rings—one a year for three hundred and eighty-eight years. That first year there—that's Fourteen-fifty-five—before Columbus sailed. And this one I've marked—that's Fourteen-ninety-two. Here's the Mayflower year. To see it here still in a ring of wood . . ."

In the days when the stump was a sapling, Namequa, Black Hawk's daughter, has seen a vision in the spring. Now the modern girl sees what Namequa saw. Elijah, the young professor, says of this gift: "But see what it can lead to. If we felt this hidden oneness of all men—could there be war? A keen new sense of the identity of human beings—that is the heart of a great new living religion. Spiritual communism! Communism of material wealth might spring from that spontaneously. To be one with the beloved. Why, that is the fulfillment of the immemorial dream of love—the end of loneliness. . . . The beauty of the world is infinite. There'll be fulfillment of hopes more flaming high than the highest

we can form. Maybe the gods were only man's prophetic dream of what man is to be. . . . Do you know what this means? It means that you and I, before we die, may turn the thought of the world as sharply as Darwin did—but inward. This is a voyage greater than Columbus!—for what we seek is—the unknown hemisphere of the soul! You and I are going to set sail into ourselves; for there, in the ocean of the unconscious, is the shore of our new world."

The last days of the two weeks he had for finishing the play he stayed at Truro alone—every hour of day and night counted now. It was good to be in his mystic valley, the sea just over the hill, no voice but the birds. As the L'Engles and I one day drove over with provisions, and Jig came out on the porch, his eyes were as if he had indeed heard the voice of Black Hawk crying: "I knew the way within." I went into his room to leave cigarettes, looked down at the last words he had written: "Teaching the lost way from inner to outer."

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE BELOVED COMMUNITY

WHEN the Provincetown Players had succeeded, Jig felt they had failed.

Perhaps this is less easy to understand through itself, than through a number of things that would seem to have little to do with it.

Few Americans, I think, felt the war from so profound a tragic sense. "Feeling about life (its immensity, its vast antiquity, its minute complexity) and love, which is the farthest point from death that living things attain in their vibration between life and death."

He spoke often of what Nietzsche had said: "All nations claim to be armed for self-defense. Then let Germany, the strongest, disarm." He coveted for his own country that gesture Germany had not made.

Later, in notes for a play, he writes: "Statesman with vision of the surprising safety of disarmament. Grandeur of it. Profound courage of it. The strength of Christ."

He was thrilled by "Too proud to fight," and saw a great drama in The Rise and Fall of President Wilson.

Only once did he feel like going into the war himself, when Germany went on into Russia after Russia had stopped. In war politics he felt as true many things which have since been disclosed. His ardor through those years went to Russia. When the draft included the men of his age he wanted to state his refusal. I urged delay, stressing his own idea of keep-

ing burning, to the measure we could, the light of creative imagination. My fears were for where his intensity might take him, once that fight were begun. But he wrote on the questionnaire he returned: "I will not go into Russia to fight or police Russian workingmen."

He had remained a Socialist, but political interests had become less personal, absorbed in the creation of his own community. "Aridity, a dryness, about generalizations such as the great generalization of Socialism, unless these are given body by fresh and ever fresh facts. A generalization is like an organism. In order to remain living it must be fed with particulars, must eliminate waste.

"Unless the Socialist movement is going to make room in itself for a culture as broad and imaginative as any aristocratic culture, it would be better for the world that it perish from the earth."

Ma-Mie had died. The last few years of her life she was much with us. She was one of the hardest workers at the Provincetown Players—making costumes, getting props, even handling them back-stage during performance. She wanted to help Jig, yet also she loved the thing itself, she who from the first had the instinct for a richer imaginative life. She was amused by things, having long felt constrained in Iowa. Though seventy years old now she went around in the same crisp way, and even at twelve o'clock, after serving through every scene-shift, perhaps having worked since morning, one had to be careful about urging her to rest. She had kept her detachment, the sharp outline of her independence. One hated to think of her ill or feeble. "I want to die with my boots on," she would say.

She had gone back to the Mississippi. One Septem-

ber day, after riding her bicycle to the village, she returned to her Cabin, was talking in her usual manner with one of her grandsons, when suddenly she said: "I feel so strange," slipped down, was dead.

She had always been a rebel, yet she did not go all the way with Jig. She wanted to help him get one of those jobs to be had during the war,—so it would seem he was taking part in it. He replied scornfully to this suggestion, and she in turn wrote unsympathetically of his feeling.

Jig wished he might have seen her once more, told her more patiently what it was he felt, showing her, perhaps, that his feeling came from things they had shared.

Only once, after leaving Iowa, did he return to the Cabin, this several years before Ma-Mie died. He was copying "The Athenian Women," and got a ribbon for his typewriter that wrote both black and red. In a letter to me, for one sentence he turned the ribbon to red:

"I came straight through from Chicago to Buffalo, and have never had so weird an experience as walking up here to the Cabin in the dark, in the silence of half-past eleven—walking, not on solid earth, but through memories. This had all grown a little unreal, and it seemed that it would never again be more vivid than a memory. Even in the night I could tell some of the trees had grown a great deal. The house was dark, but the front door was unlocked. I came in and nobody woke up. The match-box on the mantel was where it has been for thirty years."

The last sentence is written in red.

It was for the Cabin and our Truro valley he would be homesick in Greece. He and Don Corley amused themselves with the walls of the little old Cape farm-

house at Truro. They did the dining-room with silver paper, leaving panels of plaster for a fresco—the history of theater and church. Theater born of Primitive Dance. Theater hardening into Church. Pure Dead Church. Church giving birth to Theater. Pure Dead Theater. Theater transforming itself into Living Church.

The kitchen, too, has its historical record. Jig hated to look for things in cupboards. Kitchen things were beautiful because they were shaped by use. They should hang on walls, each thing having its place, and always to be found there. On the white-washed boards he hung coffee-pot and skillet, everything from dipper to ax, and after hanging each pan, he drew its outline, so you could not put the meatchopper on the cake tin's picture without grave distortion. Our Portuguese cook, first bewildered, came to feel the sacredness of the eggbeater's picture being filled by the eggbeater alone. Jig especially liked the picture the ax made, that line shaped by the hands of many men.

The living-room floor became a checker-board, but instead of squares of two colors it had various greens and blues, pinks and reds—at first somewhat dismaying the little Cape house, but soon the color made itself at home. Jig and Hutchins Hapgood played chess on the gay floor, molasses pitcher, pickle-dish, the glass and china we had inherited with the house becoming castle and bishop, all moved by poles from benches on opposite sides of the room. Strange to see the cake-dish in check by the tooth-pick holder.

We had two Truro houses. They had been for sale at the same time, and cheap, for this was abandoned land; Jig said we could rent the other one to friends, or let them have it if they couldn't pay rent, and that might be the beginning of a community over there.

Near by were other houses not in use, and he would talk of the people he would like to have in them. We might even start the Truro Players, doing it, as that first summer in Provincetown, because we wanted to, and never taking it to New York.

You could take the old road over the hill from our house, and twenty minutes' walk took you to Jack Reed's house. Jack's house was closed now, for he was in Russia. We visited it sometimes, talked of how good it would be to see smoke coming from that chimney.

Once more, after we knew Jack would not return to his house, we took the old road, sat under his big tree, and thought of one evening we sat there with Jack, talked with him for the last time. "I wish I could stay here," he had said. "Maybe it will surprise you, but what I really want is to write poetry."

We said it didn't surprise us, and "Why don't you?" I asked. But he shook his head, at once troubled, saying he had "promised too many people."

So he left the quiet little house in Truro, where he wanted to write poetry, went back to Russia, died there.

First Jack and Jig and I sat under that tree; then Jig and I went there. Then one day I went alone, thought of them both—in whom had been so much of adventure, so much of faith.

What is it, this thing we call personality? One wants to tell about a man, "make him real." He is an intellectual and a religious man, a man with great gift of wonder, so one tells much of the life within, particularly as he has himself left the record, tells truly as one knows how, of struggles and failures as well as visions that became creations. All of this is true, yet somehow the man himself is not there. One tells

the little things—hanging the pots and pans on the kitchen wall; even so, that person withholds himself, as if his quality was to be had from him alone.

Jig was forty-eight years old at the close of that year which Broadway said put the Provincetown Players on the map. He had a great shock of blue-white hair, pointing to a widow's peak above a clean line of very black eyebrows. His deep hazel eyes were tender, humorous, intense—often merry, often sad. Thought had plowed a V between them. Strong beautiful nose and the mouth of a kind, generous person,—a mouth to make one feel both sweetness and intensity. His color was a flesh-orange, and there was a glow from his skin. He twisted a forelock merrily or meditatively. He had a big laugh; it was particularly a beautiful laugh when amused by something a child or an animal was doing. He was six feet and weighed a hundred and eighty something—it varying, and once, to his dismay, going into the nineties. His body never lost its supple strength. That strength was a pride and joy, but he was lazy, sometimes sluggish, if not interested.

A passionate, gentle person. When he was going into a thing intensely he would deeply sigh, and you could fairly see him settling into it, as for clean hard struggle. He liked good clothes, but was careless about dress, liked corduroys and flannel shirts. Was stubborn about wearing what he wanted to wear. If I were limited to telling just one thing I think I would say it was the play in him—rich, unashamed play. At any time you could reach him through that, and it was healing to him. He would boast about how far and how straight he could throw. It was hard to get him away from the beach once he got to skipping stones. He was outraged one summer when he found

Harl did not know much about baseball. Seizing a ball and bat, "Harl, come with me!" he cried, as if he were going to beat the boy. He made an old-fashioned Mississippi paddle-wheel boat for Harl, and they took it over to the Truro harbor and didn't get home till night. He would take the ocorina and wander over the Truro hills and the birds would answer. His breakfast of much toast and two soft-boiled eggs and coffee was a beautiful and sacred thing. He was intense for Virginia as opposed to Turkish tobacco. He loved the wild grape's perfume and the smell of clover in the sun. He loved to make waffles for his friends. With Don Corley he got drift-wood from the outside shore and built book-shelves—gray, tooled by the sea. He learned some Portuguese from our maid and said we ought to have a Greek girl. How would I tell her to tuck the covers in good at the foot? I asked. I would show her, and then she would tell me, and that way I would learn Greek. He was in a rage at most of the things the children told him about their school. He made an ancient Greek conversational method, and tried to get me to play it with him. Each word—nose, shirt, lamp, had its picture. "But what we really should do is go to Greece. Wouldn't you like to go to Delphi, Susan? Maybe we could live there. We could go up Parnassos and see the shepherds."

But meanwhile there were the Provincetown Players. We were talking of taking "The Emperor Jones" to London. "All this pow-wow and meanness about London is not going to lead to any true and beautiful work there or elsewhere. Time after time," he wrote, "we are brought back to the fact that the Provincetown Players would do better to stick to their own modest and intensely important job."

"What is the matter with Jig?" they asked, for there are not many who can understand being dissatisfied with one's own success. He gave his reasons for not wanting to go on taking our plays up-town. "Fills atmosphere of P.P. with up-town point of view of money and notoriety.

"Prevents our giving an equal chance to the unknown or little-known playwright, whose need is greater.

"We exist to cause the writing of the best plays that can be written in the United States, and to give each play the best possible start in life.

"This includes *inspiring* playwrights. If in any way we decrease the force of desire to write true plays, we defeat the purpose for which we exist."

"In the theater the audience is the helpless victim of our truth and beauty. Too bad we haven't more of these to give!"

But actors wanted their up-town opportunity. (He himself, though he worked all the hours he could stay awake, never took more than fifty dollars a week as salary.)

Having failed through himself, he asked Plato to help him. He called a meeting and read to us the ideals of an older society. One who heard him holds the picture of him sitting among us before the fireplace in our upstairs club-room, in his moving voice reading old words that might call back the spirit of experiment for play, let the "result" be what it would. "The dangers then were so hidden, so vague, that only a few of us sensed them," writes this Provincetown Player, "and the words had fallen mostly on ears vibrating to 'up-town' applause. He had tried, and he had failed, and he closed the book. I think of that called group-meeting, and his reading to us pages that meant so

much to him, as perhaps the bravest thing he ever did."

Jig wrote from Delphi, to one who had worked with him, and whom he loved: "Your feeling of loyalty to me was on wrong grounds. You should have been loyal to me because I was more loyal than others to our purpose. You thought I was good when by happy accident I was expressive, when through some momentary flame of good intensity I made an obvious spectacle of rightness. If, though underneathly right, I was tangled, harassed, ineffective—you did not recognize the rightness. If my opposites, and therefore my enemies, could make a fairer front, then your sympathy was with them. You, who have felt the poles of inner feeling. . . . Where was your inner light? A thing of memory."

Tangled he was through part of that last year. Against his ideal of experiment for its own sake, were urged the needs of people who had faithfully worked with us for little. He saw this, and had times of pleasure in our up-town success. He even sent his own play, "The Spring," up-town. But in these new relations a spirit was arising in which his inmost purpose could not dwell.

Perhaps the solution would be for us to have our own theater. He became interested in this. "There exist to-day in New York City perhaps a thousand men and women who, as individuals, are the spiritual equals of those who saw the first performances of Aristophanes, Molière, of Shakespeare." But this "town within a town" did not count as it should, lacking effective grouping. There was talk about a repertory theater. He pointed out that at the close of their seventh season the Provincetown Players need take only one or two short steps to become that theater, with American plays of value already in the repertory.

"It has clung idealistically for seven years," one of the papers said of the Provincetown Players' claim, "to the vision of a playwrights' theater to encourage native American drama. Money cannot create a thing like this—it is born of the spirit."

He drew plans for the theater of his dreams. It was to be "all domes." Looking down at that plan now I wonder why it is so moving. Form as from the abstract, such a theater, perhaps, as one who has left our life might see as the place in which to give the drama of these our days on earth. "New York should let us put it in Washington Square," he said, for he did not want his group of domes hidden by straight walls. It is light, it is ample, this theater designed by the man who had worked in cramped dark places. Designed, too, to further that unison between audience and players; every one was straight front, no one looking at the play from a limiting angle. All that he had not been able to give his audience in Macdougal Street, he gave them in his theater of domes. "The needs of our plays have suggested this new form of theater; the theater will, in turn, suggest new forms of plays."

Jig had never ceased to love that first stage of the Players, on the wharf at Provincetown, in four sections which could be picked up by hand and set at various levels and angles. "The new dome is used in connection with an invention which makes it possible to raise the curtain and play your play in pure space. Nothing there but infinity and the stage, and the stage broken up into big plastic elements with which you may compose.

"The four sections combine into one deep stage; they separate into main and inner stages, to be used in swift succession of changing scenes—so restoring to drama its Elizabethan power of story-telling.

"Behind, around, above this trinity of stages there is nothing to mask—a pleasant symbol of artistic sincerity.

"Permitting the swift handling of bulky scenery, this playing space does not compel the use of a single inch of scenery. The artist of the theater shall at last be free to let his human figures and chosen objects receive mystically deep significance from their background of infinity."

Our club-room in the new theater is a dome of glass, for we had long needed more sunlight. "Big awnings for it in warm weather, and all to swing open like a greenhouse."

The director had a room high in a secret place behind the dome. When he wished to work alone, he could not be found. . . .

Men of the theater to whom he showed his drawings were excited by them. He was excited all the time he worked in his theater of domes and yet, as I see it now, never as if he would really have it.

Perhaps that theater of his imagination helped separate him from his other theater, which something deep in him was letting go.

And why? He did leave things, and just when they were right in his hands. His spirit always asked more. Life, too, was experiment for its own sake.

Critics of widely divergent viewpoints were calling the Provincetown Players the most important single creative force in the American theater. But one day, when we were on the verge of financing ourselves, he pushed the papers aside and said what we needed was not a bigger theater, but a smaller one.

This bewildered and estranged. "What is Jig talking about?" they asked me.

"You know, don't you, Susan?" he said on the way

home, needing to have me know. "Take any one of these little houses"—we were going down Barrow Street—"and begin new. Do it because we want to see what it is we can do—and for no other reason in God's world. I am sick of this New York hog-trough! Let us withdraw into ourselves and form the thing that is ourselves—let come success or failure."

I did know what he meant. For us too, as well as Athens, he would have the artist-mind, which out of discordant things shapes harmony.

The night after he had pushed the plans for enlargement to the floor, unable to sleep, he got up and wrote this:

"Three years ago, writing for the Provincetown Players, anticipating the forlornness of our hope to bring to birth in our commercial-minded country a theater whose motive was spiritual, I made this promise: 'We promise to let this theater die rather than let it become another voice of mediocrity.'

"I am now forced to confess that our attempt to build up, by our own life and death, in this alien sea, a coral island of our own, has failed. The failure seems to be more our own than America's. Lacking the instinct of the coral-builders, in which we could have found the happiness of continuing ourselves toward perfection, we have developed little willingness to die for the thing we are building.

"Our individual gifts and talents have sought their private perfection. We have not, as we hoped, created the beloved community of life-givers. Our richest, like our poorest, have desired most not to give life, but to have it given to them. We have valued creative energy less than its rewards—our sin against our Holy Ghost.

"As a group we are not more but less than the

great chaotic, unhappy community in whose dry heart I have vainly tried to create an oasis of living beauty.

"Since we have failed spiritually in the elemental things—failed to pull together—failed to do what any good football or baseball team or crew do as a matter of course with no word said—and since the result of this is mediocrity, we keep our promise: We give this theater we love good death; the Provincetown Players end their story here.

"Some happier gateway must let in the spirit which seems to be seeking to create a soul under the ribs of death in the American theater.

"George Cram Cook."

"But that is unfair," those with whom he worked would say. "What we wanted was natural. Our interest is 'the theater.' It is inevitable there be some failures in spirit. Where has that not been true?"

Where indeed? And perhaps he asked the impossible. Perhaps all his life he had asked it. Or rather, all his life it had been asked of him, and he would rather destroy himself than deny that need to make plastic the world which is and mold it new.

Many so-called creative men have their radiant moment and then spend the rest of their lives realizing on that impulse of youth. Jig could not treat it like that, for he did not lose his youth. Life was a progress, a continuing belief, an ever-new dream. To "cash in on" an old dream—no, the dream itself had been too fair, and what was left of life was too important. If they did not know what he had meant, then what could he do but move on? What he had been was left there, if at any time any one wanted to find him and his meaning.

One day I went over and found him sitting alone in

the theater. The curtain was up, the blue light he loved was on the dome—which is nothing, which is infinity. We sat there together, in that place to which he had given so much of himself, and through which so much of him was realized. At last he spoke. "It is time to go to Greece," he said.

CHAPTER XXXVII

THE PARTHENON!

THE Parthenon had been there a long time when late one spring afternoon a man opened the gate and started up the steep Acropolis. He came from a far country. On the banks of a great river he knew a mystic, athletic youth. Hitting a ball with a bat, he excelled in a game unknown to the builders of the Parthenon, yet the spirit of their games lived again in his. He was so strong, and so delighted in his powers, that he knew great joy in just running upstairs. Once, among many books, he rose and with ecstasy opened his arms to the soul of the universe. He was sixteen then. And from that day until this he had wanted to ascend the steps up which he now moved. His purpose had been long deferred, for he was held in the land of his birth, but to everything he did, it gave a shape and a meaning. When, still young himself, he taught youth; when he wrote of life; when he worked with the earth and considered its long story; when, after love denied, he left the world and knew only God; when he loved women; in moments profound or rapturous, in moments Bacchanalian, and especially in his constant urge to shape life—with earth, with wood, with words, with clay, with children, with groups of men and women, in it all was an underlying pattern which this moment disclosed.

Four weeks he had been on the Greek steamer "Themistocles"; the night before it had waited in the

Saronic Gulf, stealing upon Attica as if indeed completing some mystic cruise. On that ship he had written:

> Beat against me, East Wind,
> Wane, Moon;
> Do you think I do not know
> I have to die?

Knowing much had died, knowing he would die, but seeking that deep level of the spirit in which all is one, he ascended the Acropolis. Not running, as up steps when a boy, but a little faint with desire long deferred, tremulous with eagerness of one who at last comes home, he stood before the Parthenon. She who followed saw him reach over and pat one of the marbles as we pat what we love and are at home with; after that he became more like an excited boy on a great adventure.

It was the workmen of the Parthenon he talked of first.

"In Greece one's eyes can still be glad," wrote the sixteen-year-old boy at Iowa City. "Then you are not disappointed, Jig?" I asked, after he had stood a long time alone. He turned to me in such bewilderment that I laughed.

There was one great thing added. He had not realized what it would be to stand within and through the columns of the Parthenon look out upon Attica. That must be Salamis! There the Persian fleet was wrecked. Æschylus was there. And far—could it be we saw Ægina? There were the roads to the sea—to the Piræus, to Phaleron. Were not these the old roads? Would we find the old wall to Phaleron?

You stand within the Parthenon and in the light of Greece sails move in far bays; across water like the deepest blue on the Provincetown dome are shadows

on the mountainous islands, and against the horizon bulk the mighty mountains of the Peloponnesos. Was it from their seas and mountains, we wondered, the old Greeks got their feeling for form? The water is the constant flow around those masses, great in bulk and simple and profound in form. We had not been in the Parthenon an hour before there was something more downright in our approach to the men who laid the stones we walked.

The sun went low, and Athens was indeed the violet-crowned. It was a new Athens on which we looked, but it lay where old Athens had lain. We looked down upon it, wondering what they who watched a violet light long faded had said to one another as they looked upon their Athens.

Sunset, and the guide came to say we must go, but still Jig stood there, silent. When he entered I had been glad for him; now, curious though it may sound, I was glad for the Parthenon. The life that reared this temple was to him so robust a reality that his feeling was as a place in which that life could be again.

But suddenly, very tired by the deep excitements: "Well, come on, let's go some place and get a drink."

You soon find that you do not leave the Parthenon when you quit the Acropolis. Perhaps you have been changing money in a crowded street; you turn a corner, chance to look up, catch your breath, for there is the Acropolis, quite as in Jig's play, "Sending down into our dusty noons its mood of starlit calm."

We would be searching a place to buy fresh eggs. I would feel my arm gripped. "We are on Sophocles Street," Jig would say.

Athens was too French, but much could be forgiven a city where the very advertisements are in Greek letters.

We would sit at a sidewalk café among Greeks reading the newspapers, discussing politics as if their lives existed for this alone. "They were always like that," Jig explained to me.

Donkeys and lambs from the hills sometimes go through the streets of Athens—a shepherd-boy among smart people.

For breakfast you have the honey of Hymettus, and it is the wine of Hymettus makes happy your dinner.

You find little goats running up and down the steps of the Thesion. In the fields lambs are leaping in the poppies.

Among the bookstalls before the University of Athens Jig found the volumes to complete his edition of Plato begun at Heidelberg.

From this University came a young man named Tchicknopoules to give the first lesson in modern Greek. Less formal lessons had begun a month before:

"March 1, 1922: 7.30 A.M. The 'Themistocles' is sailing out of New York harbor. Snow blowing. Canary singing.

"χαρτον—paper." Up in the smoking-room he had begun asking the names of things.

I see Jig coming out on deck. That snow of which he speaks kept on blowing for several days. The "Themistocles" was less expansive than the man for whom it was named; one was forced out to wet decks. The door is being pushed open, slowly overcoming the will of the wind that it remain closed. First emerge arms around a huge dictionary, a bent head, a gray overcoat, flapping. Even into the gale, Jig does not move without Liddell and Scott. Already the whole ship had accepted this as fitting.

I had resentments to overcome about Liddell and

Scott. Two days before we sailed, so much to do it seemed we couldn't get off, Jig was gone several hours. "He is getting everything done," I thought. He enters beaming, bearing a mammoth book. "I found it on Fourth Avenue!" Answering none of my questions as to what else had been done (nothing else had been done), he insisted I learn the wonders of this dictionary. An exasperating thing about him was that his enthusiasms often deprived you of your most righteous resentments. Here was every Greek word, each with its history from its origin! Moreover, a great family mistake was now being made right. Jig inherited from his father a dictionary which had this flyleaf: "April 16, 1861. Traded with L. Drew for Liddell and Scott." May 3, 1861: A bad exchange."

So, thanks to a recovered Liddell and Scott, four weeks at sea were not long for Jig. He could always find a sheltered place behind a life-boat, and the miles of the Atlantic were only that many more Greek words. When not studying the Greek that built the Parthenon, he was in the smoking-room getting the Greek that returns from America.

There quarrels focused on him. Was he to be taught Katharevousa, the pure Greek, descendant of the ancient language, or was he to be taught Themotike, the spoken language of the people? The "cleaned" Greek is written in the newspapers and spoken in Parliament. But when the member of Parliament who has called water ὕδωρ walks across the street and wants water with his coffee, it is *narro* he demands. Not long ago blood literally flowed in the streets of Athens in this same war Greeks now waged across Jig and his Liddell and Scott. He did not find this absurd. "Think of caring like that about your language!"

"It is necessary to master or be mastered by the Greek language," he wrote on a page left in Liddell and Scott.

At our Hôtel Hermes in Athens he would speak in Greek to the waiter who brought breakfast, and the waiter would reply in French. One night he dwelt upon this until he could not sleep. When the man came in with coffee, and to Jig's "*χαλη μέρα*" began his usual "Bon j——" Jig, springing up in bed, and literally shaking a fist at him cried: "Hereafter you are to speak nothing but Greek!" Leaving the tray on the nearest chair, the man fled.

The maid came to inquire: "What is it he has done?"

"He has spoken French," Jig replied. "Hereafter he is to speak nothing but Greek."

"But *Kyrios,*" she explained, "he can't speak Greek. He's an Albanian."

Soon Jig hit upon the method of saying he knew no French. Mine he had quite frightened out of me, scorning me for resorting to it instead of learning Greek. Once, deep in the Peloponnesos, urgent though it was we learn our way, he sat there stubbornly insisting he understood neither French nor English and finally forced the Greeks to send him to Sparta in Greek.

We early discovered the person we met everywhere —"that Greek who has been to America." Wanting to speak his dreadful English, and to know whether we had seen his brother in Manchester, he would break up all conversations in Greek. I thought Jig was rude to him, but he was there to master, not be mastered, either by the Greek language or that Greek who has been to America. Soon he was able to read the newspapers, which are not unlike New Testament Greek.

Woe unto the waiter who took away the Greek bill of fare and handed him a French one! Whenever he acquired a present-day word which was also the old word it was to him an electric shock from the far past, a nerve through the centuries of life between.

We went the Sacred Way from Athens to Eleusis, and when automobiles were not passing could feel the footsteps we were following, ourselves in solemn torch-light procession to the Temple of the Mysteries. Jig found a fragment of the old wall of Pericles. That it should be standing here to-day! He got down on his knees, feeling it, for he would realize in vision the building of that wall.

It seemed to mean a good deal to him that the Temple of the Mysteries had been hewn from living rock. Was it the rock itself held the key to the mysteries—something folded in that long, long story? What did this living rock know that we did not know? What were the secrets told here which no man repeated to an uninitiate? The Temple had fallen now; its initiates were deep in the past; perhaps the rock, so long before them, and so long after, would give us its secret, if we sat believing that it could. But soon I was left alone with these reflections, for Jig was delighted with an army of ants, advancing on the Temple. They had a wonderful formation—a Greek formation, he said it was, maintaining that ants in America would not know how to enter a temple like that. What were they trying to do? Had a little boy named Æschylus, who lived in the town down there, watched ants and wondered about their ways? If we knew all about the ants, would we know about the mysteries? On the steps of her temple we talked of Demeter, of the seed corn—of how, behind ritual, there may be only one's own truth, and perhaps that itself is the mystery. Shadows fell upon the rock that

had been a temple, the procession of ants entered the sacred place, the bay where Greek defeated Persian was quiet now, and in all things there seemed mystery, the beauty of old stories and long striving.

The Temple of Ægina stands alone on a mountain by the sea. "It looks," Jig told me (I had remained in Athens), "as if the old Greeks had one day just walked away and left it. A great spruce-tree is near, and looking at the mountain flowers you feel the centuries of quiet." With his Greek teacher and a young American named Rapp, he had gone over in the little steamer from the Piræus. They sailed back in one of the fishing-boats of the island, or rather the men of Ægina rowed, for there was a calm. The men at the oars sang strange Greek songs, while Jig and his two young friends talked of Jesus and Nietzsche. It was strange reaching the Piræus at dawn and walking to Athens, still talking of Jesus and Nietzsche.

Another day we had that feeling of old Greeks having walked away and left it. We had ridden in a Ford this time, through miles of olive-groves in the Peloponnesos. A turn, and there in the quiet trees lay the great theater of Epidaurus, little changed by the centuries, waiting for the play to begin. I wonder if there was ever anything produced in it as dramatic as itself is now? Jig "stepped" the stage, having that habit. "Larger than the Provincetown stage," he said. His eyes followed the great curve. "And much better seating capacity." Olive branches reach over the topmost seats. We stood on the stage and wondered what they had felt. We took our places in the audience. Birds sang, there were the bells of grazing sheep, playing lambs ran over the stage. And in the sunshine of what was this distant afternoon, the rest was silence.

After a time we talked of how long men have given plays, and why one wants to do it.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

MAKING NEW FRIENDS

GREEKS who discussed politics at sidewalk cafés were looking graver. In Asia Minor France was friend of the Turk. And England? One day when the papers were especially bad Jig answered Rudyard Kipling's letter, breaking a silence of twenty-four years. He wrote with a growing intensity, so concentrated there was something in it that alarmed. To be here where life once had such beauty, so much of promise, and see what selfishness and stupidity were making of it now—all that he wrote did not get into the letter to Kipling. There were violent offshoots on other pieces of paper, there perhaps to protect the rhythm of that curiously contained, full, sorrowful letter—humble as the deepest places his spirit had found, arrogant as the heights of consciousness. He would pause to put down, so fast it is almost impossible to make out:

Why take that terrific edge we take?
Why not go on all fours with the helpless shepherd
Whom we beat hands down?
Why do we courageously let the best man win,
Knowing that by far too biological necessity we are said best man?

Does England distrust the great cause of itself,
Doesn't it really believe in Eton?
Does it secretly think that the virtues of the public schools are vicious?
Has it no faith in Oxford?
Is the pure mathematics of Cambridge nothing?
Does it suspect itself of having founded itself on mathematical lies?

It led to the Provincetown Players, emotion about the way things were going in the world turning to that part of the world he had himself tried to shape. Too possessed by feeling not to take action of some sort, he said he was going out and send some cables to the Provincetown Players. I was not in sympathy with hurling these denunciations under the ocean, so instead of returning for lunch with me he had lunch with a cab-driver he fell in with after the cables had been sent. As they ate and drank they talked of Greece, and later decided to go to the Acropolis. Meanwhile I had gone out to look for Jig. In front of the University he and his new friend came along in their *amaxa* (like the *voiture* one used to take in Paris). Jig was in the act of climbing from his passenger's place up to the high seat beside the driver. I thought, "I will have none of this," but couldn't seem to remain one of the circumspect passers-by, so went running out to hail the *amaxa*. "Why, *Susan,*" he cried, "how very nice to see you! Get right in. This is Susan," he said to the driver, "my friend."

So I, his friend, took the back seat, and Jig remained with the driver. He had a bottle of wine under his arm and explained that they were going to drink it on the Acropolis.

The driver said something to him, whereupon Jig leaned back to inquire: "You don't mind my sitting up here, do you? We were talking about Greece and Rome, and why should I sit way down there, and he way up here? Why should the world *be* like that?"

"Halt!" Jig commanded.

We were passing the Arch of Hadrian. He sat glaring at it in silence—a concentrated, growing hatred. He took the driver's arm, pointed. "That should be torn down," he said with low violence.

His low-voiced passion was so compelling that I feared the work of destruction might begin at once. This indeed was proposed, but fortunately it was too good a conversation to stop for action. "Let the Romans be told to come and take it away! Let them understand once and for all that Greece wanted nothing of them and their works!" As we drove on it was proposed that all Roman structures at the foot of the Acropolis be now returned to Rome. "The world today is dying of Rome!" Greece was Greece, and let it be pure, he pleaded with the cabbie, who was fervent, if a little ineffectual. Then Jig lifted his eyes to the crown of the Acropolis—pure Greek, and I wonder if more eloquent words have been uttered for Greece than were spoken by this American to his drunken driver as we wound round the Acropolis. "Greece shall be again!" and the Greek was moved, as before now men have been moved on that Acropolis.

But we had paused too long before Roman structures. Sunset, and the gates of the Acropolis were closed. Jig appealed to the woman who had the key. She did not turn a deaf ear, for he told charmingly why we must drink our wine on the Acropolis, but just then a man came along, and she grew conservative.

The Greek and I said it was time to go home; Jig, a little disheartened by the turn things had taken, sat silent beside me. Through a long hotel corridor we must walk as best we could. "Soon we will be in our room," I reassured myself.

I placed a big chair by the window and spoke of purple shadows on Hymettus. After a moment Jig rose. "I sleep to-night on the Acropolis."

I protested, pleaded. "Oh, very well then," he said, "let's go to bed."

So we lay down on our beds, though we had not had dinner. "Soon he will fall asleep," I thought.

Instead he jumped to his feet. "No! I will not be a hypocrite. I was going to lie here till you went to sleep, but I tell you once for all, I sleep to-night on the Acropolis."

As for me, I did not sleep anywhere. "He will be arrested," I thought. Athens is a city of decorum, what would they think of him? Indeed, he might be run over. I tried to fall back on the comfortable old truth about God taking care of his children who are in their cups.

About five in the morning Jig returned. "I have made the most delightful new friends!"

"On the Acropolis?" I asked.

"Well—no. After I had gone a little way I saw you were right. It wasn't the best time to go to the Acropolis. I was passing the library, and when I saw the beautiful grass I was suddenly very tired. So I went in and lay down behind some palm-trees. Later, I didn't know how much later, I woke up. I had been beaten and robbed.

"Even my coat had been stolen. I could hardly walk out to the street, the robbers had struck me so hard in the back. Well, three men came along, and I walked with them, explaining. One of them was cold at first. 'It is a case for the police,' he said. But I would much rather know them than the police, I said. I told them I had come to Athens because I loved Greece, and surely there were many things we could talk about. They asked questions, and I told them about myself, as we stood on the corner. So then they wanted to help me about the robbery, and we went back where I had been sleeping. And there was my coat; I had taken it off for a pillow. My money was

in it. And my back seemed beaten because it was stiff.

"They came here to the hotel for coffee with me. I wanted them to come up and meet you, but they thought it was late. Here—," he gave me their cards. A lawyer in Alexandria; a banker in Constantinople, a professor in the University of Athens. "Alexandria, Constantinople, Athens! We talked about modern Greek. We talked about—" Suddenly, very tired, he yawned, went to bed.

Once more he roused. "Now you see, Susan, how easy it is to make friends in Athens."

Next day was one of those times of a particular beauty in our household. "Hang-over days" we called them, and they have a subtle, fragile, sensitive quality. Satisfied by a violent encounter with life, one has a rarefied sense of being something nearer pure spirit. They are isolated days, no use trying to go on with things. Perhaps not so isolated as suspended. A woman who has never lived with a man who sometimes "drinks to excess" has missed one of the satisfactions that is like a gift—taking care of the man she loves when he has this sweetness as of a newborn soul.

Jig went out on our balcony, looked up at Lycabettus, a cliff-hill which rises from Athens. He came back in, sat on the edge of the bed and wrote on a telegraph-blank:

I saw a rock
And a cloud
At a moment when things reveal their nature;
The rock remaining,
With the kind of beauty that remains;
The cloud passing,
In passing beauty,
Like that of men and music.

CHAPTER XXXIX

DELPHI

TOO many dogs barked that first night in Delphi. Early next morning Jig went alone to the Castalian Spring.

He came back from Castalia saying, "Perhaps we can make friends with the dogs, and persuade them not to bark so much. This is the heart of the beauty of the world."

We could not remain at the Pythian Apollo, where the tourist always stops, indeed the only hotel, for they had brought Jig's egg in a cup on which was a picture of the Eiffel Tower. He told Athanasius, our waiter, that he had not come to Delphi for the Eiffel Tower. The talk moved to what it was he had come for. "I wanted to walk where their feet walked and see what their eyes saw." I remember how he leaned toward Athanasius as he said: "But I wanted more than that. I wanted you. I love the Greek words so much that I wanted for my friends men who have never spoken any other. I wanted to say all the common things, 'Good night' and 'Good morning'; 'Give me some bread,' and 'Let us sit down under the tree,' in words that said those things long ago."

Next afternoon we went to Athanasius' birthday party and met the village. Before a great while "Thanasie," too, left the Pythian Apollo and took up the business of giving us the kind of life we wanted in Delphi. Many of our friendships began in what might

have been alienating outbursts against that in Greece which was not Greek. The outbursts did not alienate, the passion for Greece burned through too purely.

After Thanasie's party we went home with Andreas Korylss, who had pleased Jig, and whom he came to love. Andreas is a short and agile man who keeps the village wineshop. It is an eating-place too, of a sort; in France it would be called a *bistro;* the shepherds come here, peasants going through from the lower villages to those higher on Parnassos. A dirt floor, huge wine-barrel, the cooking going on at an open fire in the corner, Andreas running here and there—keen, witty. Jig thought he was a good deal like Aristophanes. He spoke of this one day and Andreas replied—"Oh, yes, I know him, he is a doctor in Creso." When Jig laughed (and he hated himself for having laughed), Andreas said, with a simple humility, "You know I am not a learned man." "You are more like the contemporaries of Aristophanes," Jig told him, "than many a man who is learned about them." Andreas would dance and sing and banter with this one and that as he turned the eggs—a merry sense of justice he had. Being a true comedian, he was sometimes very sad. He could share Jig's more tragic feeling about life.

Jig wanted to live as the people lived, to be part of the village, learning their language in being their friend. Until Athanasius was free we were to eat with Andreas and have rooms in a house across the street.

Delphi lies steeply on the lower slopes of Parnassos, two thousand feet up from the great olive-groves that wind to the Corinthian Gulf. Our balcony seemed to overhang those two thousand feet, and in the light of Greece we looked across the gulf to the mountains of the Peloponnesos. It is on a scale for gods—exciting

and satisfying in form, a breath-taking plunge and lift of the eye—a wideness to which you want to open your arms. But what you are always wondering is how grandeur can have the loveliness of little intimate things, how clarity can be so subtle. Across the wide fertile gulch a donkey-trail made a line of long zig-zags up the mountain; down there in the depth the olive-trees were like another kind of river. The geology, as Jig said, was setting and prelude to something better than Paul or Apollo. "Living another million years we may fulfil the promise of the nipped flower of Greece: become spirit, and make the visible world the spirit's mirror."

There were days of many soft swift clouds which moved across the deep blue sky as fancies across the mind, their shadows lying upon the mountains as feeling lies upon the heart—broodingly, wanting to stay, yet knowing they will pass. I wish I could remember just what it was we said on our balcony one of those first days. A mountain is only the form on which falls the light from distant worlds. There is no such thing as isolation, for the rocks of the earth take their values from energy billions of miles away. Does the mountain know the play of distant forces is using its structure for the constant changing and becoming, for the lingering and the passing which let us know the beauty of wanting to stay, and that other beauty of having to go?

Here, and at Kalania, our camp higher on Parnassos, were our deepest experiences in Greece. We never gave up our rooms; later we took the whole house, for Jig's daughter Nilla was with us then, and Athanasius made all run smoothly. Here we knew a life as of a far charm; and here we knew death.

Jig loved his big room, looking on beauty more tre-

mendous and more tender than the Greece of his long dream. A trail went down at one side; he liked the strange cries to the donkey, and would go to the window to watch the drama among beasts, woman and child. Sheep passed, kids and lambs leaping. Down this way ran the water:

I hear the mountain stream
Pouring in beauty;
That rhythmic water
Does not need to be
More than itself.
But I,
Spirit,
Have no reason for living unless somehow, for spirit somewhere,
Life is immortal.

From the balcony we became acquainted with the animals living below us. We would hear them go out through the door in the wall in the early morning, and watch the little procession returning at night—the donkey wide with bundles of grain, the goat, the lamb, perhaps wearing a collar of daisies, and Mortie, the dog. They thought it odd that when Jig wrote down the names of all the people he knew in Delphi, he inquired also the names of the donkey, the goat, the lamb, the dog, and they appear upon his list of acquaintances. It became a gentle satisfaction to watch the safe and glad return at night, to see them eating, hear them moving around below us after we had gone to bed. We would sing to them:

Donkey, donkey, how are you?
Donkey, donkey, don't get blue.

or

Little lamb, little lamb, why are you straying?
He says little lambs must *eat*.
Little lamb, little lamb, what are you saying?
He says little lambs must B-l-e-a-t!

The Greeks would look up in surprise to see us leaning over the balcony, singing songs to the donkey and the lamb.

There was the right place for Liddell and Scott; Jig had a table bigger than any since he left the Cabin. This was one reason he wanted to live in Delphi for ever. The village schoolmaster, the priest, Andreas —room for them all around this table consecrated to the Greek language. Wine flowed with words, no dry scholarship this.

One day, after he had talked of the unchanging way of life maintained by these people of the mountain, he speculated on what it was they were living for. "It is as if they exist to carry on the Greek language." "Oh, but I mean it," he answered my laugh. "Of course we all exist for unconscious reasons. You," looking at me shrewdly, "are not existing for the reasons you think you are, as you sit there writing, but for something that is being carried on through you. They are the instruments for carrying on this language, which is like rocks of the earth, and like the mountain streams." He went back to the big table and wrote this "Note on Blotting-Paper:

"The memory of the Greek people of to-day is inconceivably long. They remember accurately, and change only for whims, historical accidents, or for a feeling of what ought to be—words older than Homer. Eighty-five generations of them have done the same thing, spoken the same words, or changed them in the same manner. Take blotting-paper. In the store you ask for *οτουπόχαρτο* (*χαρτης* being our chart and charter). This is the language of the eighty-five generations. This is Aristotle's *οτυφός*, astringent. This is the *οτυφω* of the Palatine Anthology, where somebody has his lips drawn up by the pickle taste, as

blotting-paper draws up spilled ink." He writes more of the life of this word—"which plunges one's imagination into an abysm of time—that abysm in which we were one tribe, and prophetic hope hopes that after our bitter differences we may again find oneness, enriched by our varied experience.

"For myself I feel if the words I speak came to me from authentic fathers through three thousand years, and were going on three thousand years to children's children, I would then have in my mind something to satisfy our otherwise vain thirst for immortality."

Quite possibly Andreas would appear just here and looking at us with quizzical affection, after standing a moment, a towel over his arm, as if about to begin a dance, would burst out *"Etima!"* meaning that our food was ready. But Jig could not leave what he was thinking, so papers and all went across the street, and whoever happened to be there—shepherd down from Parnassos, fisherman up from Itea, truck-driver from Amphissa, would be drawn into this excitement about the Greek language. Did man ever get his Greek through encounters so strange? He would get from them, not only a word, but the feel of that word from men who had inherited it and used it with unconsciousness. There would be disagreements; after a couple of hours of words and wine you might think there was a riot in Andreas's place. At other times they would sit looking at him, waiting for him to find in them what they had not known was there.

Sometimes I felt we had indeed come to a strange place. Andreas had put our table in a room off the much-used room, a storeroom for the big barrels of wine. He did charming things for us. There were always flowers on the table. We sat in the window, and a favorite noon-time diversion was standing in the

IN ANDREAS' WINESHOP, DELPHI. LEFT TO RIGHT: ANDREAS, ELIAS SCARMOUCHES, "KYRIOS KOUK," ANOTHER SCARMOUCHES, OUR MAN ATHANASIUS.

street and watching us eat. There were many forlorn children, sometimes it was hard to go on eating. There were too many flies—other unappetizing things. I saw a rat behind the barrels, and this hurt the meal for me. The next day Andreas, feeling I was a little depressed, came bearing to the table a trap in which was a huge live rat. I screamed, cried, went home. Andreas, as well as Jig, came over with coffee and comfort. As I had not liked the rat behind the barrels, he had thought I would be glad to see it in the trap. He was as funny as he was gentle, and soon we were all laughing. Andreas cried, "To-night we eat at Castalia!" When he felt things were hard for us he would propose an excursion, as taking our supper to the Castalian Spring.

On your way to Castalia, you make a turn which leaves the town behind, and there in its opulent, sheltering curve, lies what is left of old Delphi. It has breadth, The Shining Rocks that tower above it are mighty, yet it is as a secret place.

Not in the Parthenon,
The temple of the shaper of the mind
Thrust upward on the Attic promontory
In proud self-affirmation,
To be for ever
The image of intellectual beauty,
Knowing its worth.

More deeply here
In the heart that is us all
The instinct of the hollow of the hills,
Not knowing its own aim
Built blindly for the Greece which could not be.

Something in the form of the place itself lets you understand the stories of how, even before temples, there were strange powers here. It has always been an inmost place.

Thirty years ago the modern village stood upon the Temple. They knew there were great stones below their cellars, but stones are good foundations. There was commotion when strangers came and began this talk of moving all the houses round the bend. It was accomplished at last (not without its tragedies) and old Delphi was given back to the light. But when they moved the living, they did not move the dead. The village graveyard is beside the Temple of Apollo.

There is drama at the Castalian Spring. Through the day people stop to rest under the great plane-tree. Beasts returning from the field drink of the historic waters; that water is indeed the coldest and purest of lower Parnassos. "Castalia! Castalia!" they say, meaning it is no ordinary water they offer now. If you sit at the source of the spring, between those two rocks, each one a mountain, as from a distinguished seat you observe the pageantry, the ritual, of a village returning from the fields—flocks waiting their turn, women scolding boys with goats, quarrels and reunions, always excitement about beasts, as, on toward home, they pass the Temple where Greeks walked at evening long before.

From the Temple you look up Parnassos to Arakova, the highest village of this slope. On the margin of an unfinished poem beginning: "Listen, young man, you are what my dreams were made of," Jig wrote: "When I walked into Arakova, after a three-hour climb, my wife on an unquestioning donkey, and saw those seven women spinning in the street, I knew that what I saw in this so-called new Greek town was something older than ancient Greece. I saw, and secretly knew that I was seeing, the basis of our world, the next thing after mother's milk, those women spinning the wool of their lambs."

Great moments of realization, sometimes of loneliness. Letters would not come, and we felt far away from the world we had known. We could not entirely let go the past, and worried about things that might be going on in New York. In the light of noon the village street was hot and poor, and the ways of these forlorn-looking people were not our ways. One day I said: "I saw a nice car of people—Americans, I think, go through to the Pythian Apollo. Let's go there for dinner to-night, maybe we know them, or might meet them."

So we told Andreas not to lay the table for us, dressed in our best and went to the Pythian Apollo. We did not know the Americans, and they were sufficient unto themselves. We walked back through the village, laughing at ourselves, and yet, quite unreasonably, a little hurt. We found Athanasius at our house; he had brought a bottle of his best wine. Andreas came over to drink with us on our balcony, an incredible place in the starlight. We walked a little way home with Thanasie, then stood at our door with Andreas. Delphi, steeply on the mountain, becomes a town of romance at night. Its poor houses have beauty and dignity, as of an old story. There was no sound but the falling water. Andreas said, *"Kalí Níchta, Kyrios Kouk, Kalí Níchta, Kyria,"* and we, *"Kalí Níchta, Andreas"*—good-night under the stars, in Delphi, in words themselves like stars, from far, and of a long purity. We were not lonely. We had friends, and life had meaning.

CHAPTER XL

THE MUSIC OF THE FLOCKS

EACH June comes a day when Delphi lies too hot upon the mountain-side and next morning, before it is yet day, villagers rise and put their household bags upon the donkey, and driving the goat and the lamb before them, start up Parnassos for that place where the water is ever cold and the shade has never failed them.

"When we go to Kalania, you will go *mazzi*" (with). We were part of the village. As a matter of course, we would migrate with Delphi.

> A thousand yards
> Higher than Delphi and its oracle
> Three hours on a donkey—
> By the Three Cold Springs,
> Singing shepherds and bandits live
> As they lived before Homer,
> And shall live
> After the coming death
> Of Europe.

The Greeks of Delphi change as they say the word. "Ah, Kalania, Kalania!"—the dullest face lights.

You are awakened by mule-bells, coming nearer. Outside is a stamping of animals' feet, men talking. "Can those be our mules?" Yes, it is beginning to get light. Andreas is tapping on the door. *"Kafethes!"* (coffee). His merry voice: "Wake up, Kyrios Kouk. You're going to Kalania!"

Excitement about the pack. Jig is not satisfied with

the place given Liddell and Scott and changes it to another mule. I look up the way we are to go—that great side of rock that rises two thousand feet over Delphi, its lean too slight for the eye to see. I note the long zigzags that are our trail. "I do not like a high mule," I say. "I want a nice low mule." Jig comes and puts me on, assuring me it is a reasonably low mule, with gentle eyes.

We were leaving a few weeks before the village, tired of heat and flies. So all are in the street to see us off. *"Kaló Taxithi"* (Good journey). Little farewell presents—flowers, almonds. Our train leaves the street for the mountain. You sit far back on your saddle as if it is a chair, your feet swinging at one side. There is no bridle, you have nothing to do with guiding your beast. His man leads him at the start, then throws the rope round his neck, and the mule does it by himself. He knows the way and will keep on going until told to stop. You must learn to trust him—then you can fall asleep, if you like. It is a comfortable seat, the steady swing of the beast is pleasant. You come to feel peculiarly safe, a part of the mountain. Thus have beasts and man traveled through the centuries.

Athanasius manages the expedition, and he is much occupied. He is taking up his goats to give us milk. A number of chickens, feet tied together, ride on bags bulging with cheese and bread and olives. Beautiful, in a light that is yet without sun, to look back on steep Delphi, and far below—as far below as we will go above, the long reaches of olive groves winding to the Corinthian Gulf. On that deep blue sails move to Corinth and to Patras. After long windings, a turn lets you look down on old Delphi—stadium, theater, Temple. Now the great stones are small stones—

something left there on the mountain-side. A procession is passing the Temple—villagers driving their donkeys to the fields, groups that are specks. The color of this newest day moves on the mountains of the Peloponnesos.

But now Delphi, new and old, has been left behind. We are up "the devil's stairway." There is another smell. The spruce! "Whoa!" cries Jig. "Time for breakfast."

We have accomplished something together. The party becomes as one, with a life of its own. The mule-drivers want us to try their wine, for each man has his own vineyard. "It is better than Athanasius's," they will laugh. Everybody has olives and cheese and bread. We offer meat and eggs and cigarettes. We share pleasure in the cool fragrant trees, in the exhilaration of being above the world. Out of Jig's talk with his muleteer comes the word "Dionysus." The man nods, they raise glasses and drink together. The mules and goats and the lamb are grazing. The dogs get some meat.

Two hours we ride through the spruce, the men singing their strange Greek songs, whose scale is not our scale. Now excitement among them. They point ahead. "Kalania, Kalania!"

The forest opens and gives us Kalania—the mountain park, that secret beauty, loveliness that is like a heart, a heart guarded by mountains of spruce. It lies there in the mountain sunshine, fields of blowing flowers, the gentle sweetness of the lower places unafraid in this high loneliness. The Greeks turn to watch our pleasure.

One good thing about me is
That I love to shape the earth—
To set a tent

Making the hill-side level,
To make garden
Pretending to raise vegetables
But really being architect
In lines of green life and black soil.
I like myself for this
Because it is man's job and destiny
To reshape his earth into idea,
Needless to say into beauty;
Before we and our earth die
We must give the malicious god
Who kicks our planets
The pleasure of kicking something beautiful.

He began shaping the earth that was our camp. In his memorandum book: "Pegs. Trenches. Tables. Stones." Next day the note: "Rested two hours."

He and Athanasius made a little house of spruce boughs for me, my *kalyvi*. Our beds were of spruce, and no "store bed" was ever so refreshing. It was a thrilling place to wake up in in the morning. We were a little above the valley, looking down on it, so even after villagers came we were alone. Jig had set stones for a fireplace and we got our own breakfast, for he liked doing this. Athanasius had a camp a little apart from us, and we went to him for the other meals. I would hear the jolly snapping of burning spruce and get up, putting on all my sweaters, for we were up five thousand feet now, deep in the spruce; it was cold until the sun had been there several hours. But how good those cold mornings were, running around for more fuel, then, with the fragrance of burning boughs, that incomparable smell of outdoor coffee. Our table beside the fireplace was a big flat stone, our seats were stones cushioned with boughs. With coffee we had "perfect moment toast," eggs boiled three and a half minutes. There was freshness as from a bountiful god—a wide rich quiet. One was glad in a deep simple way.

Here we came to know the music of the flocks. Each animal wears a bell. The new lamb has a tiny bell that tinkles, and the big goats that lead the flocks have huge solemn bells. Between are many sizes and tones. The bell-maker is an important man in Greece. Later we went with our shepherd friend Elias to Amphissa and watched him choose his bells. Wearing his shepherd's cape of gray goat's hair, bearing the long heavy crook, he stood in the light of the forge, listened, rejected, chose. Beside the fire were heaps of the copper bells, shaped like a bishop's hat. It came to be that from far, without seeing them, we could tell the Scarmouches from the Komblss flock when through the spruce came the music of five hundred moving sheep. The grazing music is not like the music of advancing to the spring. It was music into which we woke in the night; it came to be one of the sounds of the mountain, of which we were much of the time unconscious, but when we went away, where no flocks moved in the distance, something was wrong.

I see them now as we saw them the evening of the first day. Their music had announced their approach, so we were watching. They entered the valley as an army enters. First were the big black goats, shaking their heads fantastically, moving with importance; following were the beautiful large white sheep of Parnassos; dogs and shepherd-boys were on the flank, and last came the majestic shepherd. They were on their way to the spring at the other end of the valley, moving through the evening light as they might have moved through a dream.

Sometimes they were across the valley, against the dark spruce, sometimes we would see them high, moving through the trees. At times we would wake to find them all around our camp. Often through the dark would come the "wolf cry," strange sound from the

throat of man to let the wolf know the sheep are not alone with the dogs.

We had met Elias Scarmouches at Andreas's, but you do not know a shepherd until you know him on his mountain. One evening we saw him leave his flock and start up to our camp. He came like a king; or like a high-priest—ritualistic as he stood under our spruce-tree and in his mighty voice said: *"Kalí Spéra, Kyrios Kouk, Kalí Spéra, Kyria."* He was a violent-looking man, and simple. It was as if civilization, our world, had not been. We were afraid of not doing the right thing, he was so right. He had come to welcome us to the mountain. We would be all right there, for "I," pounding his chest, "am here." "Elias! Elias!" he cried, meaning that was a charmed name. Jig got out wine and cigarettes. The sheep grazed below, alone with the dogs. If bells changed the shepherd would look, perhaps rise, give a cry which we did not understand. But the dogs understood. After a time, with a certain fierce ceremony, *"Kalí Níchta!"* he said, in a voice for the mountains, and with perfect form returned to his sheep.

It was the first of many evenings when our fire-light played upon this face which was as old as Greece. Sometimes it was of Theocritus we talked, while quiet bells assured the shepherd all was well. He told us the shepherd-stories of to-day—not so different. Sometimes he and Athanasius would sing *kleftico* songs, of men who lived in the mountains, on Olympos, Parnassos, and never submitted to the Turk.

Always there have been bandits on Parnassos. We knew that they were around us now. Parnassos is more than a peak, it is a region, and when you reach the spruce, you have about left the law. Or rather, you have come into another law. Escaping men hide here, and the villagers of the lower slopes do little to

help the soldiers who occasionally come into the mountain. Perhaps they like this idea of a place beyond the law, to which one may go if there is need. These bandits demand a certain number of sheep of the shepherds, it is like paying hostage. It all remains mysterious, the most daring man is afraid to talk of the *"lystes,"* for fear of giving information, as for this the bandits kill. In Athens we had been told we would not be safe on Parnassos. When we asked Elias about this, he struck his chest. "I am here!" Of course he was usually, not there, but a number of miles away. We knew of robberies, abductions, and when dried spruce-boughs snapped in the night we wondered just where the *lystes* were. Two things Athanasius felt assured our safety. We were Americans; if we were harmed the Greek Government would have to do something, and the *lystes* did not want soldiers in the mountains. More than that, Delphi was our friend, and the outlaws needed the friendship of the village.

One day Elias invited us to lunch. His spruce-tree was across the valley from ours. Sometimes a shepherd has a *strunga,* a hut of stones, but often, as now with Elias, his mountain home is a tree. As we approached he was kneeling at his fire, turning the cuts of a lamb he was roasting on a long stick. From his tree he took a jug of wine; in the deepest shade he had built beds of spruce-boughs, for refreshment after eating and drinking. I was distressed because his child, aged two, sitting on his father's lap ate meat and drank wine until he fell over blissfully insensible. When I spoke of milk Elias grew tremendous in his pride, saying his child would not touch milk, and that the insensible infant's grandfather, similarly reared, had the day before, aged ninety, walked three hours up the mountain.

When we had risen from the spruce-boughs, the shepherd took us where his sheep were sleeping, for it is in the day they sleep, grazing under the stars. We came upon them folded deep in the hills, a cleft of many shadows. As they began rising, sleepily moving through sunlight into farther shadow, the big beautiful white sheep of Parnassos, not far off huge whimsical black goats—in the accidental music of the awakening, the groupings, the hurrying after loitering, it was as if we had come upon another world—their world, a hidden place where has been maintained a way of life through centuries of change.

Not only the ritual of the flock gave us this feeling of a thing conserved. We watched the families arrive from Delphi—fairly holding out their arms to the coolness. Villagers who had come before them would send up shouts, and discuss under which tree they had better build their *kalyvi*. After the bedding and bread has been taken from the donkey, they drive him to trees of the wilder mountain and cut their boughs. When they have piled this spruce upon the beast, nothing but his head, unless perchance the tip of his tail, is to be seen. Before night the house of stones and boughs has been made, and before June had passed seventy donkeys had brought seventy families to Kalania.

Jig was reading the Bible in Greek. He would lift his eye from the page to the life of which he read, for these people are not idle here; they are preparing for winter. They rise early in the morning and make ready the donkey and go for wood. You see the bending backs of women beating lentils. Pulling the wheat by hand they make it into bundles and tie these on the donkey, to go the steep three hours to Delphi. The light of Greece falls graciously upon golden hay tied to a mouse-colored donkey. We came to love the ass.

The late afternoon sun makes magic of him, perhaps in low boughs before a purple rock. You feel in his eyes the patient centuries in lonely places.

"Old Greece survives in modern Greece," Jig wrote. "Here is preserved the most ancient way of human life. It will be preserved here for one or two thousand years more. In that far future it will be as before Homer. It has, over our rash experiment, the advantage of known viableness. It is true to something deep in our spirit, as the Bible is true."

They lie down in the shade when the sun is high, so they are not too tired for singing in the evening. Before all those huts of stones and boughs fires are lighted, and there is calling and singing from fire to fire. Children are dancing in the firelight, under the large, bright stars of Greece, and through the mysterious trees the constant music of the moving sheep.

These are people who are very poor, but their lives have a charm our lives have not; their lives have the flavor of the ages, and it is as if ours moved too swiftly through new ways of doing for the perfume of living to be distilled from our days.

Sometimes one lives through an experience, and afterwards, looking back on it cries: "Why didn't I know what it was I was living?"

At Kalania we knew, at least in part, the strange beauty of the days we lived. We loved our dining-table under Athanasius' spruce-tree, he handing us good things from the fireplace. We loved eating in that deep, cool fragrance, the excitement about goats and lambs, chickens and dogs, as little playful *motifs* against the deep music of the distant flock. We enjoyed catching a rumor about the bandits, learning a song from a shepherd-boy, and while looking down at villagers harvesting their tiny fields, thinking of Iowa.

CHAPTER XLI

THE BIRD AND THE GODS

SOMETIMES Jig would have callers at the tent while he was working. These were not people who understood the sacredness of privacy for writing. So a little way up the gulch he made himself a retreat.

Here in my spruce-bough bower
Whose posts are living trees
On this Greek mountain-side,
A young wild bird
Hops on the ground at my feet
And examines me with friendly interest.
I lean on my table of hand-sawn boards and bark-covered,
I sit on the rock I have set for a seat,
The lazy tinkle of bells
Of goats and lambs
Floats up from the valley
And for the first time in a long while I hear
The quietude of my soul.

He began by taking up crumbs for the bird. Each day he would tell of this growing friendship. "He likes the motion of my hand as I sit writing. It fascinates, hypnotizes him." Another time, "He is curious about me. To-day he hopped on my foot. I would talk to him, but not too much, not to startle him." One day he came down from his retreat happy. "What do you think? The bird flew to my table and sat there watching me write."

Soon the bird began following him down to the tent.

Jig would see him watching us from low branches, would talk to him, and the bird would come a little nearer. As we were at breakfast one morning he flew to a tent-rope. "I believe we could get him to come and eat breakfast with us!" Jig said.

Beside our table of stone was another stone that wanted to be a table. Jig took matches, milk and bread from it and scattered crumbs. It had a hollowed place in the center, a bird's drinking-cup. "This is your table," he said to the bird. Softly he whistled —a whistle that was for the bird alone, and which he had already come to know. He sat regarding us from the tent-rope, in sweet bird fashion cocking his head on one side, on the other. He was considering it; but there were two people now, unfamiliar motions. "Don't worry about it," said Jig. "You don't have to come to-day. Maybe you will come to-morrow."

Next morning, though we did not see him, Jig whistled and the bird flew to the tent-rope. After we had left we saw him hopping on the table, getting his crumbs and water.

The following day, after softly whistled assurance, the bird flew to his table while we were sitting at ours, though it put him within reach of us.

After that he always had breakfast with us. He would see us sitting there, fly to a low branch or to the tent-rope. Jig would whistle, or sing softly with bird lilts, "Time for breakfast," and the bird would come to the table.

Birds do not have a good time in Greece. Men shoot them, and boys throw stones. It was one of the things made it hard for us to live there. One day, while several villagers were visiting Jig, the bird flew to the door of the tent. Quite as a matter of course one of the men picked up a stone. In a flash Jig had

his arm. "If you had killed him, by God I would have killed you!"

They were dumbfounded, but pouring wine for them, not at all as if an extravagant thing had happened, he told the story of the bird. "He likes me because I write,—it is a nice motion of the hand. We are friends, and he wants to be with me."

The story of Kyrios Kouk's bird went across Kalania. Even with others there, if all sat still, Jig could bring the bird. They had never heard of such a thing. There was something of awe in their marvel at it.

Because of our bird, we were able to establish a zone of safety for all the birds. When we saw boys with sling-shots, Jig or I would run to them. "Oh, no, you can't shoot at our bird!"

If they said: "This isn't Kyrios Kouk's bird," we would reply, "You can't tell. He ranges far."

"Why don't you make friends with the birds?" Jig would ask. "Why not get a bird of your own, to come when you whistle? What fun is it to frighten them? It is much more fun to know about them. They are very small, and they are not like us, but maybe they are more wonderful than we are. Yes," he would assure them, as they laughed sheepishly, "I think perhaps they have a better life than ours." And we would tell them about the birds.

One day the little Greek bird watched him write of birds and trees by the Mississippi. It began with the Greek language:

"Our scholastic tradition concentrated a little insanely upon Attic Greek. If for any bad or good reason one happens to shift one's interest from literary masterpieces to language as mirror of the lived life of men, women, and children, through a thousand gen-

erations, one looks with other eyes at the recorded speech of the one European people whose literary and historic documents, written on stone, on papyrus, on sheepskin, and on paper give us an unbroken series of pictures forming a kinema story which tells how one after the other a thousand sons took up and carried on the fading music of a thousand fathers.

"I am of the latest migration, the migration of the most mobile, freest-playing part of the world's population, out of Europe westward over the bad second ocean of the world, and westward from that bleak shoreline half-way across the other continent, America. There I know the place of my father's grave, and mine, if I ever get back to it, but I forget where his father's grave was, and the grave of my father's father's father, Ira Cook, was, I believe, washed out by the Mississippi river. But I know a place in that America worthy of any man's love—a creek clothed in walnut and hickory trees, lindens and cottonwoods and willows and white-oaks, and inferior blackjacks, as we call the baser oak-trees—a blazing glory of trees. I forgot the swift-growing grace of the elms—I forgot my apple-trees and plums and quinces and my cherry-trees and my log-house flanked with wings of blue-gray limestone, and my mystic culture that grew up there, sung to in the summer dawns by birds whose hearts and throats outfelt, outlived, outsang the fabulous nightingale. The pantheist god of sunset made himself visible there behind the leaves. I held my boy's breath, seeing Eternal Nature become my brother. I thought I had a right to be beautiful, being one dew-drop of that passionate ocean of light that flamed beyond the walnut-trees.

"Something was wrong with me, and something was wrong with America.

"My name was wrong, George Cram Cook. It is like three steps taken by an insensitive elephant. I, sensitized, am misnamed.

"And America's name was wrong.

"The continent my fathers went to three hundred years ago had wide, true beauty, full of birds and Indian hunters and Indian women who farmed and wove.

"And the land had beauty pressed down on it like a signet into wax.

"And the minds of the men who lived in it were sealed with the beauty of the land, and I do not know whether they were it or it was they, for land and men so called and answered to each other.

"But we came, far beyond them in intellect, and destroyed the land.

"We cut down its forests for money.

"We cut out its stone ribs and sold them.

"We killed off old hunters like Black Hawk, who could see the voice of God, and we put in his place American millionaires.

"We misnamed the land.

"If our half-sphere of this star-speck, the earth, was to be named for any one of the microscopic specks that crawl upon it, it should have been for that brave, believing gentleman Columbus, whose name is the name of a dove.

So, since in the heart of you, O land of Whitman and of me,
You hold my walnut-trees
And the eighty-year-old white-oak logs
Of sleeping silver, grey in sleep,
Squared by the adze of unconsciously athletic men
Born a hundred years ago,
Who sleep eternally
Unsung by any Pindar,
And so, and so
Since, in the ruined heart of you, O land,
The robins sing

And the long-tailed thrushes still
Have purity of song that puts to shame
The much-sung nightingale,
So from my purest most intense
Forgotten mystical heart,
Which ought to have made a song worthy of you,
O cheated, misnamed land,
Bad land!
I love you better than myself!"

Later his friends said to me, "Jig was happy in Greece, wasn't he?"

As I considered, "He was not disappointed there?"

"Oh, no; not disappointed. He was thrilled, sometimes exalted."

"Then it was satisfying. He was happy there?"

That was harder to answer. Considering life from "the sacred heights of Parnassos," much was bared to him, and when he looked at what we have made of the life that follows the ancient ways, there were moods mighty with wrath; he was so true to courage and aspiration now deep in the past.

He was thrilled by the eleven-year-old shepherd-girl, Constantina, who, since she was seven years old, had many nights been alone on the mountain with the sheep. Looking into her face as she leaned to our fire, we would feel something older than Greece. He wanted her in a play he was thinking about. "She learned the cry: U-a-Oú-a, which made the wolves afraid to come. It did not occur to her to wonder what she would do if they did come. Fortunately it did not occur to them to investigate the difference between her seven-year-old treble and the mountainous voice of her father. They knew that U-a-Oú-a meant 'Man is here.' And the big dogs knew."

He was thrilled by a mule-trip across the mountains between us and Athens. He wrote me from a village

on the way: "I am lying on a bed on the floor of a wonderful old room with window embrasures two and a half feet thick and with a snowdrift of new-sheared wool and an ancient loom in which is a newly-begun blanket. I am alone for half an hour, for the purpose of having some 'light sleep,' and take the chance to write. But the grain of the floor throws the pencil off.

"The panorama, as my driver called it, when we came over the mountain and saw the whole mystical Corinthian Gulf, made me wish your mule had made the climb with mine.

"Will travel slowly, loafing down through these Greek mountains and mythic cities, which the modern car does not see.

"Stopped and Europeanized my clothes at a spring above Arakova.

"My host here told me the story of Œdipus killing his father Laius, telling me just where on the road I will pass the place it happened. There is here memory of a great ancient beauty—and a weak new beauty.

"America spoils Greeks. In their own ancient way of life they are admirable human beings. America infects them with insufferable facile smartness and self-satisfaction, then judges Greeks by what it makes of them.

"For some reason unknown to me Greeks back from Australia are still tolerable.

"I look at this snow-drift of wool in the room where I sleep, I look at the ancient loom, and consider what is wrong with the culture I myself inherited."

He wrote from a later village: "Yesterday I rode down over that road where Œdipus and Laius met and murder resulted. The place demands a human story of some such importance. For there three wide mountains, each as spreading as an Iowa county, meet—

Parnassos, Kirphis, Zeteses (the living mountain). The ancient trails lie between them—in the days of Œdipus and his father, now, and as long as human beings afoot or a-mule shall pass. Three thousand years of donkey hoofs have cut into the living rock eighteen inches deep. No stone of the road that has not been slipped on ten thousand times, and so all rounded as by patient water."

Jig would sleep three or four hours, then lie awake a couple of hours. For years it had been like that. He would read at those times, sometimes write. He would look into things, dwell with them, consider, form. It is another kind of thinking, when the world sleeps. On Parnassos, when only he was awake, he thought of Apollo and of Jesus, of how the shrine of Apollo, "here in my heart's Delphi," was sealed and left to ruin by Justinian, in the interest of the rival god, Jesus Christ. This god, hating the will to destroy, embodied the more feminine will to be destroyed. He was seen by simple men, sick of blind rulers in the seats of power. Bad for us that he had to be made their opposite, as impossible in beauty as they in ugliness.

> Yet mad and bad and not to be,
> Those simpletons
> Made him the richest note
> In the clash of hate and love
> Which is the life of man.
> Nietzsche would have no music but for him.

In the great nights of Parnassos he considers how the gods were guide-posts,

> Signs beside the carriage-road
> Thrown forth upon the darkness
> By the shaping light within.

He considers mathematics. "Too late, for me, that

purer beauty; my heart has human habits, much too human."

Braver than any poet
Madder than Dionysus
Mathematic thought sweeps a spiral
That never was
And shall not be,
But utterly true
To itself.
Purer than music!

In that pure light
Jesus stands well.

He stood
In the same great ugliness we live in,
The stock-yard game and creed
Of carnivorous self devouring other selves,
The biologic theme
Of the savage musician who made the world.

But Jesus, thinking on the hills alone, said:
Rather than be
Drinker of blood that flows
From the river of death,
Rather than have
Life from your life that goes,
I will be lamb.

Jig became less lonely, watching the stars through the solemn trees of Parnassos. As he thought of how Jesus said, "I will be lamb," there came the animals he knew to keep him company. It was the beasts to whom we sang songs, leaning over the balcony in Delphi, made him feel Jesus was right.

For the heart of the spirit knows
It's better to be:
The children's darling,
Flower crowns on my head,
Tinkling the gay little bells of my collar,
Coming trustfully home every night from the field
With the she-goat and the dog,
The donkey and the woman and the child,

In through the gate in the wall every night
To the safety of home,
Sleeping below in the house with the blind grandfather
Stupidly, lovingly sure
My friends won't hurt me . . .

But Jesus saw what they did. Let the pet collar and bells be taken away!

Will they have another lamb to pet next year?

And Jesus said: "Rather than be thruster of that knife, I will be lamb."

The tears that came
From the heart of that god
In his shame
For us, and his love,
Is the highest mark on our way
From the feelingless clod
To the power
Of the spirit that rises above
And shall slay
The will to devour.

Here the savage musician who made the world broke his way into new possibilities of beauty, found a new scale in which to voice our heart's desire, our spirit's will. Here the life of earth throws off its handicap of stomach need, knowing for the first time, dimly and in strange metaphor, that if the stomach need is all, better stop now, from human loin and womb breed no more stomach worms to sing another million years that song of slaughter.

Here stands Jesus between the worm and heaven. It is biologically as important as the invention of the first living speck.

For if the speck,
In us, its inheritors,
Does not finally make that turn
With our latest, and somewhat discredited god,
Our biologic Jesus,

It would have been better
And much more beautiful
For the earth
On its long way through heaven
To have remained peopled
By the significant silence of its stones!

Do you feel free to call the man who wrote that "happy"? You can only say, "Yes, happy at times," for happiness did have its place in this wrestling of the spirit, this great asking, in the courage and passion, the unhappiness, of this perception.

CHAPTER XLII

SHEPHERDS AND BANDITS

"LAST field of wheat harvested." This was the one right down the slope from our camp. We pulled the wheat with them, dancing and singing and drinking through the gay excitement of the last lap. Now the donkeys had taken their families back to Delphi.

As we were going over to Athanasius' for our evening meal (my friend Miss Eldridge, who had been excavating at Calliphon was with us, and Leandros Palamas of Athens) we heard a shot—three shots—across the valley. Was some one hunting there? The shepherds did not carry guns. The villagers had gone. We wondered about those shots as we ate the olives and meat, the cheese and figs of Parnassos, drinking the peasants' bitter wine under the gracious spruce-tree.

We lighted a fire of boughs, sat round it with our coffee. Miss Eldridge was telling us of her excavation in Asia Minor when we saw a boy come out of the shadows and speak to Athanasius.

Greeks understand one another, even Greeks as far apart as cultivated Athenians and primitive people of Parnassos. Leandros knew something was up. He joined the two who whispered.

"Komblss has been shot by the bandits," was the word he brought back to us.

There are two big flocks in that part of the moun-

tain. The Scarmouches flock (our friend Elias) and Komblss. It was "the old man," richest shepherd of Parnassos, the *lystes* had shot.

Was he living? Much hurt?

The boy knew little, or was afraid to tell. But we learned that the wounded old man and some of his family were alone in their *strunga* across the valley, part way up that other slope. The shepherds were afraid to go, for if they "mixed up in it" they too would be marked men. Thus is the mountain terrorized.

"But he might bleed to death!"

"Yes, he might. But who could go?"

"We can go," said Jig and Leandros.

"We got together things that might be useful and started across Kalania. We were more afraid of the sheep-dogs of the man we were going to aid than of the outlaws. Shepherd-dogs of Greece are as a different race from the dogs we know, great gaunt creatures, kept underfed and made savage—not unlike the wolves they are there to fight.

But we got into the hut; the wounded man lay on a blanket on the floor. Light from the fire beside him showed his legs covered with blood. His wife, weeping, held his head in her arms. He was groaning. There was no light save from the fire; dimly we saw faces of frightened children in corners.

We asked for hot water. Nothing but a cup to heat it in. Strange, kneeling beside the man who was losing his blood, trying to get things in condition to use. It distressed him that women should see him uncovered like that.

It had happened right up there, his wife told us, pointing. Demetrius (her husband) was alone with the sheep; Kastrites (he was the bandit chief) had ap-

peared and commanded, "Come here." When Demetrius turned the other way, Kastrites fired. "He would have taken him if he had come," she sobbed, "he would have—" "S-h," said the wounded man, even now on his guard.

Two men appeared, one a son-in-law; Jig said they must go for a doctor. They replied no doctor would come into the mountain to a man shot by the *lystes*. "I'll go with you," Jig told them, "and I'll guarantee," he added grimly, "that the doctor will come."

But the nearest doctor was more than five hours away, across the mountain in the dark—no animal. Then five hours back. And no way of taking care of Komblss here. It would be better to try and get him to Delphi in the morning. Jig talked to them of how a litter could be made.

We were there most of the night. We would go outside. Right up there the bandits were probably lurking, watching. All around were the bells of the Komblss flock—nervous bells, for their routine had been disturbed. We had brought cognac with us, and after a drink or two one of the men who watched with us whispered a great story of Parnassos, a story of bandits and shepherds.

"It was Demetrius' son Alekos they took five years ago," he said. "They sent word to Demetrius to have twelve thousand *drachmas* at Squash Spring at a certain hour of a given day. It was Balourdhos, Kastrites, Zathos, who did that. Balourdhos and Kastrites were from Arakova. Both had killed men in quarrels about women. If they did not have the money they would kill Alekos, they said, and Demetrius knew they would.

"So Demetrius went to Arakova to get the money," the teller of the tale took it up, when we again stepped

out from the hut. " 'What do you want it for?' the man asked. Komblss wanted to borrow the money, with the flock as security, rather than sell the flock.

"Demetrius had to tell him the *lystes* had Alekos.

"When the messenger sent by Demetrius reached Squash Spring with the twelve thousand *drachmas,* police sprang from behind the trees.

"In the fight two policemen and one bandit, Zathos, were killed. The police cut Zathos's head from his body, and he was buried, both body and head, near the little church here at Kalania. The bandits believed it was Komblss who had told. They swore vengeance.

"Just last month Balourdhos died. He had got tired being a bandit, and went to the monastery on the other side of Parnassos and became a monk. He was a good man—Balourdhos. He liked being a monk, and he wanted to make everything right about the past. He wanted to confess. So a man from the monastery went with him to the police in Athens. 'Do you want Balourdhos?' this man asked. 'Do we want him?' they laughed. 'He has killed five men, and who knows how many more? There is sixty thousand *drachmas* for his head.' 'It is not for that I come,' said the man from the monastery, 'but here is Balourdhos.'

"The police stared at the monk with the long beard. 'Yes,' said Balourdhos, 'I killed Lembardes in Arakova and became an outlaw. But now I am a man of God.'

"He thought they would let him go back to the monastery. But they tried him at Amphissa and sentenced him to thirteen years. And he not a young man any more, it meant he would never have freedom again. He had lived long on the mountain. Two months after he was locked up, he died.

"And that," whispered the man who told the story, "is why *he,*" pointing up the mountain, "just now shot Komblss. Kastrites and Balourdhos were friends. He must avenge his dead friend."

It made the bandits a little too vivid for Parnassos to remain peaceful. There were some who advised us to go, saying that now we had taken part against them, the *lystes* might feel differently about us. Others still held we were safe, being foreigners, and the outlaws of Parnassos wanting nothing to do with Athens. But when we heard dried spruce-boughs crunch in the night, we felt less secure than of old. Jig didn't like the idea of its being left to the outlaws to decide what should be done about us. Anyway, it was about time to go lower. We ordered mules from Delphi.

What of the bird? More and more he had lived with us. We could get a cage, put it on his table, and he would go in for his crumbs and water. Jig thought about it all the time those last days. He talked to the bird about it. "Would you rather come with us?" But the bird did not tell him, only hopped along a low branch, cocking his head from side to side. "No," decided Jig; "it was our understanding that I was not to catch him."

When we were packed we put crumbs and water on his table and watched our bird lift his head high as he drank. "I love him more than anything in Greece," said Jig, and turned away.

CHAPTER XLIII

A WINTER IN ATHENS

JIG was alone in Athens that winter. My father died, and I went to be with my mother, who was ill in Iowa. It had been hard for us to decide I was to go alone. We would be so far apart. But Jig had only begun this life he had wanted in Greece; we feared if both went we might be long in returning. On its way to America, the "Constantinople" sailed round the Peloponnesos from the Piræus to Patras. Jig went that far with me.

He was lonely. "Had no idea what a lost soul I would be without you. It's ignoble.

"I wake with a tragic sense of neglected duty to Nilla and Harl. I remember Edward and Ellen, my parents, and all our life there in Davenport and Buffalo, which seemed so long and so for ever, and I feel like a traitor, because that past gave me so much and I have given the future so little.

"Life is so impermanent. A suggestion, and we are gone.

"To my astonishment I find on writing the date that this in America must be Thanksgiving Day," he wrote to the editor of the "Century." "Americans, whether or not expatriate, have an historical impulse to be grateful to-day. I am grateful, even for a form-letter remembering the day of my birth. Unlike Job, and weighing things exactly, I do not curse that day, nor

the agony of my mother, whose womb is now part of the silent earth. It is better to have been born, to have partaken of the life of man, to have seen the great spectacle, to be a link between our incredible past and our incredible future, to have memory and prophetic instinct. It must be a much too concentrated egoist who is able to judge as unworthy of himself this gift of life."

It is one of those letters which make him seem lonely, for it was unsent. One wonders what they would have thought of it in the office of the "Century," as response to a pleasant custom they had for a while of getting dates from "Who's Who," and sending a man a card of congratulation for his birthday.

It was a hard winter to be in Athens, for it was the year of the great disaster to Greece, and refugees from Asia Minor were homeless in the streets.

"Athens is not the gay and brilliant city it was when we first saw 'All the King's horses and all the King's men' last April. The thing now is not jaunty officers a-swaggering, but refugee women sitting along the street walls with babies in the rain. I give them five-*drachma* bills, but what is that to a cold damp baby crying?"

He wrote to one of the American weeklies: "I read your advertising idea of yourself as a ballad-singer. I read editorials which try to laugh away all the human realities which spring from political events.

"I have just come from Salonica, and the sight of twenty thousand people from Smyrna, arriving in the middle of one night, in bravely-borne misery, makes me incapable of entering into your spirit of Olympian laughter. There was the girl of nine, coming ashore on the dock of a foreign city, without hat, shoe, bundle, or money, without brother, mother, father or sister,

but with a brave smile, not justified, there being no one to see it. These are people who are not used to going from one place to another; they have had their donkey, their goat, maybe a little flock, and a garden. They camp on the cobblestones as on some strange mountainside, the children waiting in uncanny unchildlike patience for the mother to set out the last bread from the bag.

"Ballad-singer, you have treated with puerility the tragedy of the destruction of Smyrna, the wreck of half a million lives, the return of the Greeks from Asia.

"Susan dear, gather yourself into ignorance of the world, and gather me like an embracing mother, for the world is going other ways than ours. We must let it go, or we must lay down our lives to stop its going so.

"It goes that way against the grain of all we have felt. We have not made ourselves felt, and we must pay the penalty of having been passive. Those who have not been passive shape the world in their image. They should be shot, but it will be done only in such minor countries as Greece.

"It would purify America if certain men could be shot. Harding should be shot for his English."

Jig's German field-glasses were stolen. Hoping to recover them through the second-hand stores, he wrote to the police. "They are valuable, but I want them back because they have shown me so many beautiful things."

A money-changer, with whom he had become friends, and trusted, ran away to Cyprus after cashing a large check. Jig wrote to his brother: "Unfortunately for my own important interest in getting my money, I am fascinated by the revelation of peo-

ple's lives that I get through this incident. I told the thief's father and mother and sisters to-day that I couldn't buy a new suit, or pay my four-weeks'-old hotel bill, or keep my children in school in America if I lost this money. In response to this they seemed to be honest lovable people who didn't want to hurt me.

"Only now, by so much lying and stealing against me, I can't trust my own eyes. When I see honesty written on people, I don't know whether to believe my eyes or not. The destruction of my own trust in my judgment is the worst of this bad business. I, having perceiving eyes, believe my eyes, and walk in the world by what they tell me. If I can't walk with them as guides I don't know how to walk at all, and it's a little late for me to learn some other way. It was our father's way, and I thought it was good enough for me."

Jig writes me: "Here enters Leandros with Browning and Whitman, whom I have long dared him to bring to see me if he had the courage to face a poet primeval. Had to convince Leandros he couldn't trifle with me about Browning, because Browning once meant to me the life or death of my spirit—he who led me to the Dark Tower, my leader into the land of Christian madness, he and Tolstoi and the 'Wings of the Dove.'

"Seeing that it was serious Leandros talked realities. Said that his father was like Browning and like me." Leandros's father is Kostas Palamas, the Greek poet.

"Another man learned to-night that, in the vocabulary of our dear delightful Leandros, I am a serious man." This was the man at the switchboard of Jig's hotel. Because those were days of stress in Athens, in that hotel the electric light was turned off before midnight. The man was supposed to wink a warning.

Jig had told him if he again failed to give this signal . . . So when he found himself in the darkness among his papers he felt his way down the black stairway and expressed himself primevally. This turned his thoughts to murder and to death. "Having little life left in comparison with the magnificent life I have had, I am ready to give it up blithely for the joy of justified murder. . . . In fact—after straightening out a few things—death now is better than old age. Athletic death for a purpose—while I still have the soul and body of an athlete. I know why they loved to die in battle. I don't much like the prospect of dying in bed. I, by grace of vivid imagination, have already had greater fear of death, repugnance, feeling that it is utterly unsuited to my character than I am likely to have at the last moment, when there isn't time or integrity or force to feel the meaning of what is happening. The meaning of death I knew most intensely when I was seventeen years old. I don't like the idea now, but then as I woke from sleep and knew that I must die—one ought not to be a thing that has to die. That is not in the rhythm of our spirit. That's alien music.

"Here I went to dinner just in time not to miss dinner, wrote until they turned the light out on me. At dinner had coffee and long talk with nice English boy, tutor at Balliol, Oxford, who knows Greek the way they do.

"There was a lot more of this letter, written by candle-light in the middle of the night. But it got too wild.

"This is Lincoln's birthday. Will celebrate by reading 'When Lilacs last in the Dooryard Bloomed.'

"Long walks. Six-mile walk westward on the road to Eleusis; four-hour walk around the ancient city. In

this long wandering yesterday, circling the city southward, I came to a place in the Illysos (a river of the exact size and habits of my Buffalo creek) where an ancient cobblestone pavement ran across it making a yard-high waterfall. Here, I found by my home-made map, ran the Long Wall to Phaleron. A ditch led back from the 'river' toward the town. And in that ditch, through a sort of city-dump, I found six authentic stones of that Long Wall. Great powerful slabs, two of cheap old *poros,* dating from 600 B.C., two of Pentelic marble. One marble had fallen out of place into the slime. And by the divine gift of imaginative sight I saw the whole Long Wall to Phaleron restored, saved in one mind, living again for one belated moment in its purposeful beauty—the guarding of Athens from enemies. The bad secret of our world is that Athens had enemies.

"Will I go to Italy to meet you? I would go to hell to meet you.

"It is spring here now, February 15. There was no winter. Once there was snow. Each flake lasted a minute or two on the ground. There was snow on the roofs for half an hour.

"But you should have seen what the snow did to the mountains at Attica and Salamis!

"I never saw them before.

"I have finished the translation into Greek of the first act of 'The Athenian Women.' The first two acts are rewritten in English, with all my feeling of ancient Greece as a living place and people—a thousand times better play than it was. And in the translation I have learned Greek. I think in it now.

"I write poems of the new kind. I think in that form now.

"I would like to have 'The Athenian Women' pub-

lished here in Athens. Like the Loeb edition—English on one side, Greek on the other.

"My teacher is a wonderful boy from near Smyrna who is now supporting six relative refugees in his house. His mother died on the way from there, after twenty days without food. He wants to go to America. Has to have more money for his six than he makes now at the Bank of Athens.

"Have beautiful new poems and plays. Now believe the modern Greek, after two thousand years of wear and tear, more beautiful than ancient Greek. The words are like pebbles rolled in the stream of two thousand years."

There was a dream which made it hard to be alone. He saw something on a far hill. When he went to it he found a skeleton. It said: "I was Susan."

"It must be strange to be in Provincetown and Truro. I would not want to be there without you—seeing the graves of Nezer and Copy-Cat and the past. Must stop worrying about letters not reaching you. If only I reach you!"

Once, clean and sure as a light flashes, he felt he received a message from me. It used as medium an unfortunate experience we one day had at a railway-crossing station when visiting the mountain monasteries in the North of Greece. We had not understood about the train we were to take, and after waiting below discovered our train was on an upper grade. There was no one to help with luggage; a community fair was on and the upper platform jammed. Before we could get to the train it pulled out. Now—"A smashingly vivid feeling that I was on the cross-roads' railway station from Trikalo to Mpralo last October broke my lines of conscious thought out of the unconscious at 7.33 P.M., March 10. 'That's funny,' I

said to myself. Instant explanation by another inner voice: 'Susan just thought of that, or is again tense, helpless in confusion, and the image flashed.'

"What is it, Susan dear? I'm listening. Not well? Not enough strength?"

I had written that I was trying to bring Nilla back to Greece with me. "Perplexity about Nilla?" he asks now. "It's a lot to swing and a big change in our psychology. I am astonished at the different world which takes form from the fact of being responsible for a daughter. It instantly tends to make me the guardian of youth for its good. I won't! The best of me yet is my youth."

I was in New York at the time Jig felt my feeling had used our bad moment at the cross-roads as image. My difficulties were about the Provincetown Players. When Jig went away an interim of a year was declared. Then Jig is not coming back? they asked me now. No, not coming back. And the Provincetown Players? A group was playing in the theater. Those of us who had worked the longest preferred that this new thing, which had another purpose and quality, should not use our name. "The Provincetown Players end their story here." I was down there just once. I looked at the stage where I had so many times found Jig working. I could not see him working there again. I felt he had indeed left it, was through with it, had gone far away. Once he had said: "If they had chosen to create the myth of me! I needed the power of that loving mythic lie." In that he could have done anything, could have willed into existence a beauty which believing brought to be.

He was happy that Nilla was to live with us in Greece. He hoped that later his son Harl might be

there too. He wrote to Neith and Hutchins Hapgood, who were in Italy, "I wish I could persuade you to bring your family to this spiritually deeper land. I wish I had followed my impulse when I was twenty and come here instead of studying in Germany and France and Italy. Now I covet for my children the cultural foundation they would have by living in this country, mastering its living language, knowing its villagers, peasants and shepherds, breathing its millennial fragrance. With young earth-born richly vital Americans, from here we could once more conquer the world. They are so damned insignificantly shallow where they are. From here, what couldn't they do? What couldn't we have done from here?"

Through his teacher, Pararos, he had met some of the young people of Greece, students in the University of Athens, writers and artists, refugees who had had a little theater at Smyrna. There were Sunday walking-trips to Hymettus, Pentelikon. "I was getting misanthropic, seeing so much misery and stupidity, lied to, robbed. But these Sundays set me up for the whole week. Wonderful talks about Greece, both old and new. Sometimes we make wreaths for ourselves and wear them back to Athens—a gay procession over old Greek roads.

"So many things to tell you!" he wrote me. "I feel now that you are too good to be true, that something will happen, that I won't see you again. But we will!

"Just looked out of the window after sunset. The Acropolis, with its ruined beauty of buildings, is silhouetted. So are those headlands of the Peloponnesos across the Saronic Gulf, which we twice sailed around.

"I think of the big black close Acropolis now, and

that far-off little Acropolis we saw in the sun from your ship. And I think of you, lovelier to me than the Acropolis."

Then something which apparently he did not wish to send. He cut off three lines of it and sent: "I understood. From so deep, Susan. Because the stars have told me, out of such depth, who man is."

CHAPTER XLIV

TÒPUPPY

FROM our balcony in Agorgiani, a village on the far side of Parnassos, which only donkey-trails connect with the world, we looked down and saw a puppy running in and out of the bushes, emerging in preposterously fierce attacks, retreating in terror. It was brave to be that savage when you were that afraid, Jig said. "Shall I bring him up for you to play with?" he asked.

I lay on a bed of spruce on the floor of the balcony. Coming over the mountain from Delphi I had been thrown from my mule. Our way lay through Kalania, and when we entered that place I knew nothing else —not that the mules were too close together, that my beast had kicked another and would jump to escape the kick that would be returned. Jig said it was the old gods of Parnassos had done it, that in our return to Kalania we were feeling what had not been meant for mortals.

He went down for the puppy; not a puppy easy to catch, like a little wild animal. Under his fuzz he was all bones. When we gave him milk he could not believe he was to drink it. He was starving—"the game little fellow," Jig said. We soon found that the family who lived below abused both mother and pup. We kept the puppy upstairs with us a good deal, astonished him with soup.

One morning Nilla found him tied out in a driving

rain, as punishment for some puppy indiscretion. "Oh, well, of course we'll have to take him," said Jig helplessly, drying and comforting the forlorn little dog.

We called him Puppy, wanting to make him one. Theodora, our refugee maid, from strange places beyond Constantinople, gave him the Greek article, so he became TòPuppy. In a week he had accepted the fact that there is such a thing as joy in the world. We clapped our hands and cried "Good TòPuppy, nice TòPuppy," when he finally took heart and ran round the room with a shoe.

We arranged with Demos, our landlord who lived below, that TòPuppy become officially ours. He would stand at the head of the steps and bark savagely if his former owners tried to ascend to our balcony.

Of course Jig could not have a dog without undertaking his education. Soon that starving snarling pup was making gallant jumps and chasing what should have been his tail. "He's not Nezer," Jig said, "but he likes to learn things."

No, not Nezer; as he grew into the form that awaited him, he was a strangely constructed dog—low, and long; his father, we divined, was a dog from the flocks, he had a thick coat, a beautiful face. He was all out of drawing—not the dog one would have chosen, but we did not choose him. He was individual—appealing, and amusing in a rather distinguished way.

We were a curious household. When, at Sykia, on the shores of the Peloponnesos, Theodora was presented to us as possible servant, I said: "In the dead of one night she will run round and round the house with a torch, singing weird songs, and dancing madly." She would bring luncheon out to the balcony, but when she had set down the first dish, "Oh, the beautiful

air!" she might cry, flinging wide her arms. She would go to the spring and, singing, carry a keg of water up the rocky way on her head. *"O Puppies eni Kallos, O Puppies,"* she would say, ironically giving him the masculine plural as term of respect, and asking him what he would be pleased to have for lunch.

It was well we had Theodora and TòPuppy, for it was cold and rainy in Agorgiani; I could not walk, Jig was not well, food was hard to get. One day the flocks from high on Parnassos passed us going lower; it was a bad season and they had gone up too soon. We were left there in the cold rain, with Theodora, Tò-Puppy and the waters of Zambeos.

There is the story of a Greek who went to America. He prospered and wrote back to his mother: "This is where I live now. I remember you, but I never think any more of those places and people I used to know."

And the Greek mother wrote to her American son: "My son, forget the others. Forget me. But do not forget the waters of Zambeos."

Jig did not forget the waters of Zambeos, that is why we were there. On one of his mule-trips the year before he descended through a precipitous village to a square of plane-trees and stepped across a lively brook to the café. "It is a story-book town," he told me. "All the streets are trails beside brooks and waterfalls; the gardens hang on between the rocks. As you sit drinking under the plane-tree, your chair beside the brook, goats leap up the rocks, donkeys pass, and women spinning."

After you have lived by the waters of Zambeos you know that drama on Parnassos did not die with the gods. This little stream which arrives so merrily turns the mills and waters all that grows. It never

knows whether it is going to make glad potato-field or tract of wheat, though it can do both, for many and devious are the tiny trenches leading to brave little gardens. When you see a swift-moving woman with a pick, you may be sure her garden will that day grow more green. But if, on the upper edge of the village, high above the lower edge, you see three women with picks, no telling what the end will be. Stormy arguments as to who had the water yesterday may not stop short of whose grandfather it was stole the sheep.

After a woman has conducted the waters of Zambeos to her door-yard, has split the stream into twenty trenches, that no onion may thirst, when she has gone to the other side of the house to put the loaves of bread in the big stone oven suddenly she realizes she is not hearing all she should hear—and, yes, the water has languished by half. Then with her pick she runs raging, to find a few stones in her ditch and half the water diverted to tomatoes watered Tuesday.

Some days the water does not pause in Agorgiani at all, but makes a frothing tumble to the olives of the lower village. And if the village of the plain does not think the thunder of waters loud enough—whose beans are too green in upper Agorgiani?

We liked the days the water turned the mills, grinding the wheat and pounding the blankets.

One day Jig stood by the window, muttering. He twirled his hair, growing profane. "She's going away and leaving it like that!"

A few minutes later I saw him irrigating a potato-field.

Demos came upstairs; it was one of the days we were on good terms with Demos. "But why is Kyrios Kouk working so hard in those potatoes?"

I said he would have to ask the Kyrios.

So he approached Jig, who, coat off, was digging out stones, adjusting ditches to the slope. "Those are not our potatoes, Kyrios Kouk," said Demos politely. "They belong to a woman over there."

"The woman is a fool," replied Jig.

Demos was bewildered. "But why do you work so hard for such a lazy woman?"

Jig, in the act of dislodging a stone, raised a dirty face. "I'm not doing it for the woman. I'm doing it for the potatoes."

They thought he was strange.

Another morning Jig called from the balcony: "Susan! Nilla!" and pointed to the old threshing-floor, where big horses six abreast, ran round and round, treading the grain. The horse on the inside moved slowly, and he on the outside swiftly—the six maintaining a *tempo,* though each must move differently—a beautiful dance of horses on golden grain.

Jig was not home for lunch. Later Nilla and I found him in a circle of peasants who were eating on the threshing-floor. He partook of their cheese and olives, their bread and wine—bottles and loaves in the center of their circle, the golden grain beside them, the big horses grazing around, all of this in the light, against the dark bulk of the mountain.

That day with the horses made him dream of his own old Daisy, she who had been his companion along the Mississippi. He wrote of it to his brother. "I dreamed last night that Daisy had a colt. She ran away, forgetting the colt and me and her habits and her barn. The colt ran with her a mile, as far as Dutcher's, then got lost. She went on, around a strange mountain, not in Iowa, the dream's home, but in my dearly beloved Greece. With the help of

some Greek stranger, up one thousand yards, near the aqueduct that gives water to Delphi, I caught her and made her be a Greek horse, knowing the road and going it without bridle. We rode back, I on my old Daisy, and when we got to Dutcher's, the lost colt found his mother, and she didn't know what he needed. I woke up distrusting my faithfulest fellow-worker, Daisy, crying because she didn't understand her colt."

The dream so brought Daisy back into life that next day he could do nothing but write of her, telling, in the verse to which his thinking now often went, the real story of Daisy, who died before her colt was born.

That powerful female
Stabled and harnessed to our use,
First a gay show-horse,
Parading in town with her dance-step,
Feeling more sensitively than we
What we feel of social drama.
Then a plow horse
Pet and pride who had to go to work,
Long terrible work,
Turning the earth,
No place for dance-steps.

She had two wonderful years
Of unbridled colthood,
And one great moment.

His writing would interrupt itself. It was as if the dream-quality continued:

Like petals over a gleaming heart
Alternate bud and flower,
Black no and crimson yes,
Like nights and days
Love's intermittent signal-lights from shore
To ships at sea.

Beautiful words racing to me,
Wishing to be part

Of beauty's heart,
Words racing to me
Like wind-swift stallions racing in the sun,
With black coats of iridescent sweat,
Like mosquito water on a pond,
Your muscles moving in visible beauty
Beneath your skins,
You who have the strength and speed
Of prehistoric verse.

Now it is Daisy again:

She had love's will,
Hers and her stallion's
And told him what he never knew—the meaning!
Being two,
But melting
In one.
People live in vain wanting to know
What Daisy knew.
I heard her words of gratitude
No one could misunderstand.
"She's thanking him,"
Said an uncouth villager
In voice of wonder.
He saw and the sight filled his heart
With reverent understanding.

Then
Through the narrow valley
Of hickories, lindens, sycamores and walnuts,
To the barn across the crick.

My heroine
Did not, like Sara late
Have the offspring she so surely needed.
Dear old Daisy
Got out of the barn one night
And over into a field
Full of something horses like
But bad for them.
And having wanted that stuff
All her thwarted life,
When she got her chance
Like an old god
She gratified her long desire for it. And died.

CHAPTER XLV

THE BROOK RUNS RED

NILLA was studying Greek. She began with the spoken language. From that she would work her way back to ancient Greek, and the whole would be living tissue for her. We have heard it somewhere before. In John Alden's room, Harvard, '93.

She loved it as they had known they would love it. Her table was on the balcony and hour after hour she would sit working with a Greek verb, calling through the window to Jig, who was writing a poem in ancient Greek. And because youth is the time for learning languages, in the end Nilla was speaking Greek with greater facility than Jig himself.

As I watched them working together, I would remember a letter Jig wrote Nilla in those troubled days before he left New York. "I wish you were here to pick up some golden fragments from the breakage of my life." He talked of his mother. "Ma-Mie failed, but she dared the impossible. I have more richly failed. If you were here seeing how great and beautiful life is if one is equal to it. If you could see how by a hair's breadth I miss being a transforming force in the theater of our unrealized nation. Then, Nilla, you would have behind you a great tradition. You would walk with a torch lighting your way." In this letter, "a cry out of real depth to my daughter," he talks of Ma-Mie's father, Leroy Dodge, who piloted his steamboat down the Mississippi. He talks of that

square man Dad Cook. "Why shouldn't I save you the mistakes which wasted my abundant life?"

I have been light-bringer
To those around me
Because light is born in me
And is there as a gift to be given,
And I have not given it to you,
And my life seems to me wasted
Because I have not.
Having been
So much myself
I would like to be also
A link—a moment of transition—
Between our powerful past
And you.
I'd like to save you somehow from the bunk
And hokum
With which America is doped.
I'd like to hand you
The clean tools of thought
Like well-filed, unrusted chisels
By which a sound spirit
Can maintain its soundness
In a rusty and dull world.
I'd like, for a change, in short,
To get some real understanding
Between two successive generations
Instead of the traditional
Stupid misunderstanding
Between stupid old age
And stupid youth.

Now one saw the fourteen-year-old girl turn an eager face from the papers in which she had been absorbed and, in Greek, call through the window to her father; saw him bring "The Athenian Women," which he was translating into modern Greek, out to the balcony, to talk of a word with his daughter.

One wonders if man ever got his Greek in such everyday ways. His translation of his play has in it the people whose lives touched his, and gives him to all of them—to Theodora, even to Demos, to the good

postman who came up the mountain and blew his horn to tell us there were letters. A man would come to sell a chicken and remain to discuss a phrase. "How would you say it?" They would be astonished, at first embarrassed. Never before had a stranger thus talked with them of the words they spoke. They would come out of his room a warmer light on their faces, something more than they went in.

At times the translation was taken down to the square of the plane-tree beside the energetic brook. Perhaps he would join the table of the priest and the doctor. Once as they sat talking of the great dream that had been dreamed for Athens, the clear brook suddenly ran red—above some one had killed a lamb. Jig watched it flow by for its moment, then, ordering *oozo* for the party, plunged into a talk about death. A drinking-talk it was—robust, even jovial, a taking of death right into the party. Death was important, he said. We should make more of it. Why let it happen to us in any stupid way it might happen? Why not make it what we wanted it to be—our deaths an expression of our lives? "Now I," he said, "have come to Parnassos to die." Others drew nearer, and word went around the square that Kyrios Kouk was saying he had come to Parnassos to die. Only, it was hard to die alone. We had grown used to living together. Could we not arrange to die together?

"Do you know what I have thought would be a beautiful death?" He pointed, and all followed his eye up the mountain to a great hanging rock that made a cave. "Collect the stones yourself, knowing as you get them that they are to seal that natural tomb. You go in, for the last rocks must be arranged from within. Not the creature of chance, but of your own will you enter your tomb when you feel the hour has come for

you to die. Only"—he looked around; yes, it would be lonely, securing those last stones. And to take one's own life would be less beautiful than to have this done for one by a friend. A compact, a final comradeship, a last kindness, you doing for the friend what he does for you. But one must choose carefully—he is important, that friend with whom you have the last of life.

Across the brook he saw Demos, who had that morning kicked his donkey. "Demos," he said, "I will not die with you." Demos looked cast down. Jig's eyes went from man to man with whom he sat. He rose. "Doctor, I invite you to die with me. You and I will build our tomb, doing that last thing for one another. Together we will go from life to death!"

It was not all fooling. It had a powerful undercurrent. And a strangeness—in the Greek words, there in the village square beside the mountain stream which had just run red.

The doctor was moved. He shook Jig's hand. "I —I must think," he said, and to the astonishment of every one abruptly left the party.

The next day the priest came to see us. Kyrios Kouk must not talk more, he gently admonished, about the doctor entering the tomb with him. Yes, it had been beautiful—there by the brook yesterday, and the doctor was touched that he of all men should be chosen. But he had a family—he was the doctor of the village. He was not free to die.

Here too a play seriousness not altogether covered seriousness. Jig laughed. "The doctor is worried!" But he looked up at the rock. "What a tomb it would be!"

The next week we heard a familiar "Kyrios Kouk!"

and there was our merry Andreas Korylss of Delphi, getting off his mule. He unstrapped a jug of wine. "From Delphi!"—he cried, for it was terrible we should so long be drinking the wine of Agorgiani. (Each village likes to commiserate with you on having been obliged to drink the wine of another village.) What were we doing here? Andreas demanded. Delphi had now come to Kalania. They were awaiting us. "And what is this talk about your building your tomb in Agorgiani and choosing the doctor to die with you? You do not belong to Agorgiani. You belong to Delphi. Is it not so, Kyria?" he turned to me.

We had been saying we were not going back to Kalania. Part of the time there had been too many fleas there. And there was bandit excitement. One Karathanasius, taking advantage of a new law for dealing with the bandits, a dreadful law which freed any outlaw who killed another outlaw, had come into Arakova the other day with the heads of three bandits and, himself a free man, welcomed with a ringing of church bells, received from the Government the rewards on these heads. He claimed they were bad bandits, who had not kept the faith, but the episode did not make them a people on whom one cared to depend.

Anyway, we ought to know other parts of Greece. Why not camp this summer on Olympos? Somehow we never quite believed it while we were saying it.

"Suppose the bird came back, and we didn't," Jig said.

A few days later we told Demos we were leaving for Kalania.

That afternoon he sent up a note. "Will you please return TòPuppy? It is not good for him to go so high on the mountain, and he is good for the hunt."

Locking TòPuppy in a room with Nilla, Jig and I went below.

Jig was angry enough, but I have never in my life known anger like this. That TòPuppy, after knowing life with us, should be returned to the kind of life he would have with them—to ask you to "return" the dog you have saved and come to love. . . . The interview was short.

That evening Demos was saying Americans were bad people. Even the women would shake a fist in your face and threaten to kill—just for something you had said about a dog. But what could you do with people like that, he wanted to know. They were dangerous. You had to let them have their own way.

Fearing conflict at the last minute, while the mules were being laden, Jig took TòPuppy in his arms and started for Kalania. We overtook them resting at a spring.

CHAPTER XLVI

OUR DAYS AT KALANIA

THE first thing we did at Kalania was put crumbs and water on the table of stone. There were birds around who looked like our bird, for he was what one who did not know him would call an ordinary bird—*kombojanne,* they are called there, a little like the robin, but smaller, and not the robin's beautiful note. Jig talked to all the *kombojannes,* but no one of them flew down to the table.

The chances were against it, we knew. Our bird would have wintered in lower places. Whenever we saw men shooting birds, or boys throwing stones, we felt how unlikely it was we would ever again see the bird's fragile feet on his table of stone as we all had breakfast under the spruce-tree. Jig feared he might have done the bird an injustice in making him so tame. Perhaps there could not be that relation between man and bird.

In the early morning birds would came to the spring to drink. A man who had a *kalyvi* there would sit in his doorway and shoot at them. Jig thought of shooting this man while he was shooting the birds, but instead he talked to him. What in this world, he asked, was more lovely than a bird drinking at a spring in the first light of day? After that talk we did not hear those shots.

One day we saw a bird in a branch over the tent. This was where our bird had sat. Jig whistled, but

TòPuppy was running around, and the bird retreated.

"TòPuppy," Jig said, "do you see that bird? That is a friend bird, TòPuppy; you are to love, honor, and cherish that bird." TòPuppy listened gravely.

Next day the bird was again in the bough over the tent. He and Jig had a conversation. The following morning our bird had breakfast with us, as of old.

"Suppose he had been here waiting for us, and we had not come!" Jig would repeat. More at home than ever, he would fly in the tent, perch on the boughs of Jig's bed, saying: "Time for breakfast!"

Theodora seemed dissatisfied with us; Nilla learned it was because we did not have big enough fires at night. "Those people down in the valley are nothing but poor Greeks, yet they have bigger fires than the rich Americans." So the rich Americans went around the mountain gathering dry boughs. We found the purpose of this evening fire was that Theodora jump over it—or through it, indeed. It was as some mad rite in which she could not be restrained. Around this fire she told us stories of her village beyond the Bosphorus; it was an Arabian Nights' Entertainment, for each night, after jumping over the fire, she sat in the same way and told—How her uncle, coming along the road, met a dog—"large, white, beautiful, like TòPuppy," she put in, quite inaccurately, but to charm us. Her uncle took the dog home and in the night it turned into a Turk.

Theodora believed her stories. In some of them Jig recognized the most ancient stories of Greece. She told also of her happy life in the house by the wide fig-tree, of how one day Turks came and killed her father and her brothers, burned the house and sent them wandering past their own olives and vineyard, into a world they did not know.

Even after we had all gone to bed—Jig in the tent, I in my spruce-bough hut, Nilla in hers, Theodora in hers, each under her own tree, Theodora would continue to entertain us. We would hear a violent pounding on the tin water-bucket hanging on Theodora's tree, which with a long pole she could reach from her bed. "What is it, Theodora?" "The *micra zoa* has come!" The little beast was a mouse, and in violent Greek, to the music of pole on bucket, he was sent to the mother of the devil, apparently the worst character the Greek knows anything about. Other evenings Theodora was good-natured and would sing to the *micra zoa*. Some nights we would hear her crying.

Almost asleep, we might be wakened by a clatter. Athanasisus' goat, on hind legs, had stretched her long neck and knocked melons and coffee-can from their cupboard in the tree.

Or perhaps TòPuppy would begin an excited barking. Just where were the bandits to-night? "Did you hear anything?" I would hear whispered from Nilla's bower. "Nothing but a lizard rustling the boughs," I would reply, to quell my own apprehensions with hers. Then we would hear the great sigh of the trees, the flock in the distance, would look through our boughs to the stars. It was too beautiful, too calm, to let one be afraid.

Here comes the donkey from Delphi,
Here comes the donkey from Delphi!

we would sing (to the tune "We kept the pig in the parlor") when we saw him emerge from the spruce at the other end of Kalania and, very wide, begin his slow walk across the valley. All stopped whatever we were doing and helped unpack him. Luscious figs and grapes he brought, meat, the big round loaves

just from the stone oven, wine, squashes like interrogation points, laundry and olive-oil and tomatoes, cigarettes, typewriter-paper and letters. He stood there tired but important, knowing he had forgotten nothing, and that life could not go on without him.

"The sheep-bells are making their great unforeseen music down in the valley of this cup of the mountain," Jig, by the candle in his tent, one night wrote to a friend. "The shepherd is trying to scare away the wolves from the defenseless sheep. Day before yesterday we bandaged the wounds of a man 'eaten' by shepherd-dogs. One year earlier we bandaged the wounds of the owner of these same dogs, when the old shepherd was shot by a friend of the dead Robin Hood bandit of this our mountain. I sleep with three dogs as outposts in my ancient-looking stone-wall fort on the mountain-side, beside my bed a 'European' flashlight and automatic pistol.

"I read Euripides, and think of what I should have written of my time.

"I hear daily from my shepherd friends a language queerly like Homer's. Only, unfortunately, I no longer like that gentleman-poet, having finally seen, on the spot, that he was not in the least primitive. He was the court-poet of his highly sophisticated time, a lick-spittle of any man, rich or poor, who would give him a good dinner, and since the rich gave more dinners than the poor, a praiser of the rich.

"The autobiographical fragments discarded by our too-skeptical scholars give an essentially true picture of our fellow-artist of twenty-seven hundred years ago. He was as perceptibly one person as I am, though more able than I to get his gifts into line with the common desire of his time. Hearing the sheep-bells and the wolf-cries of the shepherds—one sounds loudly

now—I think less of poets such as Homer and more of the life around him which he did not write about. I also think less of myself for not writing more of the life around me.

"From the depth of my insanity—as deep as that of Strindberg—I could have written America. If there had only been a few people to say, 'Yes, that—only more so!' Half my deficiency and half that of the people among whom I lived, and whose voice and vision I should have been.

"A beautiful big moth flew into my midnight candle—one, three, five times . . . into the light . . . into the light. . . .

"I am writing this long letter without much hope of its reaching your eyes, but in a fantastic faith that what I feel while writing will reach you sub-consciously with my love."

One day Jig picked up a book I was reading. "A mean release just now reading 'Zarathustra.' I am glad to find that the great Nietzsche is in some respects my inferior. Glad for obvious base reasons, and also for a good reason. Nietzsche, in spite of his splendid tension, being always mad, while only a fraction of me has madness, Nietzsche's unwholeness reveals some need of my speech reporting what I have seen; I am truer than Nietzsche—not having quite that strain of irreconcilable elements and beliefs in myself. Easier for me to be true than for him. What was valuable in him was the intense difficulty of being true—the electric hesitation between his vivid truth and his vivid desire—which would not be the same."

I remember that talk about Nietzsche, sitting on the steps Jig had made leading down from his tent; remember how he laughed as he said: "Friedrich

Nietzsche's eagle beauty has been pecked to pieces by parrots," adding "each sure he is the bird." Thanks to these parrots no kind man can do as he pleases without being branded weakling. We drank from the jug the donkey had brought from Delphi, and Jig was for tying a millstone to the neck of Nietzsche, and Jesus too if it had to be done to get rid of Nietzsche, so that a human being could once more think his thoughts and feel his feelings.

As we talked he had been throwing stones for Tò-Puppy to return. Now TòPuppy was left a long time looking down at the stone at Jig's feet. Jig was looking down at it too. Abruptly he went in the tent.

> Does a tip from all the generations interest you?
> I was Demodokos, the blind singer,
> I will see and sing again
> When all of us, young and old,
> Shall sleep
> In the beautiful sleep which never wakes.

Jig was not well. I found him thinner when I returned from America, and he was thinner now than then. He would get tired of the food. In Agorgiani I urged to go to Athens and see a doctor. He would say he was going, but instead wanted to come to Kalania.

His thinner face, and his beard, made him look older. His mustache was black, like the eyebrows, but the beard, like his hair, was white. "Let it be wild here on Parnassos," he said, "then later we can see what it wants to do." He enjoyed the beard. I used to tease him about getting vain, for he would look at it and comb and form it this way and that. His white hair, too, would grow rather long. He looked like a

man of the mountain; more and more his eyes were the eyes of a seer.

He liked the shepherd's clothes, worn also by the peasants. A gray or black tunic, white tights of beautiful wool from the sheep of Parnassos, spun and woven by the women, heavy half-shoes crowned with pom-poms, a little black skull cap. One day when he was admiring Elias Scarmouches' *rouka* Elias cried: "You live here with us now. Why do you not wear our *rouka*?" Together they went to Amphissa, for Elias must see that all was as it should be. They called him the King of the Shepherds when he walked through Delphi in these clothes. His tunic of black and white, embroidered in white, fitted to the waist, and with full short skirt, the rich tone of the long white woolen tights—it made him very tall, and indeed kingly. His long heavy staff with its carved head had been given to him by a villager, because Jig said it was the most beautiful one he had seen. He loved its strength and the feel of it in his hand. As he walked, white hair and beard under the small round black cap, he seemed some other kind of high-priest—clothed in authority, having sight.

"I do not want to live beyond sex," Jig said to me. One night, unable to sleep, feeling alone, not enough loved, he came into my hut, sat on the boughs beside me. I cannot tell how things were with him, without saying something of this. He was unhappy because it was not as it had been in the first years. "We who were those mad lovers. . . ." Was not that one of the things we had to accept, I said. After years together, something goes, yet is it all loss? Does not something also come? He did not care for that way of looking at it, he said. He was the lover. In his loving was all of himself, and without it himself was

impoverished. He had a rare gift for romantic, intense love. It created a world in which his spirit could be. More than once he said to me, "But we will lie alone so long in our graves. . . ." To succeed in love is the greatest beauty in life. Love is fulfilment, and the great ordeal. We have our failures. Yet I think he always knew I loved him.

CHAPTER XLVII

BUILDING WALLS

ONE day Jig looked up from his Greek Bible. "There he comes!"

I saw only Elias Scarmouches, emerging from the spruce. He carried a lamb over his shoulders, in the manner of the archaic Dorian Apollo, hind legs in his right hand, fore legs in his left.

"That is Abel, the shepherd," said Jig.

Abel passed a great rock in which was a cave where a woman with her distaff stood spinning. He passed a boy pulling a lamb out of the wheat, a field in which peasants from Delphi were tying bundles of grain on the donkey. As always, Elias brought with him that feeling of "civilization" never having been at all.

When I had set out the wine, Jig told Elias his version of the Cain and Abel story. "I will make a play of it, and you will be Abel."

So was conceived his play, beginning with Delphi when temples were not, when men lived in those caves which are there to-day, above temple and theater. He had been reading Hesiod and thinking about the first farmer. "Cain and Abel are here. I personally know them both. If you don't believe it, I can show you their photographs," he wrote to a friend.

"Time, A thousand years before Homer. Place, The mountain slope beneath The Shining Rocks, where Delphi will be built. Base of a great fir-tree, a hut of fir branches, woven like a basket. Two fathoms

lower, in the center of my vision, the stage, a circular threshing-floor of stone. Right, a six-foot rock, as an altar. Back, across the gorge, a thousand-foot rock. One-third of the way up is a black-mouthed cave, from which a narrow path zigzags down the rock and disappears in the gorge."

Cain, though his name becomes Shah, is the farmer. A sickle, fruits of the earth, a woven coat. Az, the shepherd, has a crook, a sheepskin coat. Neith, the wife of Shah, has a distaff and is teaching the wife of Az to spin.

There is a boy throwing stones at the birds. He pauses to pull a lamb out of the wheat. What becomes the Rock of the Sibyl, is an altar of naked rock. Az brings his lamb for sacrifice, carrying it over his shoulders. He looks at his brother as he says, *"My* burnt offering." Taking the lamb behind the altar he lays it down bound. He prays to the god. The family gathers to watch and join in prayer. Then the father, the old hunter, takes out his knife. He places it at the throat but stops, lays down the knife, takes off the collar with bells. The farmer says, "Gay little bells." A child sobs. "We won't hear the lamb's bells any more." "Do you grudge giving to God what you most love?" All accept this, unconsciously bowing to it. You see the movement of the old hunter's arm as his knife cuts the throat of the lamb. Shah, the farmer, looks at the stream of blood. "I do not like the sight of blood." There is a flash of lightning. No thunder. "We see, but do not hear. It is the smile of the god."

Shah takes from the threshing-floor his offering of wheat and lentils. There is lightning and low thunder. The father turns away his face. Here must be shown the savage mind, acting in the light of symbols re-

vealed. "Clothes, food, shoes, all come from the sheep. It would be as well if the sheep ate the wheat."

Shah: "That is the old way. I made the distaff. I made the loom. We have the house in one place. The family can stay here now because I made the wild land tame. We have bread."

The father accuses Shah of jealousy of his brother. In anger he who has made the wild land tame strikes his shepherd brother in the throat with his sickle.

As Az falls and dies the father curses Shah, calling on the lightning to strike him. There is thunder. Shah defies the lightning. The others wait in fear because God is not there to strike him.

Through it all the women spin, the sheep pass.

The Cain-Abel play was a reality on Parnassos that summer. It lived for shepherds who paused with their flocks, and for the tiller of the soil who came up from the valley. Sometimes, when there together, both sides got in character, and once there was trouble, as a man who had a little field of peas accused Elias of letting his lambs nibble the edges.

The second act, or second play, as Jig thought it, for they were separate plays with *motifs,* refrains, through all, and all against the great geology and civilization of the place itself,—this second play was in the great period of Greece, and where we have seen the offerings of lamb and wheat we now see Alcibiades and Socrates consulting the Oracle in the Temple of Apollo. As these two Athenians sit facing their fate, which is also the fate of civilization, we hear the bells of the flock being watered at the Castalian Spring. There is a boy throwing stones at the birds. The women spin. The sheep pass.

Then a scene in our time, in 1893, when the village stands on the buried ruins of the Temple. The Rock

of the Sibyl, which was the altar of naked rock in the far-distant days of the first offerings, has been excavated. The old threshing-floor too is laid bare. On the earth which still covers the Sacred Way peasants are dancing. That holy place is now the village square, and they make merry before the café. A boy is throwing stones at the birds. As the archeologists and their workers begin tearing down the village houses to lay bare the Temple, two visitors, modern philosophers like Nietzsche and William James, are talking of life. There is here a scene of noble drama, not unworthy the drama conceived in Greece when men were building temples.

We see the black-mouthed cave from which men came. The women spin. The sheep pass.

In his tent he would become excited as he dwelt with this. That it might grow in him he would go out and build walls. Our camp did indeed resemble an ancient fortress, so beautiful, Jig said, it deserved to be made more beautiful. He designed with the big stones that were all around him. After he had worked for a time —bending, lifting, balancing, he would go in and make such notes for his play as: "Write a dance. The picture-rhythm must all of it have that significance of unconscious symbol. These people are good or bad according to the rhythm they create.

"Stylistic rhythm—a thing I turned away from after too shallow youthful absorption in it. Whatever is said is to be said in tempo, in honor of the importance of my stolen violin.

"The passion of beautiful utterance is real as a spruce-tree seen jaggedly black against the evening sky.

"But the style is formed by the thing. The thing is formed by the dream. The dream is me.

"To universalize my own intensest life—my fear of

death, my seeking of death. We seek the thing we fear—to enjoy fear—to enjoy victory over fear. That is the ecstasy of courage. That can be victory over death.

"Battle against the inertia which prevents expression. Expression of the spirit means the spirit existing in action. An inert soul is a dead soul. An inert soul is worse than dirty finger-nails. A brooding soul motionless but meditating movement to come is not inert. It is more beautiful than action."

And all the while the walls grew, the steps, the seats. Our dining-terrace, with the table Jig had made, the stones he had set for seats, behind it the fireplace at which Athanasius now cooked, taking his utensils from a tree (Theodora had left the mountain because "the cosmos" was not there), all this was a little plateau, and stone steps, walled on both sides, led up to it. Below, under the tent tree, was the smaller fireplace where we had coffee, our afternoon tea, sometimes chocolate late at night. Here too were seats, and around the whole place the natural fortress which was indicated had been raised to a wall. It had been cleared of what confused, sloped and molded. I would protest when I saw Jig carrying stones too heavy. He would say, "I'm only going to work two hours this morning," and then would work all day. He grew more thin all the time. We could not stop him. What he wanted was to make these walls, fitting stone against stone, sometimes taking down a whole wall to make it better, until they approached the strength and beauty of walls of ancient Greece. The stones immediately around our camp having been used, he would go farther, carrying home the back-bending load. When he found them above he would roll them down; we grew used to that sound of a great rock tumbling down the mountain, would look out to

see Jig following. "But, Jig, you are exhausting yourself, and there is your play of—"

He would point to the curve in the path he was making. "If each man shaped one little piece of the earth, how beautiful the world would become!"

The people too would reason with him. "This is such hard work for you, Kyrios Kouk, and soon you will be going away and leaving it."

"Never mind," he would say. "It will be here."

Often they stayed and worked with him. Some of our gayest times were built into the walls. "Look," Jig would say to Elias Scarmouches, who paused on his way to the spring. "See the nice pebble I have put in place."

"Pooh," Elias would cry, looking about for a more massive stone, himself lifting it to the wall.

"Now I know how Mycenæ was built," Jig laughed.

Once a mock order was sent across the valley that Kalania had decided Kyrios Kouk was to build no more walls. Our protests amused him, and he was amused by himself, as if part of him could laugh at what another part was doing. I see him now, bending over his wall, patiently fitting stone against stone, so absorbed that when one drew near to speak to him he might look up a little dazed. "Won't you sit down and rest now, Jig? Some coffee, or something?"

"Oh, that would be nice," he would say, with a sweet gratefulness he had. But when you tried to get him to come, "I must finish this corner first." He was indeed one of those sculptors of whom he wrote, whose job and destiny it was to shape his earth into idea. On moonlight nights he would stand looking at the tree-shadows on his walls. After he had cleared its form, our camp those moonlight nights was less a fortress than a shrine. We moved through it in a quiet way, as through a meaning only half disclosed.

CHAPTER XLVIII

"AT FIFTY I ASK GOD"

WITH our friend Rapp we made a mule journey to the summit of Parnassos, many hours over the mountain, for Parnassos is a spreading region. Athanasius was busy the day before; he made a fire in a cave and roasted a lamb on a long stick. This becomes a rite, done to the drinking of wine, to slow songs of many verses.

Too much has not been said of what one sees from the peak of Parnassos, yet what meant most was, not our goal, but the secret spring along the way,—off the trail to the summit, unknown to the stranger, unknown even to people of the mountain. We stayed the night at this place where man seldom comes. We looked across a clearing at the muleteers, lying around their fire, against the dark trees, singing their curious lonely songs.

Exhilarating to leave even the spruce and come out on the dry pungent things of the high open. We got off the animals to walk on the crunchy moss and pay tribute to the bright brave little flowers. "Reached the rock hut of the highest shepherd," Jig wrote. We had lunch at the base of the peak, which we must climb on foot. Jig went ahead; from below we saw him standing on the topmost rock of Parnassos. It is the thing to see the sun rise from Parnassos; we saw it set—saw Greece ecstatic with color, saw the color go, the light dim and the first stars come.

At the foot of the peak, across a place of deep soft moss, shepherd-boys came running in their long gray capes. In blankets we lay all night before the stone hut of the highest shepherd, looking up at large bright stars, hearing the bells of the flock that moved round the summit.

But life is mixed, and next morning on the high places of Parnassos we had a quarrel with mule-men who we learned were planning to charge twice what we had expected to pay.

When we got back to Kalania our camp seemed a place of comfort and ordered beauty. TòPuppy, left home with the caretaker, came barking as soon as he saw our mule-train enter the valley. The bird, we learned, had come for his breakfast, but seemed lonely and sat on his low bough, watching, listening.

The worst quarrel Jig and I ever had was about the bird. He was now so sure of us that he not only had breakfast on his table, but as we sat at lunch or supper on our upper terrace he would perch on TòPuppy's drinking-pan. That afternoon Jig had been writing to one whom he felt blurred the purpose of the Provincetown Players, shaping to commonplace success "our attempt at energetic beauty." He had not written of it for a long time; now, from this other life, he saw back to that one with a new clearness. After the intensity of his afternoon in the tent he could not eat his supper, but sat there brooding. The bird flew to TòPuppy's pan. Jig took a piece of bread and threw it at the bird. "Oh," I protested, as there was a flutter of frightened wings, "you've driven the bird away!"

I could not believe it was happening when Jig seized my arm and I looked up into the blaze of rage, of hate, it seemed, in his eyes. "God damn it, does *no*

one understand?" Anger grew with the violent words.

Why should I have assumed he didn't know what he was doing? Who was it had tamed the bird? He had thrown with purpose, that the bird should understand nothing he did to him meant harm. Frightened this time, but he would come back, find the bread, he would not be frightened next time. It was a further step, but like the others, I would not see!

Resentments against all who would not see flooded —blinded—this resentment against me. There was a moment when I was afraid.

Nilla defended me, whereupon, reproaching both of us with certain other things, saying he was tired of living with Susan and Nilla, he called Athanasius' dog Dick, and taking his revolver, though darkness had come, he started on the long way down to Delphi.

"Very well, we will go to Paris," I said to Nilla, one of those things you think you believe, but which doesn't sound true as you hear it.

Our camp on Parnassos was a strange place that night. I sat under the tent tree, beside Jig's wall. I would say to myself that Jig was unreasonable, that anybody in the world would say he was wrong. And I knew at the same time that something in me did not agree with those people who would say he was wrong; I knew that underneath his being wrong, was something pure, right, and that in this thing was himself. He had thrown at his bird, but he was indeed trying for that further thing in which, had he been believed, encouraged, might have come a relation of greater intensity, a new beauty in the world. . . .

He had left hurriedly, his papers were blowing in the tent. I picked one up from the floor. "The drama of my striving to create drama. The Dionysian savagery ready to destroy, seeking a rhythmic beauty

of destruction. A rhythmic surging up to death as keynote and triumphant goal."

Jig said Kalania seemed heaven to him when two days later he rode into our spruce-trees, ascending his steps to the place he had made beautiful.

It was mid-September; all but the shepherds had gone down from the mountain. The nights were long and cold. We would say it was time to go lower, but when sunshine came next morning, none of us could bear to leave. We clung to the place as if it were right we be there.

"Little bird," Jig said one morning, "you must go with the other birds." The birds were migrating, but it seemed our bird now identified himself with us. Had we taken him too far out of his bird life? Was this a thing which could not be? Perhaps what the bird wanted this time was to go with us. He seemed to be saying that as he watched the other birds go.

One of those last nights at Kalania Jig wrote: "At Fifty I Ask God."

Sought for a life-time and still unfound!
By now, God, not of my fathers, but of the future,
You should be me!
You have had the chance
To be the movement of my thought
The rhythm of my thinking.
Oh, loved sunset light of boyhood,
You who were so simply God to me
You should be the eternal chain
Who link these futile passing moments into meaning
Like yours!
Do you remember your sunset sky—Great Brother?
Your secret of immeasurable love
Told beyond shadow of doubt
Between the deep pure indentations
Of those young walnut leaves?
You stirred in me
Profounder love
Than this edge of the world

Is worthy of.
Why, in my long slow life,
Not faithless,
Have you not silently become
My voice, my words, my heart-beat and my blood?
Why have I been you,
You me
For only twenty seconds out of fifty years?
Brother, who are the soul of all the stars,
Who made yourself one with me
When you made me open my arms
With love of you,
In unison known and felt
By you and me,
But after you made me you
When I had lived in you fifteen years,
How can it be that now
When I have been in you
Fifty years
This which is me
Can be
Still more ungodlike?
What is wrong with you?
What other than you
Shapes us here in our insect-point of light, our star, our earth?
Why do the cities of men
Remain
In their soul-destroying ugliness
What they are
While you reveal yourself to boys
Between the walnut leaves?

It is a long poem, written in that one night, written fast, as if it were all there, ready to be said. Jig read it to me one day in Delphi, in late November, and broke down as he read how in youth he had been sure he was the only true deep mystic who had ever in this world experienced ecstasy. "But now, humbler with the down-slope of my life. . . ." "I didn't know I was feeling all that," he said. "Why, this is my life. This is what I mean." He said it was chaotic and he would work with it. But he never did; it is as it came from him at Kalania, when he sat all night in his tent

writing. Seeing his light, I went in, but when I saw his face I did not speak to him. The sheets of paper all around him, he was writing with a concentration whose intensity seemed almost rigid, as if this were indeed the essence of his days. A good deal later, when I heard him moving about I went in to him. He was trembling—cold, exhausted. And strange.

The nights had grown too cold to permit us to stay on for the beautiful sunshine of the short days. Among the things we sent for from Delphi was a large bird-cage. Jig was distressed because the bird had remained behind the other birds. It was intolerable to think of his perhaps staying on here alone, thinking we would come back. We would take him with us down to Delphi. We would have Jig's big room screened, put boughs against the ceiling; perhaps the bird would be happy there. After a time he might fly around in our almond- and fig-trees, living with us as he had here at Kalania.

He flew into the cage for crumbs and water. It was a hard moment for Jig when the bird beat against the wires of his cage. This was the thing that was not to have been. "No, you do not understand. You will have to trust me for a little while." The bird grew more quiet.

The tent had been taken down. Jig and Nilla and I sat in our places before the fireplace, where we would not have breakfast again. Jig walked all around, examining his walls and steps, picking up things that had been thrown about in packing. He put his arm around me, and we stood there. "You have made it so beautiful, and now we must go away and leave it."

"Yes," he said, "we must go away, but others will come. Men passing over the mountain will find it. Perhaps it will become a place to rest."

Jig did not get on his mule. He said he would walk, carrying the bird, so it would be less frightened. Three hours he walked that rough way to Delphi, carrying the cage in a way to shake it least, talking to the bird.

CHAPTER XLIX

THE PLAY BEGINS

ELIAS SCARMOUCHES had come down the mountain astounding Delphi with the announcement Kyrios Kouk was writing a lay for him to act.

The first night over at Andreas Korylss', after the wine had gone round several times, Andreas, the Aristophanes of Delphi, running about in a stylized sort of way, nimbly bantering, said he could act better than Elias Scarmouches.

The V deepened between Jig's eyes as he sat watching things going on. He turned to me. "You belong to the Delphic Players."

"Indeed I do not," I replied, perhaps more hastily than convincingly, for I felt something like destiny in this. "I am through with groups."

"Through with this group? Look at it."

I looked at those people of the mountain in the low room before the great barrels, their faces lighted by lantern lamps, by the occasional flame from the open fire. A donkey, tired of awaiting his master, stuck his head in at the door. A man felt good and got up and began to dance, singing. Others wanted to hear about this play in which Elias and Andreas were to act; they leaned toward Jig, waiting. As he twisted his beard all saw that he was excited by what was growing in his mind.

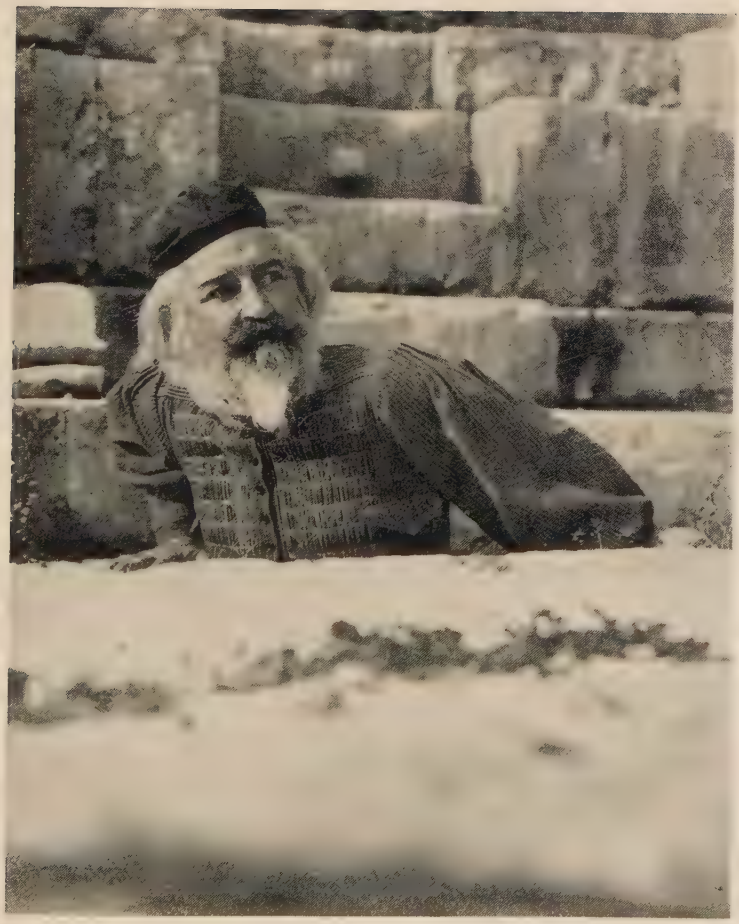
"It could be another Oberammergau! And straight from the people. Yes! Andreas shall act. Everybody will act! We will take the plays that are in your lives and put them on up there. Too long that old theater has waited for the people of Delphi to return!"

I had a sense of seeing the first play then and there, as shepherds and peasants of Parnassos gathered round.

Next afternoon, when TòPuppy wanted to be taken for his walk (he had a way of tugging at one or the other of us to say, "Come, let us be going now!") Jig, Nilla and I set out for the old theater. Through the village street, where people sitting before stores and cafés greeted us, laughing at the way TòPuppy would run back and bite at our walking-sticks to hurry us along, around the bend from the noisy town of to-day to the town that has been long silent.

TòPuppy started on the upper path. Oh, very well, we said, let him have his way, though they were big rocks for his short legs. This path took us back of the churchyard, and we almost failed to reach the theater, for Jig found himself on the ancient threshing-floor, and he must examine it, considering grain long harvested. Between the threshing-floor and the graveyard he found the road to old Delphi. With his staff he tapped the wall of the churchyard. "That is an ancient wall."

A soft gray plant that is like a memory comes up between the great stones of the old stage. In the bushes at one side a woman was gathering something. She explained that when the village stood upon the Temple this had been her mother's garden; she still came back each year to get the berries. The bells of her goat and lamb, grazing while she worked, were



GEORGE CRAM COOK DISCOVERING AN UNDERGROUND PASSAGE BENEATH THE STAGE OF THE OLD THEATRE AT DELPHI.

thin, broken music in the old theater. "We could give a play here to-morrow," Jig cried.

Nilla and I had gone high, testing acoustics. Jig was on the stage now. He wore his *rouka*—the white woolen tights, the fitted tunic, with short full skirt, the small round black cap on his abundant white hair. Resting on the heavy shepherd's staff he looked down upon the Temple, beyond it to the towering rocks of the Castalian Spring, the great olive-groves far below, and up the mountain-side to Arakova, across plowland and vineyard to the spruce. Villagers were returning from the vineyards, the donkeys laden with goat-skins full of the juice that would be wine. As he stood there reflecting, Nilla laughed: "Jig looks as if the play had already begun."

The Cain-Abel play had gone into the life of the village. Now, on fête days, along with the dancing and singing, the street was likely to be animated with the question—Lion or elephant? This did not always remain philosophical, the idea that ox or elephant can kill without being suspected of killing for the stomach's sake might lead to the story of how a certain shepherd's grandfather (and the shepherd sitting not far away) stole a two-year-old sheep, ate it all himself, and died three days thereafter.

This Cain-Abel drama, of the shepherd and the first tiller of the soil, was the right play with which to begin, for it dealt with the beginnings of the life on the mountain to-day.

Once they got the idea, they helped write the play. No, they would say to certain things Jig had in mind, it is done like this. No one seemed disturbed by the play's not having been put down on paper. It was taking form in another way, instinctively the right words were spoken, the true moves made. The people

who would play the parts were becoming those people of long ago, those distant people who were also themselves.

"And yet do you think they can act?" I asked Jig. "When it comes to the giving of a play, will they do the things they do now for you?" He believed they would, and doubtless his faith could have made them do it. He was catching what they did unconsciously and would give that back to them—the ritual of the play. Their movements were so old, he said, that they were surer of them than we of ours.

There were nights in the wineshop when he opened to them their own great past. I see him sitting at the table, dressed as they were dressed, they bending forward to listen as in the Greek language he told them what Delphi had been. Nobody had ever tried to relate them to it before. "The *arche*," was something apart, something they passed on their way to the fields. That this great past was their past, that it was a proud thing to be Greeks—sometimes they would sit before him with a certain eloquent dumbness as he talked of how there have always been voices in Delphi.

"The bird got out from under the mosquito-bar early this morning and did not return to us." As soon as we got down from Kalania Jig arranged to have his room screened. But we must wait while they sent for the wire. The bird had become more at home in his cage. He would hop along the perch in a way he had refused to do at first. To give him more freedom, Jig made a mosquito-bar tent, in which he arranged little trees. One morning he came in my room saying: "The bird is gone." We went to the balcony and whistled, walked among the trees, calling the bird. For a long time we left breakfast on the balcony, hop-

ing he would like to come and go, as at Kalania. "Anyway, he is with the other birds," Jig said.

Life at our house had charm these autumn days. Villagers would come with gifts of their prize bunches of grapes, that we might follow their custom of hanging them from the ceiling to dry for winter. Every one who returned from the vineyards brought us of its fruits. We went with Athanasius when it came time to harvest his vineyard, joining the procession going out from the village in the morning, passing the Temple, passing the Castalian Spring, and just beyond the great plane-tree, taking the old stone road down into the olive-groves, to a far sunny slope where hung the grapes that would be our wine. Passing vineyards we would be greeted by baskets or armfuls of grapes raised high. Those who had started at daybreak were already driving the donkeys back with skins of juice. We had lunch among the grapes. Nilla helped tread them, her bare legs reddening with juice as laughing, singing, there in the sunshine, against the mountain, she danced upon the grapes with bacchanalian joy. It was as a festival; a day when sun and grapes, though unfermented, could make one drunk, and you believed this was the mountain of Dionysus. But early in the afternoon Jig said: "I'm tired. I'm going home."

When we returned he was lying on his bed, reading a history of the Greek language. He held out his hand and smiled gently. "Maybe I shouldn't have gone away like that. I was suddenly very tired, and wanted to be alone."

It was like that sometimes. He would leave the villagers, shut the door of his room and dwell with the words of ancient Greece. Always they charmed his mind and gave him peace.

It was being assumed we were to stay there that

winter. (In fact, it was assumed we would stay there always.) We must have Christmas with them, they said, and told of the gay things that go on in Delphi. Jig wanted a real Greek Christmas, and where would we be part of it as at Delphi? After that we must go to the Greek islands; he wanted to visit Crete, Mytilene, all of them. He would talk too of India. If we ever went back to America, it would be by way of India. "I would like to become a Greek, and then be a Greek who goes to India."

Once when I took TòPuppy to the Temple—he loved to romp among the fallen stones—I myself stood looking at one of the stones in which words were written. I had not studied Greek, despite Jig's urging. Seeing the time he gave to it, and later Nilla, I said that what I wanted was to write in the English language. I would learn such words as I liked—the word for lamb, the sea, the shepherd, the trees, the Temple, the spring, the vineyard. Jig rather liked this idea of carrying about a thing, then taking unto yourself the word for it. He saw to it my list grew. "You would like to learn the word for wine, wouldn't you, Susan? And bird, and donkey and the stars?" When you enter the life of a village you also, in some measure, enter its language. Jig would boast about my Greek. "She says she doesn't know it, but she understands everything." This was indeed a boast, but I could get along in my way. There is a delightful Greek primer, and Jig would stop anything he was doing if I said, "Now I will read in the primer." He enjoyed my pleasure when I found in the primer, the newspaper, the Bible, or Plato, a word which was a part of my daily life. I never could quite credit it, and he would laugh. Most of all I loved the words in stone, and I said that perhaps I would learn Greek by reading

the inscriptions. Nilla made the practical suggestion I begin, not with the hardest, but with the easiest Greek. Here Jig held up his hand. "Let her begin where she will. I have seen Susan stand before those old stones as if they had something to say to her."

TòPuppy and I were alone in the Temple that afternoon. I had just said to him, "Think of the people in America who would like to know the Temple of Apollo at Delphi as well as you know it, you preposterous pup!" It did not depress him, for he romped gaily on the Sacred Way, leaving me with letters of stone into which were locked secrets from long ago. I felt the letters as a key, and now that the Temple was so much a part of my life, I would have its secrets. I saw the word Delphi, beautiful in Greek letters, and several other words intrigued me, though it is hard to find them, for the letters are not spaced.

When I got home I wrote down what I could remember of this inscription. Jig became interested and we went back together. There was just enough daylight left to copy the letters.

The inscriptions are fun. There is a technique of them, and it varies enough (as sometimes you begin a new word by using the final letters of the last word) to give their deciphering the fascination of a puzzle. Jig bored into this one. One morning he called to me. He was twisting his hair.

"Woman, what have you brought home?"

"Brought home?"

"This inscription of yours. It is the most indecent thing I have ever seen upon paper—I mean stone."

You could read the inscription one way, the usual way, and it was commending the virtue of a certain hero of Herod. But you could juggle it a little, not violating inscription technique, and behind this per-

functory tribute lurked a sensational accusation of unchastity.

What of the other inscriptions? There too did the Oracle hide words within her words? Had these stones held secrets through the centuries? Were they laughing deep laughter? The Oracle must have said a good deal the authorities of the Temple did not care to repeat, yet they would be fearful about refusing it. A mysterious place—Delphi; perhaps we had not found out how mysterious. "My five days' rather madly intense study of one Delphic inscription makes me feel that Greek, written in capital letters, without accents, breathings, diacritical marks, or spaces between words, was a marvelous meshwork of meaning—a medium for the puns of the gods—a wide rich pasture for the mediumistic mind."

When Jig showed his results to an archæologist of the district, demanding: "What is to be done about these indecent inscriptions? Do you think it proper they remain there in the open, for my daughter and your son to read?" the serious gentleman became excited, crying: "No, no it is not true. You must not go on with this. The Greeks were not like that."

There was a party in shepherds' row. Jig, Nilla, Athanasius and TòPuppy went. I wanted to stay home, luxuriating in the quiet of the house. Shepherds' row is the highest houses in Delphi. As the shepherd comes down the mountain he can walk into his own back yard, and if he brings part of his flock down, the sheep graze above him without the entanglement of neighbors. These parties are usually on "name-days"; on the day of the saint from whom you take your name you are at home to friends. They last all day. The good white cheese of Parnassos is eaten and the good bitter wine is drunk. (Bitter because the peasants put

resin in it.) This shepherd's vineyard had yielded well and in the afternoon Nilla came running into the house crying: "Jig is coming with the shepherds! They are dancing in the square. He wrestled with Elias Scarmouches and Jig was so strong he lifted Elias right off the ground. They are very drunk, and saying things against women, too. What are you going to do about it, Susan?"

I said there seemed nothing to do about it.

They arrived at Andreas's, and the whole village joined the excitement.

It was one of the nights to give a sense of the drama of life in Delphi. Our dining-room opened on the street. Thanasie had not yet closed the big shutters. Jig had sent for music; fiddler and piper were playing, men dancing in a circle, singing in those modes they have inherited from their remotest past. I left the window on the street and went out on the balcony. Stars. The deep drop to olive-groves; music of bells of sheep coming up the mountain—the Corinthian Gulf and the mountains of the Peloponnesos. Quiet as deep and as wide, as ancient, as the night into which I looked.

Thanasie had been unable to persuade Jig to come home for dinner. I knew he must be tired, and perhaps really wanting to come home, so I went over to Andreas's. The commotion stopped as I stood in the door. "I've been alone all day, Jig," I said. "Won't you come home and keep me company for dinner?"

He stood up; he held out his hands, as if realization were growing. "Why—Susan," he said. "It is Susan." With ceremony, and feeling, he took my hands. A strangeness about it, and every one was watching. Later I inquired why he had seemed so surprised, and why so solemn. He said he had forgotten about me; and when I appeared there in the

door, then he knew about me. He had a feeling he had been sitting there a long time—perhaps forever, and must go on sitting there, all the rest of the time there was. So he was glad I had come for him.

But after we were at the table Jig rose. He said he had come home to a good dinner, leaving his comrades, who perhaps had nothing to go home to. Food should not separate friends. "I will bring them all over here to dinner."

We hadn't enough food, we said. We could divide what we had, he answered.

He returned with eleven men. "Sit right down. We will eat now." He picked up the table before which Nilla was seated and carried it to a group at the other side of the room. Nilla, finding herself, napkin on lap, knife and fork in hand, seated as before a table, and the table going somewhere else, was not pleased. Athanasius stood in the doorway, shaking his head at me darkly, telling me not to feed these people.

We divided the dinner for three into dinner for fourteen, and thanks to a big cheese, fruit and wine, Jig was not dissatisfied with his party. He said that for Christmas he would rent the Pythian Apollo and give a party to all Delphi.

Elias Scarmouches ordained, however, that we give a party the following week. We would have it at the Castalian Spring. Elias supervised our invitation list, making several changes. This overwhelming shepherd had a way of entering our house without knocking. "Kyrios Kouk, where is he?" he would demand in his mighty voice. If told Jig was working, "In there?"—and he would open Jig's door as one making an impressive entrance on the stage.

In the rocks by the great plane-tree just beyond Castalia, our friends sat around on blankets and boughs, singing and drinking while the lamb was roasted on a long heavy stick. All day Athanasius and his father had worked, making mysterious good things by stuffing one part of an animal into another part—one does not inquire too closely. This *kleftico* meat is offered you on sticks, going round as *hors d'œuvres,* while the beast as a whole is being turned, browned, celebrated in song. Fiddler and piper were there, and we danced in the moonlight. We looked up at those black-mouthed caves of Jig's play, the caves from which man came.

We went back to the village as a procession. Elias put the lamb's head on the tip of the pole, and carried it majestically, following the music. We marched past the Temple and through the town.

Next day we learned we had violated the martial law that had been declared in Greece since the revolution. It had not occurred to any one to associate martial law with Parnassos. But public assemblage, with music, and particularly a procession, were forbidden things, and an officer came from Amphissa to inquire what we meant, and to forbid further demonstration. In the Athenian papers was a story that there had been a royalist uprising on Parnassos and shepherds, following an ancient custom, had led a procession into Delphi bearing a lamb's head on a long staff. The uprising had been quelled, the paper said.

Jig was eager for the papers these days of revolution. It was like things that had gone on in Greece before. One day there was a letter from the mothers of the contending leaders, praying the Greeks to stop

destroying one another. Then Jig wrote this "Letter to the Greek Nation," which was printed in an Athenian newspaper:

"I, a Philhellene living among you, am deeply moved by the prayer of the Greek women that there shall be no more brothers' blood.

"I am moved the more because when that ancient Greece, which is now so minutely studied and loved by all our world, was destroying itself in fratricidal war, a great Greek playwright, conservative in feeling, wrote a play in which he turned to the feeling of women as men's last hope.

"Ten years ago I saw this play, the 'Lysistrata' of Aristophanes, on the stage of my modern Babylon—New York.

"I went out of that theater crying.

"I cried because the thing was so beautiful and did not happen.

"If the Greeks of 420 B.C. had been compelled by their women, not in a poet's dream, but in reality, to stop their war between brothers—my world, the world of my bad Babylon, would have inherited the pure intense Greek beauty of Aristophanes, of Æschylus, of Euripides, of Homer and Hesiod and Sappho.

"If two thousand three hundred and forty years ago that play of Aristophanes which was a prayer, had been answered, if women had been equal to that poet's vision—then Europe—America—to-day would be built, not on Roman law and order and immoral imperialism, but on Greek philosophy and poetry and art and freedom.

"If the ancient Greek women had been equal to their Aristophanes, then I, born on the Mississippi River in mid-America, two and a half millennia later, would have inherited a world worthy of mankind.

"This is what I felt when in New York I saw Aristophanes' play 'Lysistrata.'

"I cried because that great possible beauty had been slaughtered out of existence. I cried because of the beauty of the mind of the man who saw and said: 'Let our mothers save us!'

"And they did not save.

"Shall it be so again?

"Or shall the word of the mothers of these bad brothers be heard?

"George Cram Cook."

CHAPTER L

BY AN ANCIENT THRESHING-FLOOR

ONE morning Thanasie was late with our breakfast. There were people whispering in the kitchen, and he did not seem to know what we meant if we asked for hot water or a bone for Tò-Puppy. At luncheon we got the story from him. Just outside Kalania, Alekos Komblss had been captured by the bandits, who demanded of Demetrius, the father, fifty thousand *drachmas,* or they would kill Alekos.

It was easy to get lamb in Delphi that week. The Komblss flock was being sold.

This Alekos, held now in some farthest cleft of Parnassos, was the young man who had been captured five years before; the outlaw band had never forgotten that the police appeared at Squash Spring, when the ransoming money was being paid. The year before we had bandaged the wounds of the father. Now the old man sells the flock to ransom the son. In the long fight the bandits had won.

But it was the following week the drama took on the proportions of a Greek drama of old.

The fifty thousand *drachmas* had been sent to an appointed place high on Parnassos. "Now you have the money," said the envoy of the Komblss. "Alekos can come with me." "He will come to-night," said the outlaw.

But Alekos did not appear in Delphi the next day. He did not come the day following, nor the next.

All through the days we looked at that road of long sharp zigzags down which Alekos Komblss should come. The Komblss women did not sleep. They cried all the time. We saw the old man limping through the village streets, passing his lambs hanging before the shops.

Not the revolution which was talked of in the cafés this week. Would the bandits do that—take the money, then kill the man? On the Komblss family they had sworn a great revenge. Yet how could they hope ever to get money again, if they violated the bandit code? The answer was—the days go by, and Alekos does not come down the mountain.

One night Jig made a speech in the café. "Why should eight or nine men terrify a whole mountain? Where are the men of Creso? Where are the men of Arakova? Where are the men of Agorgiani—and, my friends, where are the men of Delphi? The police may not know the mountain. But we know our Parnassos. Let us go and rescue our brother, Alekos Komblss of Delphi."

Athanasius and others who had Jig's welfare at heart tried to stop him. He would pay for it, they whispered. He turned on them savagely. "Pay for it?" Very well then, he was ready to pay. He told what men used to do in America about horse-thieves. "And now there are no horse-thieves. Let us all go together and—"

But here it was the Komblss family asked him to say no more. It might only make it worse for Alekos. Torture—that was what they were afraid of now.

Each morning we would say, "Has Alekos been heard from?" Athanasius would shake his head as he answered: "I think we will not hear from him."

One day when Jig and Nilla were deep in their

Greek I went alone to the theater. I wanted to find those squares Jig had told me about, where the stone is bitten white by acid that has not faded in twenty-three hundred years, the places of the dancers of the odes still marked in unfading stone in the theater of Delphi. Beneath these squares, between which now grow the little plants of soft velvet-gray, the god Dionysus is said to be buried.

In this quiet November afternoon I sat there and thought of the Delphi I knew, and of the god Dionysus. The silence was broken—two women were about to cross the stage, the one supporting the other who was crying. When they saw some one was there, they halted. But they saw it was I, and I went up to them. It was the wife of Alekos Komblss who was crying. We stood there holding each other's hands. After they had crossed the stage I turned and saw a shepherd-boy going up the mountain. She was trying to communicate with Alekos. She had met the boy in this deserted place.

My way home from the theater lay through the cellars of houses that had sheltered people of Delphi before Christ was born. I lingered on the old threshing-floor Jig loved, just back of the churchyard. I looked over into that burying-ground. Several times I had had an impulse to go in there, but would turn away. I turned away now, but it was as if I had to go back. Reluctantly, yet not resisting a curious compulsion, I opened the gate and went in there among the dead.

I saw things I did not understand, and they filled me with an excitement I understood even less. There were graves which seemed to have been dug into; crude little wooden shrines were thrown into half-filled graves.

Jig and Nilla were astonished by the emotion which surprised me when I began to tell about the place. It was an outrage, I said—and what did it mean?

Jig asked Andreas, who in his merry way told us that after you had been dead awhile, about seven years, you were taken up and put in that building—hadn't I seen it? and then the grave was there for somebody else.

Jig too was rather jocular about this tenancy of graves; he was showing Andreas the sword-dance, jumping over his shepherd's staff as sword, in a rhythm he and Teddy Ballantine had once danced at a Provincetown Player party.

He returned to his idea of writing a dance. "Heroic dancing. Let the dancers drink. Let them be drunk enough to discover pure dance."

> And we will make the cold world
> Flame and music,
> The dance of flame
> Obedient to dream.

Next day, when he had finished his short play, "Darkness," he said briskly: "Now, Susan, we will go and see about this graveyard of yours."

I did not want to go back there, but Jig insisted, and TòPuppy persisted too, tugging at my skirt.

"It's pretty bad," Jig agreed, "but that wall is an ancient wall. The very graves were old Delphi. And see what you see from here! I think it would be a good place to be buried, here before the threshing-floor, beside the Temple, where there were voices long ago."

Not long after this, I came to Jig in the night, disturbed by a dream. "I dreamed I had been dead; and I was taken up, and thrown into a sort of ditch, and no one knew that I was there. But TòPuppy came and

found me, and began tugging at my skirt. I said to him: 'We will not walk in the Temple again.' "

Jig was more shaken than I had been. "But that is strange," he said.

Life itself was strange, our life in that house; I had times of feeling it meant something and that I should know what it meant. Thanasie would say, "I am going now, Kyria," and hand me an enormous key. I would go out with him, and we would talk a moment after he had stepped to the street. Then I would close the door and lock it with the fantastic key. We were locked in for the night. This door led to a passage between the house and a separate kitchen; there was a big wooden platform, a porch, before the kitchen, and I often stayed out there a little while at night, looking down on the sleeping beasts in the courtyard, and to that incredible beauty we saw from our house in Delphi. Inside TòPuppy would be sleeping on his own little bed, Nilla in her room working at Greek, and Jig at his big table, books and papers around him. I liked the feeling that my household was safe; that they were doing the things it seemed their part to do; that Athanasius and I had talked of what there would be for them to eat to-morrow. Sometimes, standing there in the beauty of Greece, I remembered the winter Jig and I stayed in Provincetown, and how I liked getting Nezer and the cats in at night, and making sure the fire in the dining-room would last till morning. That sense of a household which one keeps safe, that it may move on its destined way, it is satisfying, it is more than other satisfactions. I would go in. Jig and I would talk a little of what he was doing. In my room I would read, or work at something I was writing, I would hear Nilla moving around, going out on the porch to get water before going to bed. I would join

her, and some of our best talks were there—of Greece, of people she knew at home, of the things she wanted to do.

But in the night I might worry about Jig, go in to make sure he was all right. He had not been well; he was thin; I feared dysentery, a thing to be dreaded in that country. I was always urging him to see a doctor, but he was stubborn about doctors, like Ma-Mie in that. He said he had all his life managed himself by a balance he could keep.

Nilla and I were going to Athens; she would enter a school at Old Phaleron. Jig did not want to go. He had been looking through his papers, and said he had not realized he had written so many poems. He would write them in the night, usually not looking at them again.

I would tell Jig I thought he sometimes drank more than was good for his health. He would reply health was not the only thing; his drinking was a seeking; he was seeking a level of the spirit on which the things there for him to say could be said. When he drank he tapped something, came into it. Then he saw, and in this intensity his thought had rhythm.

It was at this time he read me the long poem written one of the last nights at Kalania, "At Fifty I Ask God." "There I spoke for my whole life," he said.

While Nilla and I were waiting for our automobile, Jig had a quarrel with Thanasie and said we would pack all our things and he would go with us. To pack our things in that ten minutes was impossible. He saw it too, and laughed. But Nilla and I felt his eyes were wistful as he stood by our departing car.

As it happened, he had a good time in our absence. Two young fellows came from Athens, one of them an American newspaper man who wanted a story about

Jig and the Delphic Players. The other would give up his job as cashier of the American Express Company to become business manager of "The Pagan Passion-Play." "And new Pythian games in the Old Stadium," Jig wrote, "importing athletes from Despina, the village at the end of the zigzag road we see from our balcony. Despina has recently gone bugs on racing, wrestling, throwing discus, weight and javelin."

Athanasius reinstated himself in Jig's good graces by the *kleftico* meat he cooked for the Americans, of which they partook with shepherds. There was a walk to the monastery above Delphi. "Applied for admission," wrote Jig. "Council of monastery and diocese, Bishop of Amphissa, acting on my application to become monk of the Prophet Elijah Monastery."

The men who had come for a story about the folk-plays of Delphi were entertained by savage drama then being played on the higher mountain. "Streit and Burns thrilled by bandit stories," Jig wrote me. "The head of Argulos Kastrites" (this Kastrites had been the bandit chief since we lived on Parnassos) "is now in Livadia. Sixty thousand *drachmas* was paid for the head to one Baldhead, Karambouchos, ex-brigand.

"Kastrites died last week of gangrene, from one of the old bullet wounds we heard about. He died after ten days' fever in the *strunga* of Kleon, a goatherd one hour above Arakova.

"Kleon had three times discovered Kastrites with his wife, but he lacked the nerve to protest, and remained ostensible friend. When Kastrites died in his goatfold, Kleon went down to Arakova, to the house of ex-brigand Karambouchos, an old enemy of Kastrites. This Baldhead took his shot-gun, loaded with buck shot for *lagos* (rabbit), went with Kleon to the goatfold, and shot the corpse of the captain of bri-

gands in the forehead and the heart. (There was no blood from the wounds. A dead man does not bleed.) Baldhead took the head to Livadia, got the reward and, one hopes, whacked up with Kleon.

"This is a fragment of the news of Delphi since you left. What a story it is, as it comes piecemeal to me! But Alekos Kombiss has not come down the mountain." (Alekos Kombiss never came down the mountain.)

"The letter by George Cram Cook in the *'Eleutheron Tepos'*" (urging that the prayer of Greek mothers be heard, and Greeks shed no more Greek blood) "has made an impression in Delphi. It is proposed I permit myself to be elected President of the Commune. I say yes, if they accept my political platform, 'More and Better Plays for Delphi.' If this is done, we have to stay here five years, and there is a house for sale in Shepherd's Row for two hundred dollars.

"Write or telegraph whether you wish to become co-proprietress of hotel at the Castalian Spring (following Athanasius' program), director of the theater of Delphi and mayoress of the village, or whether you prefer to be grass-widow of monk in the monastery of Prophet Elijah. You can't be all of them, so decide at once, for events march."

But no matter how much events might march for Jig, there were always those times with himself; times, usually in the night, when he saw into life. I had two letters from him that week I was in Athens, the other very different from this in which events march. Often he did not care to send all he had written; he would cut off a piece and you would not know from what other thing it came. As this:

"What really seems is that I should have *seen* the atoms. I should have been the blind drive. I should

have been Heracles choking the snake. I *was* that athlete. Only—I didn't! Why, with so much beautiful power, was I nothing? Say exactly in answer if you can. Because you know, best loved of my whole life, these are real questions, such as we would ask from beyond the grave."

CHAPTER LI

THE PLAY CONTINUES

BILL RAPP came back from Athens with me. He was about to leave Greece, and he wanted to talk with Jig first. He felt his wisdom, felt he should be, in his own way, a teacher of young men, charming, exciting, his disciples.

It was hard getting to Delphi now. The Corinthian Canal had caved in, and the boat could not run between the Piræus and Itea. One had to go by train around Parnassos, then a five-hour motor ride over the range. A wild ride getting to Delphi that night; it seemed rain and wind must send us over the precipice. We planned a joke. Jig did not like the French and as I stepped out of the car I was to say, "I'm sorry, but here is a French journalist I had to bring back with me." But when Jig hurried out from the door in the wall, having been anxious, because of the storm, I had no sooner begun my speech than Bill burst into his hearty laugh and cried, "Hello, Jig!" He said Jig looked so troubled he couldn't keep it up.

We visited village houses, where women were weaving and fruits were drying. The last night our friend was there, after talking of Greek games, they told stories of strength, and Jig insisted Bill Rapp stand on his back. It was rather alarming to witness, but Jig's bare back, supporting the stalwart Rapp, had beauty as of classic games, and he knew one time more his old joy in strength.

At daybreak the sound of mule-bells, and we looked out to say good-by to Bill Rapp. He turned his cheerful face and waved. The last face we saw of a friend from the outside world.

I was ill with the grippe for a week, and TòPuppy too was coughing. "Oh, TòPuppy," I said, "you are not going to be a sick puppy, are you?" I remembered Nezer and so I was fearful when TòPuppy coughed. I remembered also the treatment they had sent us from the dog hospital in Boston, and wrote to Athens for things. When shepherds or villagers said, "He is a good dog, when you go away you can leave him with us," we answered, "Oh, no. TòPuppy goes where we go." He was so amusingly out of drawing. He did not belong to any dog family, but was arrestingly himself. Now he would come in my room and languidly pull at bedclothes, to say I was to take him for a walk. "Soon we will both be well," I said, "and then we will go to the Temple."

One day Jig was long at Andreas's. "Lonely? But I've been fighting your battle. It's about the graveyard, and taking the people up. Andreas says it's a sociable idea, and that we ought to like it. It's better, he says, to be in that place with all the others than to be forever in a grave by yourself. And once a year, on the Name-Day, friends come and pour wine on you. 'Will you pour wine on me?' I asked. 'Oh, sure,' he said. And Lucas and Elias too—they all said they would come once a year and pour wine on me. 'And on Susan too?' I asked. They were shocked, and said they couldn't pour wine on the Kyria. 'Why not?' I demanded. They didn't know what to say, but finally said the Kyria didn't drink. 'Of course she drinks,' I said, 'and if you won't pour wine on both of us, we just won't do that at all!' "

We laughed, and I sat up in bed and we drank some wine together.

The next Sunday morning we visited the sacred precinct, accompanied by a number of old men who had lived in the village when it stood upon the Temple, before the whole town was moved round the bend in 1893. Our party came round that bend on the upper path, and at the old threshing-floor behind the churchyard we stopped, for Jig would know just where the town had lain from there, the roads and paths they had taken to it. He wanted to write his play now, and was planning that scene in which the archæologists move the villagers in order to lay bare the Temple. I remember him standing on the threshing-floor, pointing, asking questions. A new-born lamb was near, guarded by a woman who was spinning. "The Kyria wants to take your lamb home," Jig said to her, as we passed on.

It was curious to walk through the fallen Temple and be told whose house had stood here, and that there, across the Sacred Way, was the café. Up there the women had washed, and here, just below the Temple wall, was the village square, where they had danced —a much better place than they had now. We went to the stadium, to the theater, and learned of various acquaintances who had lived in them. Jig was wearing his Greek clothes; he seemed very tall, and strong, as he moved through the ruins with these peasants, asking questions and laughing at their stories.

We went back to the Temple, for we wanted to think about it also in relation to older inhabitants. We climbed down into the inmost place, from which the Oracle spoke. Tall grasses were in it now, leaves which had blown there. We put our hands upon stones on which the hands of the Pythian priestess must have

rested. Then down the beautiful stone pavement of the Sacred Way, descending old steps. Flowers grew among the fallen stones which lay everywhere.

TòPuppy had not gone with us, for he was really sick now. It was sunny, so we took him outside a little, to cheer him. Athanasius said a number of the dogs of Delphi were sick, and some had died. It was distemper, we supposed, for this seemed as it had been with Nezer. It depressed us that the puppy we had made sturdy and gay should lift languid eyes, not wanting to eat or play. "We will take good care of you, TòPuppy," we said. "It will be all right."

The rains came. The village street became muddy. It was hard to keep the house comfortable. Delphi was dreary now. Just why were we staying on here? we asked. But we could not take TòPuppy with us, he was too sick; and we could not go away and leave him when he was like this. It was hard to take care of him. He so thoroughly had it in his funny little head about being a clean dog that even now he must go far from the house to attend to his needs. We would try to coax him down into the courtyard, but he had not that habit, and was timid now, fearful of the beasts that were there. So either Jig or I would have to take him for a little walk, staying close by him, as the sickness made him uncertain. I would pass the fountain where women were washing, and after they came to realize the situation they would watch me, laughing. "Never mind," Jig said, when I came in one day; "we know that taking care of one's sick dog is not absurd, whether they know it or not." I remember one of the days when Jig said, "I'll take TòPuppy out this time." It was cold; there was a misting rain. He carried TòPuppy to a place he liked, down from our house, over steep stones to a grassy place. Jig

had put on his gray shepherd's cape. From the window I saw him standing down there, waiting for the little dog, looking beautiful, noble, in his disregard of people who passed and watched curiously.

"We're making too much of this," we would at times say to one another. But we were peculiarly close in this feeling we shared, and which we knew few people would understand.

I was sad one rainy afternoon, when it seemed TòPuppy lay dying in the little kennel Jíg had made for him, to shield him from the draughts of the house at night. Jig went over to Andreas and came back saying: "We're going to have a little party. I told Andreas you were crying, and he was so sorry. He's coming over for dinner with us."

So Athanasius threw more olive-chunks in the dining-room fireplace, got out a new jug of wine, roasted meat on a long stick, as Jig liked it. TòPuppy liked the cheerful smell of browning meat, and came out from his kennel to sit before the fire. Andreas arrived, with him a quite wretched-looking person whom Jig had asked because he happened to be there, and we had the little party to "cheer the Kyria up." Why did we love the dog so much? Andreas asked. He had been a lively little fellow, but we could get another. A dog was only an animal—nothing to feel sad about. Across the table Jig and I looked at one another, smiled a little. But it was a nice party we had with Andreas; he told us his gayest stories.

Jig had always disliked the short days of this time of year. It depressed him now when the light began to go soon after three. Each day it seemed to sadden him anew, as if this fading of the light had a meaning beyond itself. "We are so long in the dark," he would say. He was grateful for the days when we had sun-

shine, and would move into it, follow it around. Tò-Puppy too sought the sun, and Jig would say, "Wise TòPuppy, the sun can make you well." We would keep TòPuppy in the beam of sunlight that moved through Jig's room. Jig was glad when we passed the twenty-first of December. "The sun has turned; the days will be getting longer now," he said.

The Greek Christmas, for which we had planned to stay, does not come until our seventh of January. We were going to trim the rooms with greens, have wine and other good things, and keep open house. Nilla would be home for it. On the afternoon of our own Christmas Eve we made a punch, such as Jig used to have when he was a gay young man in Davenport. We asked Athanasius to come in and drink with us.

When I returned from Athens I brought the life of Shelley, "Ariel," which had just appeared in the French. One evening, between our Christmas and New Year, we sat before the olive-logs in the dining-room, while Jig finished this story of the poet. He was moved by it. Told simply, as a story, it made Shelley's life a reality in a sense it had not been before. He saw him as one of the people we might have known, meeting problems we had met. He read aloud the story of Mary Shelley's loss of her baby; we talked of how lonely she had been, of how hard the world had made it for these people. We got to talking of ourselves. We talked of our becoming lovers, of our years of life together. The wind shook our house in Delphi. It was one of the nights when we seemed to lie too steeply on the mountain-side, but we kept up the fire, talked on and on. After people have lived together a long time, it may happen that it is not easy for them to talk to one another. Living has built something around them. They have come to take much for granted.

This night Jig and I could talk. It was as if we were lovers who had been long separated, though it was of experiences shared we talked. We talked of what it was we had wanted from life; of greater success we might have had, but of a searching, an asking, we had shared. We saw one another, and with tenderness. It grew very late. I went out to the kitchen and got things for chocolate and made it at the fireplace.

I gave TòPuppy some warm milk with a little brandy in it, letting him take it from my cupped hands, the only way he would drink now.

When I raised up, Jig was regarding me. "He's not going to get well, Susan."

"No, I don't think he is either."

There was a silence. Jig said: "It will be harder when it's one of us."

"Why, of course," I said.

Jig gripped my arms. "How are we ever going to face it?" He was looking at me with that pure, burning intensity. "How are we going to *face* it, Susan?"

"Why—Jig," I whispered.

"We've grown together—way down deep. We *are* one. How can one of us go and—That *other* one. *What is that other one going to do?*"

He covered his face with his hands, as if he could not look at what he saw.

He had sat down, but suddenly he got up and said, in a rather business-like way: "Now about this thing of burial. It isn't very important, yet I'd like to get it settled. Don't you think here at Delphi? You don't like the way they keep that graveyard, but think of the past it has! Do you know any other place in the world that has such beauty?" He put his arm around me. "Do you know what I would like—what

I would really like—and I can say it to you. I wish we could all be buried together—you and I, and Nezer, and TòPuppy."

I could only keep repeating his name, clinging to him. "There, there, honey," he comforted. "But never mind. It has to come. It has to come."

CHAPTER LII

DEATH IN DELPHI

IT was the last day of the year, and TòPuppy had crawled from his kennel into the last bar of sunlight that fell across the floor of Jig's room. "He loves the sun," Jig said, "and soon he must lie in the dark."

He sat down beside TòPuppy; he had what we called the puppy comb, and was gently grooming him. "He says he is a clean little dog, and even though he has to die, he wants to be nice and clean."

Jig got up and walked around his room. He stopped, turning to me. "What is it? What is the matter? It *isn't* the end—for you—for me. Then why do I feel so desolate?" He stood there helpless. I proposed we take a walk.

He did not want to go toward the Temple. "A different way this time." So we walked out from Delphi, as if we were leaving it. We turned and looked back at it, lying there amid that grandeur whose form has so much of meaning.

We had said almost nothing, but suddenly Jig began to talk. "What is it, this thing we call life? Where did it come from? Where is it going? This long past of life—is it just an accident—a moment? Was it here alone it happened? And when all die, as each one must die, is there then no consciousness—anywhere?" Fast he talked, passionately. "Is the sun's

heat only a passing flicker? Is the whole starry world a thing that was not and shall not be? Are we only part of a warm moment, and then shall there be again darkness and cold and death, for ever, everywhere? Or those stars we see, are they thinking too? They should send us word. We could die in less terror then —this terror that with us thought dies from the universe.

"The stars, which finally burn out and die and become dark dead stars like human corpses, behind them, somewhere, is there in our darkness *Light,* which has to be? What can we depend on to think when all our human brains sleep in death!"

As he talked he walked faster; deep red burned in his face, his eyes were as if they must see that light beyond the stars. Suddenly he cried: "The wonder of life is so much greater than any one else seems to have known! If only I could be *sure.* If I could be sure any one else has felt it *enough.*"

Then back into the house where TòPuppy lay dying. "No Gene O'Neill to help us this time," he said.

He walked from one room to another. "Come, Susan," he said, "let us read the death of Socrates."

We went into my room and shut the door. Jig took down the "Phædo" and his voice grew calm on such passages as: "And no one who has not been a philosopher and who is not wholly pure when he departs, is allowed to enter into the communion of the gods." He would pause to say: "I don't believe that," when he read admonitions that those who truly love wisdom refrain from all bodily desires. Though his voice became beautiful as he read the death of Socrates, after he closed the book he said: "He must have been a funny old codger. A good deal of a bore at times, I fancy."

We heard some one in the next room. It was Helle, a Greek girl, a friend of Nilla's. After we had sat with her a few moments Jig said to me: "You go home with Helle."

I was surprised. "I don't feel like going anywhere," I said.

He looked at me strangely. "Yes, I want you to go. I will—arrange things, Athanasius and I."

Then I understood, hesitated. Jig insisted: "Please —right away—stay until I come for you."

He looked very tired when he came for me. He sat down for a moment, as if exhausted. "It was all right," he said. "He never knew. Athanasius did it for me. We buried him in that place he liked, the grassy place down from our house. I rolled a big stone on the grave."

He was so tired he could scarcely speak.

"Let's not have supper around to-night," he said. "We don't want anything to eat, do we?"

But Athanasius tempted us with griddle-cakes, which he had learned to make and which Jig loved.

After supper Jig continued to sit at the table, in a helpless sort of way. "Shall we play poker?" he asked.

It was the first time Jig and I had ever played cards together. Thanasie wanted to learn poker, and we taught him; occasionally we would laugh a little, languidly.

Suddenly Jig laid down his hand. "I never was so tired in my life."

We helped him to bed.

Later I heard him groaning and went in and sat by him. "I don't know whether the wind has burned my face, or whether I have a fever." I did some things to make him more comfortable, saying he was tired

out. The snow was falling. It had covered Tò-Puppy's grave.

In the morning Jig did not want to get up, said he guessed he had taken cold. I had lunch alone. It was still snowing, and the villagers were having a snow-fight. I thought it would amuse Jig to see Andreas and his wife snowballing one another, urged him to come and look. But after a moment he said: "No, I get a chill. I will have to stay in bed." I sent for the village doctor. He said Jig had the grippe.

The snowstorm continued. Delphi was cut off from the world, for the canal of Corinth was still blockaded, and the road over Parnassos was now deep under the snow.

Jig had been in bed several days when two children came to see me, the children of Stamula, Athanasius' sister who lived in the house just above us. They opened a little box and I saw that they had a bird. Last night their window had been open a few minutes and Mr. Cook's bird had flown in.

"Oh, it is not Mr. Cook's bird," I said.

Yes, their mother said it was. She said that in the storm the bird mistook their house for ours, trying to get in to safety.

A most unlikely story, it seemed to me, though it was the same kind of bird. Thinner—but that could be because there had been no crumbs. I did not know what to do. I feared this might too much excite Jig. Yet I could not turn the bird away.

When I took it in to him he said at once it was his bird and seemed to think it not at all strange it had come back in the storm. He talked to the bird, but it was frightened in that little box.

I got the cage in which we had taken the bird from Kalania. When first he had been put in this cage he

had flown against the wires in panic, he had nothing to do with the perch. Now he flew to the perch and hopped along it in a way he had learned to do, then went down for crumbs and water.

I opened the cage door, and when Jig called, the bird flew to the bed as of old. "You knew I was sick and came back to see me, didn't you?" He was happy to have the bird, but he accepted the return as natural.

We had moved Jig into my room to be warmer; I slept on a cot in the dining-room, which adjoined, so I could hear him, get the things he needed, keep the fire. It was hard when, in the evening, Athanasius came and said: "I am going now, Kyria." His wife Koula was about to have a baby, and they were worried about her, or he would have stayed now at night. He made sure I had plenty of wood, brought in the milk and things I would need. "You will be all right to-night?" "Oh, yes," I would say, but I felt lonely after he had gone. I would unlock the street door and look out, glad if there were still lights in the café or a few people moving through the street.

The doctor kept saying it was the grippe, that it was not serious; a doctor from Amphissa, the big town at the foot of our slope of the mountain, got up to Delphi, and he said the same thing. "But why is he so delirious at night?" I asked. "Oh, that sometimes happens," they said. It was partly the medicine; it did not mean as much as I thought.

I would sleep a little, wake to hear Jig talking in Greek. One night there was a great deal about Agamemnon, and about the columns of the Parthenon. He seemed so harassed by this that I sat by him saying: "You don't have to worry so much about Agamemnon, Jig." He smiled, but when again I spoke to

him, he said: "Just let me stay in it. It's more comfortable than to come out of it."

I had read to him of how "The Emperor Jones" was to be given in Prague. I heard him say, "Prague —Prague," and after a little, slowly: "Some honest work." "Oh, much honest work," I said; but he had left that, and me.

When, late in the night, I would go out on the porch for things I needed, look around at the world, strange in the snow, it would come over me as incredible we should be there. I would put more logs on the fire and sit by it, hearing Jig talk, now in ancient Greek, now in the modern language. I would think of many things. I wished we were in a hospital in Athens.

It had stopped snowing, and as they were working on the road I hoped Nilla could come home for her Christmas vacation. Several of her teachers were coming with her, to visit Delphi. They were Americans. I would be glad to have them near.

One morning Jig said he could not drink the water, it gave him pain. He thought he could drink the water from the Castalian Spring. We arranged to have a boy go for it, but he wanted a drink at once, so I took his water-jug and hurried to Castalia, passing the Temple, which I had not seen before in the snow, filling the jug at that place from which Jig liked to drink, where the water comes from the rock.

He drank this water from the Castalian Spring slowly. "Oh, I am grateful for it," he said. "That beautiful water! It is the most beautiful thing I have ever known in my life."

The night after Nilla and her teachers arrived there was a bowel hemorrhage and it was apparent Jig was more sick than the doctors had realized. We tele-

graphed to Athens for an American doctor who was there with the Near East Relief.

After Dr. Marden had gone in to see Jig, he pointed to his finger-nails, asking: "How long has it been like that?" Then I saw the darkening under the nails. It had only just come, I think, for I had washed his hands a little before, and had not noticed. Jig thought he was inquiring about the broken finger and told me to tell the doctor that was his baseball finger. His voice had become unnatural; no one could understand him as well as I.

In the other room the doctor asked questions. Did I know of anything could have caused infection? I did not think of TòPuppy for some time, then I told him and he asked a great deal about that.*

There was music outside. The Greek Christmas had begun. The doctor sat a long time thinking.

"Well, doctor?" I finally asked.

He looked at me. "A septic condition. Perhaps typhus. One can't be sure. All I can say to you is this. I would order the most comfortable car possible. Start in the morning for Athens. Take plenty of brandy—other stimulants, and—risk a collapse on the way."

The inference was clear. Jig lay in there suffering, weak, and I must let him be taken from his bed for eight or nine hours in an automobile, knowing he might die on the way.

At first I could not begin doing the things there were to do.

Andreas came in. "We must make it more cheerful for Kyrios Kouk. We must let him hear the music,

* Dr. Marden finally concluded TòPuppy had glanders, a disease of horses, which dogs rarely have, and which, in very rare instances, is communicated to people. Other doctors with whom he talked later were also of this opinion.

tell him about the drinking and the dancing. We must say, 'Soon we will all dance and sing together!' "

"We leave for Athens in the morning," I whispered.

The life went from Andreas. The tears ran down his face. "Oh—" was all he could say.

The music in the street stopped.

That night I packed, took care of Jig, trying to keep away from that horror of taking him from his bed, so sore that the bedclothes hurt him, to ride for hours over a mountain.

About three o'clock I lay down, and at daybreak I went into Jig's room. Then I saw the big purple blotches. All discolored. His breathing was different.

Athanasius ran for the doctor.

He stood by Jig only a moment, feeling his pulse. He passed into the dining-room, I following. He looked at me, slowly shaking his head. "He can't go."

He might live through the day, the doctor said, he would not live through the night. And when I would not believe it, talked of things to do, of how there was always hope, he said: "He is dying now."

. . . . . .

Only one thing indicated Jig may have suspected he had come to death. He said: "Milligan Place."

"Yes," I said; "where we used to live."

"But I don't know," he said. Very hard now to understand his words. "I don't know whether we'll ever get back to New York."

He was looking at me, in his old way of seeing what one is feeling. I must say something. "And if we don't," I answered, "perhaps we don't want to. Perhaps it is better here."

He seemed to like the answer. "Yes, perhaps better here."

Most of the time he was unconscious, but I could

call him to a moment's consciousness. His eyes and mine could meet, and know. I came to feel I must not do it, that it might call him into what I must shield him from knowing. And yet I felt traitorous, that Jig, who all his life had felt death, had come to it and did not know. It was to him it was happening—the great thing he had considered all his days, and every one else knew, and he did not know.

The doctor had asked me, would we remain in Delphi? He said they must know. This was a village. Things were not done here as at home. They had to be done quickly. I said we would not leave Delphi, and left it to the rest of them. Jig, his profound feeling about time—while he still breathed they were preparing for the things they would do afterwards. And yet, perhaps he would have liked to have his village making ready for him.

All Christmas festivity had stopped in Delphi. We could not keep them out of our house, the villagers, and people from other parts of the mountain who had heard how it was. Elias Scarmouches had been below in the valley with his sheep. His family got word to him and he left his sheep and came. Tears streaming down his face he started into the room where Jig was. Athanasius tried to keep him out. Kyrios Kouk must have quiet. "Quiet?" cried Elias. "What does quiet matter now?" He forced his way in, sat at the foot of Jig's bed, talking to him in a way that seemed very old, from the days when men were simple.

It was at midnight of the second day that Jig, who had been in much distress, fell back on his pillows. His breathing slowed. There came that moment when he did not breathe again.

CHAPTER LIII

"THE WOMEN SPIN—THE SHEEP PASS"

NILLA fed and gave water to the bird. We took the cage to the balcony, opened the door. He hopped outside, then flew to the almond-tree. He sat a long time looking back at the house before he flew away.

But Nilla and I had little to do with what followed. It was the affair of Parnassos now. The night before, when I saw things I did not understand, Miss Mills, one of Nilla's teachers, whose goodness will live always in my heart, said: "They are washing the body in wine." This was so alien as to bewilder, offend, but she said: "We will have to let them do it their way." "Washed in the wine of Parnassos," would say itself to me.

Athanasius came in. "All the people here want to dress Kyrios Kouk in his Greek clothes."

They brought him into his own big room, and early that afternoon the bar of sunlight into which he had moved TòPuppy fell across his own face.

Men had gone to Kalania for spruce-boughs, which they placed around him.

No shop in Delphi was open that day. No peasant went to his field. I do not know what happened to the sheep; the shepherds were with Jig. They carried him to the church. It never occurred to these people that he did not belong to that church, or to any church. Men of Delphi got into the deep snow for priests of

the monastery he had recently visited and to which he had applied for admission. Jig, who had dwelt upon Parnassos considering its pagan past, was buried with all the rites of the Greek Church. They could withhold from him nothing they would desire for themselves. It would have touched and amused him. "The curator of the antiquities" made an address, telling how this man loved Greece.

A violin and shepherd-pipes playing, the people who loved him carried him, uncovered, through the town of to-day, round the bend to his Delphi where there were voices long ago.

Sunshine would come and go, for many soft swift clouds moved across the sky. The distant fir-trees were black against the snow. It came into my mind that Jig's own friends, the friends of all the other part of his life, friends in America, did not even know that he was dead. He was being carried to his grave by peasants and shepherds of Parnassos who did not quite know whom it was they carried, and yet who had taken him unto themselves, this man from far who had opened to them their own great past. It was with them, then, he was at the last.

Around the bend, across the old threshing-floor, into the crude little graveyard whose wall is an ancient wall, that burying ground which was old Delphi.

But at the last it seemed it could not be. The grave was so shallow; not the good rich earth he loved in Iowa, but earth so poor, and with ways so crude. When it seemed I could not bear it, could not keep silence, I saw there was not a face around me but was wet with tears.

It was not alone in Delphi he had made himself felt. At the request of poets of Greece the Govern-

ment decreed that one of the great fallen stones from the Temple of Apollo be moved from its place to be used as headstone. Such a thing had never been done in Greece before.

And in the stadium of Delphi, in memory of George Cram Cook, Greeks have revived the Pythian games.

Much as he would value these things, he has another honor he would cherish more. Already he has become legend on Parnassos. When they sit now at Andreas's, or on the mountain before the lamb, they tell stories of Kyrios Kouk. From story he is even now going into their songs. How he could not stop building the walls at Kalania, and made them beautiful, though he must go away and leave them; how he rescued TòPuppy and made him wise, and gave his life to him; how he made friends with a wild bird in the tree, and the bird knew that he was sick and came to be with him at the last. How he knew all the secrets of the Temple; how he loved the words of Greece, and how he was making the plays of their lives, as they drank together.

I was held in Athens for more than a month; I could not leave Greece without returning to Delphi. I arrived at the end of forty days, and they thought I had come for the mass they were next morning holding in the church. As I sat with them through this service, our names came strangely out of their Greek ritual. "God bless George, and Susan, and Nilla." We ate bread and drank wine, and we were eating and drinking with him.

It was early in the morning when last I went where Jig remains. Around the bend a car was waiting to take me away, to Athens, to America. But for the moment we were alone in that corner of the church-

yard, against the old wall, before the ancient threshing-floor. It was a morning of low clouds, which moved across those black-mouthed caves from which man came, hung over the theater, the Temple. As I stood there, though it had seemed I could not leave him, there came a feeling of its all being something bigger than I, than he. Our parting, a personal grief, became almost an intrusion. He had been taken into the great past he loved and realized. Below, on the road —the women spin, the sheep pass.

There is a boyish poem, "Dying Leaves," written in the first years at Iowa City:

> The leaves have life, although unlike mine own,
> And life is fading from them for all time.
>
> I would, fair leaves, whose fading is so fair,
> That you could know your beauty gives me joy;
> For I would know my own death beautiful
> To some eternal Watcher of the world.

THE END

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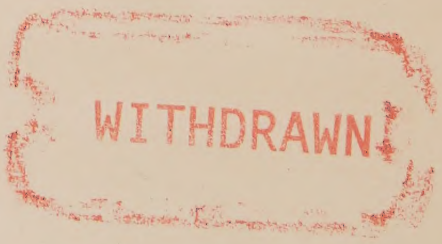

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